THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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MAY, 1917 WINNIPEG, CANADA

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The Western Home Monthly

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The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly is $1.00 a year or three years for $2.00 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is $1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1.25 a year.

Remittances of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

When You Renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

Chat with Our Readers

If you agree with us that home is the best spot on earth, you are in a special sense eligible for membership in The Western Home Monthly family. Each month hundreds of new names are added to our subscription list. Every additional name strengthens the bulwark of home builders, home dwellers and home lovers. A home is the magnet toward which all good things gravitate, and a nation's homes are its best asset. Our mail box reflects the minds of our readers and in the minds of all the thought of home is uppermost. Not only do mothers bring their problems to The Western Home Monthly. The fathers ask questions, too. A tree breathes through its leaves. A magazine breathes through its correspondence. The more alive it is, the more letters it receives from its readers. What is your home problem? If you are a woman, interested in all pertaining to the home, read "The Woman's Quiet Hour," "Young Woman and Her Problem," "Woman and the Home," "Household Suggestions," etc. If you are the head of the house and are anxious to keep abreast with current thought, the editorial pages, "The Philosopher" and "What the World is Saying," will interest you. Do not stop with this. Read what The Western Home Monthly advertisers have to tell you about the things you should have if you are ambitious to provide an ideal home for your family. Such a home should be well lighted and well heated. It should be of the right color and have the proper trim. It should be a protection against all weather. Your genuine ideal homemaker knows that safety, comfort, convenience and style are not incompatible. He makes his house a safe place for his family, a comfortable place and a place which in appearance shall be a credit to himself and to his town. It reflects in every smallest detail his individual taste and his best aspirations. It does this at a minimum expenditure of time and effort to the householder if he takes friendly counsel with the merchant or advertiser who advertises in a great publication like The Western Home Monthly. Every advertiser is glad to answer enquiries from wide-awake readers who have problems to solve. Our readers learn efficiency through our advertising columns, not less than through its departments. For the successful advertiser has proved the value of the thing he brings to the attention of the public. We invite correspondence. Let us hear from every man and woman who reads this page.

Important to Our Readers

The July Number of The Western Home Monthly will be a special Confederation Issue dealing with every important phase of Canada's national life. Leading authorities will contribute articles on Canadian History, Industry, Commerce, Educational Advancement, Agriculture, Political Development, etc. Its preparation is already under way and we have every confidence that the work will prove worthy of the great event that suggests issuing it at this particular time.

The wealth of matter which will appear in this issue should interest many of our readers who will probably wish to send such a representative number to their friends in Eastern Canada or overseas.

Application for extra copies, however, must be made before July 1st as otherwise we cannot guarantee to be able to accept orders. Every possible effort will be made to oblige our readers but to insure against disappointment, let us know how many extra copies you require before the end of this month.

A Hint to the Reader

Manufacturers who advertise their goods in The Western Home Monthly do so because they believe that our subscribers are the kind of people who will be interested in their advertisements. We urge you, therefore, to look over the advertisements in this issue and see if there is anything of special interest to you at this time. If you do see something that you want now, or that some day you plan to buy, why don't you sit right down and write to the advertiser and tell him that you saw his advertisement in The Western Home Monthly and that you want to know more regarding his goods? He will be delighted to hear from you and you can be assured that he will gladly send you all the information you want. Every manufacturer who advertises in this issue is mighty proud to put his name on what he makes and he hopes some day to make a new customer out of you. That's why he advertises.

If you have not yet renewed your subscription, the best time to do so is NOW.

From a B. C. Agent

Victoria, B. C., April 2nd, 1917.

Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Gentlemen:—I have just completed my first week's work in this Province and I am glad to find the W. H. M. in high favor wherever I have been. Many who have not been direct subscribers have been borrowing it from friends and of these I rounded up quite a number. Renewals were cheerfully given in almost every case and in addition I have pleasure in enclosing a list of One Hundred brand new subscribers and my cheque less commission covering same. The war illustrations of the Monthly are a very taking feature here.

Yours truly,
M. WORTH.

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A good old English cook whom we know, who had always used coal, wood or gas in her range, was introduced to the NEW PERFECTION OIL COOKSTOVE when the family moved to the country last summer, where the other fuels were not convenient. She cooked her first meal with serious doubts.

It proved the best meal she had served. Already she was half convinced. Before the summer was over, she preferred the New Perfection, and now has it installed in the city house. She did not have the headaches which came from gas, nor the clutter that came from wood and coal. She did have a perfect cooking device which served every purpose.

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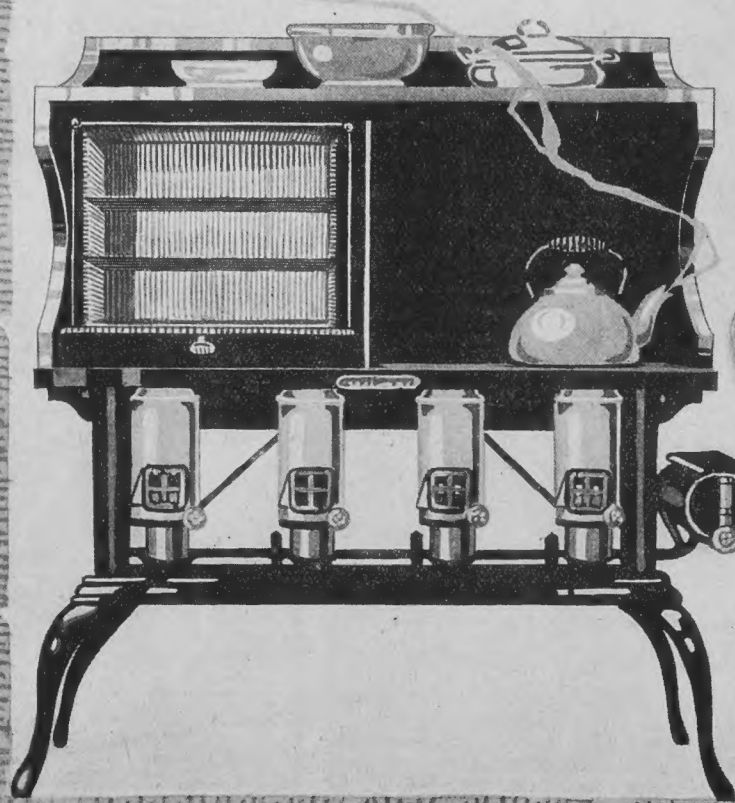


Editorial

A Century in a Day

IT IS a wonderful experience this—to live a century in a day. The world has forsaken its accustomed political and social orbit and is moving with marvellous rapidity and with growing acceleration in its newly-acquired path. Indeed, we cannot be quite sure that it has quite found its path. We are dizzy and perturbed from recent happenings and have not yet adapted our thought and feeling to new situations and unusual experiences. But of this we are sure, that our centre of revolution has altered. No longer do we circle around kings and autocrats yielding to them docile and unquestioning obedience. It is the people's turn to reign. The old order has changed giving place to new, and God is in it all.

"Not in vain the distance beacons,
Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin forever,
Down the ringing grooves of change.'

The New Russia

WHO would have imagined that of all countries, Russia would at this day be standing out as the best illustration of Democracy? Russia, coupled in our minds with tyranny, Siberian cruelty, with all forms of injustice and extortion, with secret murders and more secret disappearances—yes, it is all in our minds now as we read the record of the centuries. But in the twinkling of an eye all was changed. The spirit of man cannot forever remain in subjection. "Let the people rule whose right it is to reign!" And under the new rule, what a promise! A free press, liberty of worship,—free thought and free expression! What more could one ask? All liberty is summed up in this.

The President's Message

AT times we have thought the President of the United States lethargic, unduly patient, and even wobbling in his political gait. Yet who will say that his indecision and his delay were not prompted by wisdom and stern necessity? Now he has with him the hearts of all his people, now posterity can point at him no accusing finger, blaming him for indecent haste and needless interference. He has come to the rescue at the opportune moment and he has entered upon his task with such decision and whole-hearted earnestness that we all become nerved to new endeavor. His address before Congress will go down as one of the greatest ever delivered. In his denunciation of German intrigue, ruthless rapine and red-handed murder, he has said what the civilized world has thought and known, but was unable to express. In his forecast of world peace he has laid down conditions and established contrasts that make us a little ashamed of our occasional timidity and lack of resolve.

We should be happy to-day with the people of the two greatest democracies as our closest neighbors—to the west, Russia; to the south, the United States. We are in a goodly fellowship.

Marking Time

HOW can anyone at such a time as this stagnate in thought or action? How can one mark time when the world is moving forward? This is no time for men in their religious practices to cling to out-worn creeds and to emphasize meaningless differences; no time in politics to cleave to party systems that have fallen into decay; no time in social life to honor distinctions that are unreal and superficial; no time in industry to follow methods that are antiquated and unprofitable; no time in education to follow the ideals and methods of a by-gone age. The world has changed and we must change with it. Even the unchangeable God changes His methods and His agents. Why should men remain inert and immovable in thought and practice? The key-word for progressive communities is adaptation.

The New Church

THERE is needed adaptation in church matters. People do not hold preachers in the same reverence as formerly, they are not easily terrified by anathemas and predictions of impending torture, they do not set the same value on rites and ceremonies they do not place so much importance on figures and symbols. They have become practical in their outlook and value a religion that works out in practice. Anything that makes for righteousness, equity, justice and peace is tolerated and approved; anything that ends in dreaming or scheming, in empty form or meaningless symbol is discarded. And so it comes about that the working church is the one that is destined to live and to exercise an influence in a community. It must go to the people rather than ask the people to come to it. It must appeal to the physical, the intellectual, the religious and the social. "The child Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." What is the use of a church that is satisfied to follow tradition—and nothing more? The church of the future, democratic, people-loving, will begin its work by studying the people and their needs, and its every activity will aim at serving the masses. The fixed quantities in religious worship are not preaching, choir-singing and the taking of a collection. The needs of the time demand new organization, new buildings and equipment, and above all new methods. In a time of revolutions, why not revolutionize the church? We have thrown around it a spurious sanctity with the result that it often fails to command the respect of the vigorous-minded. We have made of it a preacher's domain, so that the men of the world look upon it with suspicion. If it would regain its old-time power and influence, it must write above its portals as its guiding motive: "He went about doing good," "I have come that they might have life," "By their fruits shall ye know them," "Fear God, honor the King."

The New Political Order

IS OUR system of government suited to a democracy—to a democracy such as the world will approve and make necessary when this war is over? To this the answer must be Yes and No. We long ago settled upon the principle of responsible government, and that was good as far as it went. The advisers of the Crown are, however, not only responsible to Parliament for the advice they give, but they are practical heads of departments and here is where the evil of the system appears. Often they have little or no practical acquaintance with the affairs of their departments, but they have not the sense to let experts advise them. They rush in where angels fear to tread, and the result is pitiable in the extreme. Instances of bungling could be multiplied beyond computation if that were necessary. Now, every country has a right to be governed by its wisest. No minister should be able to impose his untutored views upon a trusting community. In every department a committee of men who know should sanction every change in policy. Responsible government should imply wise and honest government. A minister should not be an autocrat, but the spokesman for a "Witenagemot" of those distinguished in his own department. Unless we come to something of this kind we shall surely suffer from bungling—some such bungling as we have witnessed since the war began. A minister's first duty is to get funds from the people. His next duty is to find out how those funds should be expended with greatest profit to the State. He is nothing but a self-sufficient fool who imagines that when he is appointed to office, he has a heavenly visitation endowing him with supernatural power.

A second thing that should be righted is the abuse of party privilege. If our country is to prosper, the system of party patronage must cease. It will pay every one of us, in every way, to have in the public offices of the country men and women, qualified for service. Russia will see that this is the rule with her, and Russia will be one of our greatest competitors in world trade. Isn't it about time we got away from the puerility of party warfare? Surely we have a country that deserves our devotion.

Talking of party tyranny, one is compelled to the conclusion that the only autocracy in the world is not that of titled rulers. The military caste in Germany is stronger than the Kaiser; the church in Russia was more powerful than the Czar. So in Canada there is, unless curbed, a combination stronger than the government or the people—a combination of a few leaders on the inside concerting with a few adventurers outside. The balance sheets of pulp and paper companies, nickel mine owners, munition manufacturers and the like prove beyond question that we are at times not a free people. Autocracy takes many forms. Better to yield obeisance to those whom heredity has favored than to bow down to men of low cunning and lower ideals who have been pitched into prominence by political accident.

The New School

THE new world requires a new educational system and a new method. The little log school will not suffice. The three R's do not make up a modern programme of studies. The scheme of culture must aim at the enrichment of the whole life of the pupil. Buildings, organization, teaching force must be in line with modern requirements. In a democracy individualism must give way to co-operative activity. Selfish acquisition must yield to the spirit of service. The school must look upon itself as the centre of culture in a community. It is the measure of present interest and future prosperity. Nothing is clearer than that the school in Western Canada must be modified to meet existing and prospective needs. It will take time and money to effect a change. In the forward march of civilization we have the advantage of a great natural inheritance. This alone will not save us. In the end it is the character and ability of a people that counts. This character and ability must be developed through properly established schools and colleges. Are we ready to pay the price?

The Home Fires

WHERE is work to do outside the trenches. There is a battle to be fought in our fields and our factories. Every acre sown means bread for five for a year. Every hill of potatoes a dinner for three. Every day's work in the woods, warmth for a family for two weeks. And in the factories, every piece of honest work is a help to the Empire in her time of need—help in the great necessities of life or the necessities of warfare. On the other hand every extravagance is robbery of some one. Twenty million men can not be under arms for three years without disturbance of economic systems and conditions of trade. We shall really not feel the pinch until restoration begins. For that pinch now is the time to prepare. So there is sense in the dictum "In times of war, prepare for peace"; there is sense in the advice, "Let every man work and let every acre be taxed to its utmost." We had thought the older ones might retire from active duty while the younger ones rested, but it can not be so. In field, forest and mine, in factory, shop and country house, in church and school and home, old and young must join in sharing the burdens. So will we face the future in confidence and hope; so will we be ready to give good cheer to the boys when they come back to our hearths and homes.

Mother and Son

The mother was rich and gracious, and the son was strong and bold,
And the bond that was fixed between them was not the bond of gold;
And they dwelt in sweet co-union, while the world looked on in awe,
For they lived and wrought by the Law of Love, and not by the Love of Law.

The mother was old in the years of man, but young in the years of time,
And her face was fair, and her arm was strong as a strong man in his prime;
And some who said, "She weakens, her day is nearly done,"
So spake because they wished it; her day was scarce begun.

And the mother said, "I have given you much, good gifts of honest worth,
A name that is known and honored in the corners of the earth;
A tongue that is strong and elastic, a law that is just and sound,
And the right of a man to be a man wherever my flag is found.

"The paths go down to the future, and the paths are yours to choose,
There's all for you to profit, there's all for you to lose—
For the eye of the race is onward, nor yet is the law recast,
That youth shall live in the future, and age shall live in the past."

On the swarthy cheek of the stalwart son there deepened a dye of shame,
"Mother, were I so base I should belie my mother's name.
The road may lead to the mountain tops or the nethermost depths of hell;
Even so, and if so you travel it, I travel the road as well.

"Ere yet I had learned in a foreign tongue to babble your name with pride,
They thought in the guise of a common cause to wheedle me from your side,
But I scorned the bribe of lust and power—for I read the rogues aright—
And I fought for you in my swaddling clothes, as only a child can fight!

"'Twas not for my own existence—I had no fear for that—
For I was lean and unlikely, and they were full of fat;
But the blood, and the sense of honor, and the duty of the son—
'Twas these that clutched at a weapon and battled them ten to one!

"Think not because life is rosy that I know what it cost—
I knew when I fell to the Ridgeway fiends, or lay in the Northshore frost;
I knew in the flush of triumph—I knew when I fought in vain—
And the blood that was spilled at Paardeberg was the blood of Lundy's Lane!

"Then lead, and your son will follow, or follow and he will lead,
And side by side, though the world deride, we will show by word and deed,
That you share with me my youthfulness, and I with you your prime,
And so it shall be till the sun shall set on the uttermost edge of time."

—R. C. STEAD.

Free Wheat.

AT last! The insistent demand of the Western farmers for a wider market for grain has been complied with. It is the first step towards trade freedom. We can rejoice in the victory, even if it comes just prior to a General Election. The fact that the Voice of the West has been effective in federal issues is significant. From this time henceforth decisions on matters of policy cannot be made without considering the interests of the settlers on the prairies.

Get your mirror to tell you what your friends will not

GO to your mirror now and try to see your skin as others see it. Take your mirror to a window or a strong light, get close to it and really study your skin! Find out just what is keeping your complexion from being attractive.

Once you have done this, and have found out exactly what is the matter with your skin, you have taken the first step toward actually changing your skin and making it more attractive.

For whatever condition you find, *it can be changed!* Conspicuous nose pores, oily skin and shiny nose, a blemished skin, blackheads or a sallow, colorless complexion—you can begin at once to change any of these.

Don't say, "It's useless to try to change the skin itself"

It changes every day in spite of you! As *old* skin dies, new skin forms to take its place. This new skin will be just what *you* make it, and will make or mar your entire complexion accordingly.

By giving this new skin proper external treatment, you can make your complexion just what you would love to have it. Or—by neglecting to give the new skin proper care as it forms every day, you can keep your skin in its present condition and forfeit the charm of "A skin you love to touch."

Which will you do? Will you begin at once to bring to your skin the charm you have longed for? Then start tonight one of the famous Woodbury skin treatments. Two of them are given on this page. Many others are given in the booklet illustrated below. You will be sure to find among these one suited to the needs of *your* skin. Use it persistently, and your complexion *cannot help* taking on, gradually but surely, the greater clearness, freshness and charm of "A skin you love to touch."

Is one of these treatments yours?

If one of the two treatments given here is suited to the needs of *your* skin, you can begin at once—tonight—to bring to your complexion the charm you have longed for. Ask for Woodbury's today wherever you buy your toilet things—at your druggist's or toilet counter. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of either of these treatments. Get a cake today and begin your treatment tonight. You will find Woodbury's Facial Soap for sale by dealers everywhere.

Oily skin—shiny nose!
If this is your bugbear, make the lather treatment a daily habit and be done with that bugbear forever!

Sallow—colorless!
Such a skin needs awakening, enlivening. It will yield to the effective treatment described here.

MADE IN CANADA

Send now for this miniature edition of the Woodbury Book on the skin and its needs.

See offer at the right.

So oily and shiny—especially my nose!

First cleanse your skin thoroughly by washing it in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy warm water lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion of the finger tips. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice

So sluggish and colorless

Dip your wash cloth in very warm water and hold to your face. Now take the cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in warm water and run the cake itself over your skin. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible rub the face briskly with a piece of ice. Always dry carefully.

Send 4c now for book of famous skin treatments

One of these Woodbury treatments is suited to the needs of *your* skin. We have space to give just two of them on this page, but you can get them all, together with valuable facts about the skin and its needs, which few people know, in a miniature edition of the large Woodbury Book, "A Skin You Love To Touch." For 4c we will send you this miniature edition and a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of any of these famous skin treatments. For 10c we will send the miniature book and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write today! Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd. 2405 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.**

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast.

Laddie Abroad—Billets, Gun Pits and Ammunition Carrying

By Bonnycastle Dale

IN all this land of "Sunny France"—(you ought to see it when the skies weep! Muddy, muddy France)—one would never think the dreadful 'sub' was at work stopping supplies—motors run everywhere. Yes! right in the middle of the roads where the troops should march, nearly all the fields are brown from the plow, all old men and women and girls do this work. I am beginning to shed all superfluous things already, one is not supposed to have even a kit bag here, just about the things you stand up in and some extra socks.

I am already on the ammunition, and the corporal has just ordered me off with another load—later, no mishaps, back safely; glad to get back though, "Fritzy" put some shells too close for my liking. I thought the first one had me. No! bad shot; over-reached the road 200 yards. I see where our "tin hats" come in useful now, there was a lot of steel and debris flying all along that road; most of the shells struck behind our quarters though; but just now, as I took the horses to water, they were too close to be agreeable, so I came back in a hurry. No mail yet. After a draft gets settled it takes quite a time to get them "right" on the mail.

We get no papers here and, if I believed all the yarns floating about, "the war is over," "it has only begun," "Sam Hughes is the best general," "Sir Sam Fish (his trench name) is the worst ever," etc., etc. Hurrah! I just got my long boots; every man has a pair over here, and he needs them. Can you imagine a field that was once a field but is one no longer; a million shells have fallen in it. The top soil has completely disappeared, the clay subsoil is churned into a creamy paste, crater edge meets crater edge all over the scene until, under the rains, the entire front is one unending chain of deep-set miniature lakes with high muddy shores, some big enough to float a canoe, others mere mud ponds.

I have gone relic-hunting on such a field; a fellow is lucky to get himself back without any souvenirs. I often think of the "missing," deep under these topsy-turvy eruptions. As is my custom I shall not tell you of any horrors; but I have seen things.

It rains every day this winter and clears almost every night. I saw a sight that surely did make my shoulder itch when I was going down "to water." In a corner by some wire entanglements were eleven quail; they seemed tame, so I sat down and watched them. One cannot help looking at them also as so much food in this land of "iron rations."

The mud-hens are in the pond where I water. Seems so strange, where people and customs are so different from ours, to find exactly similar game birds, with all the same habits and tricks, as in Canada.

Referring to the craters again, I paid a visit to one of the large mine craters, one blown out from the bottom, of course. Even when I got to the edge it seemed hard to believe it was blown up by a small amount of explosive; but when I got to the bottom it seemed impossible. It is the largest hole I have ever seen, and it was a stiff climb out I tell you!

I was just out to get the rum issue, it sure warms one up after a long day in the cold and wet. We have mud on our boots, our clothes, in our hair; and I find it hard to keep it out of my food and the few letters I can write. Tell those kind-hearted but misled women who are working to have the rum issue abolished, that one keg of rum will do more real good to a company of shivering men than all their daily efforts. Ask each one if they ever shivered and shrank with the cold—No! We do every day. I never drink liquor and I never will, as a beverage; but the rum issue is a blessing. I will now go to my bed in the mud—I have a wee dugout—and unless the ammunition boxes hold out, we will be cold again to-night.

Another chance to write. I do not know what day it is, we lose track completely—but thanks to the diary you sent me, I can soon get right. One of our Cobourg boys got a "blighty." It is a wonder to me why more of us do not get in the way of "Fritz's," "Silent Hussies," "Whiz Bangs," "Pip Squeaks," and "Jack Johnstons," etc. They are always flying around us.

I did manage to get a bite of extra food at the Y.M.C.A. to-night; they are usually sold out to hungry men before dark. If you notice, this is written on Y.M.C.A. paper. Good people for the soldier to go to.

Hurrah! I just got my first mail in France. If you only knew how we do enjoy our home letters. No packages yet; they always take longer to find a fellow. Just mention to all and sundry that the Hun with all his "subs," has not stopped a single home letter or package in the nine months I have been over here. Some navy the old lion keeps afloat, eh! It did seem so safe on the Channel that dark, windy night; we knew the jackies were staring their eyes out all about us; that no destroyers could get near enough to attack, and the great nets have had many a bite from strange steel fishes—wait until I get home. If I even hinted what we have done to the Hun in the underwater game, the Censor would use up a whole pencil on me. I, at times, may have to use a "whiz bang" to get you news of me—said "whiz bang" being a "trench card," and not a high explosive.

One mud-hen is still in the pond; it ought to be fat by now. I saw the quail again, too; there are only nine now—somebody's fibbling.

Albert (Somme), Bapaume Street after several bombardments.

The rain has stopped for a while now, and the creamy mud has turned to dough. The roads are long gutters—horses, harness, shells and yours truly are one sticky mess long before we reach "the lines." Last night's trip was the most exciting yet; the Germans were shelling the road, using "tear" shells. We went through at a gallop and got no more than a bad dose of it; tears were running down my face all the time I was up; everybody else was in the same fix. We had a pretty rotten time. My horse got tangled in the wires and went into a shell hole chuck full of water. I got him out again O.K. at about midnight; then we waited a bit, deciding if we should go back through the fire or wait until it was over. Off we dashed; it was a great ride for a mile; we went through at the full gallop, each man on a single saddle horse—mud, shells, flares, answering guns, swerving leaping horses; not a man hit. One "silent Hussie" gave me a regular mud-bath; I did enjoy it immensely.

Say! there's no use "fretting over spilt milk," or mud in this case; but whisper, if that shell which coated me with clay had exploded, I would never have told you anything about it; luckily it was a "dead" one.

The odor of the "tear" shells seems to be in the air yet as I write this; it smells like thousands of lilac blooms, very pleasant and sweet smelling. I don't think it affects the lungs, and my eyes are as strong to-day as ever; another bit of Hun deviltry wasted. I have taken up my last load of ammunition, as we expect to move soon. I went over to see my cousin this evening (he came right up to the lines after he landed in France). He was packing up, evidently off for a "rest." All the men agree the "rests" do not agree with them; too little to do, and then all the necessary hardships loom larger. I got a dandy blanket he was leaving behind, which will come in handy. He has a fine German saw-edge bayonet, rather a horrible looking weapon. I have a German helmet, but they are rather common souvenirs; looks like a saucepan.

Albert (Somme). The Basilica after the bombardment.

Eight days later—Sorry so much time has slipped away since I wrote the last lines, but we have been on the move for a week. We are billeted now in a town on rather a quiet front. It is good to again see civilians around. When next I get paid I can have a decent meal, as every other house here is a "cafe." I met a fellow by my name "on the road," and he pulled out a couple of my letters and handed them to me—your "number 42," good game. Number all letters and packages, then we can tell if any do go astray.

We have had a great time trying to understand the French inhabitants in the many villages we have passed through, they jabber away and we say "No compree," or "Oui," just as we think fits the occasion. It is not hard to get the names of things and we usually get all we want—at exorbitant prices mostly. Our nightly billets were in quaint old French farmhouses, built in a square with a courtyard in the middle; and in the centre of that a huge manure pile, covered with all the farm animals, but the houses were always scrupulously clean. As regards sending money—send money orders; we cash them as civilians at the P.O.; the military authorities have nothing to do with the matter at all.

I send you with this a couple of French postals. I thought the ruins of Albert (they say "Albear" here) might interest you, as from here our long offensive on the Somme started. Madame Richard's tobacco shop is in a state of excellent ventilation. The entire town is ruined. Look at the noted leaning figure on the Basilique d' Albert after twenty months' bombardment. The Huns are unable to send down this sacred figure, and the religious inhabitants are greatly encouraged thereby. We are slowly, but surely, driving the enemy back on to his own soil. Once we get pouring the daily hail of shells on to the "sacred soil of the Fatherland," there will be some squeal.

We are now out of the mud, and I am supposed to be doing some cleaning up. We'ed be arrested at Shorncliffe, C.B. quick, if ever they saw us as we are now—literally coated—but alive and well so far.

Greenwood's War-Time Dinner

Greenwood is one of those intolerable men who always rise to an occasion, says a contributor to Punch. He is the kind of man who rushes to sit on the head of a horse when it is down. I can even picture him sitting on the bonnet of an overturned motor bus and shouting, "Now all together!" to the men who are readjusting it.

We were going down to business when Perkins introduced a new grievance against the censor.

"Whatever do they allow this rot about food prices in the paper for?" he began. "It unsettles women awfully. Now my wife is insisting on having her housekeeping allowance advanced twenty-five per cent. I tell you she'd never have known anything about the advances if they had n't been put before her in flaring type."

The general opinion of the compartment seemed to be that the censor had gravely neglected his duty.

"I agreed with my wife," said Blair, who is a shrewd Scotchman, "and told her that she must have an extra two pounds per month. At twenty-five per cent advance would have meant five pounds a month. Luckily providence fashioned women without an idea of arithmetic."

"My wife drew my attention to the paper," said Greenwood loftily. "I did not argue the point with her. Finance is not woman's strong point. I rang for the cook at once."

"I said to her," continued Greenwood, "'Cook, get the store's price list for to-day and serve for dinner precisely the things that have not advanced. You understand? That will do.' So you see the matter was settled."

"Er, what did your wife say?" asked Perkins.

"Say! What could she say? Here was the obvious solution. And I have noticed that women always lose their heads in an emergency. They never rise to the occasion."

The next morning I met Greenwood again.

"By the way," I asked, "did you have a good dinner yesterday?"

Greenwood looked me straight in the eyes. There is a saying that a liar cannot look you straight in the eyes. Discredit it. "The dinner was excellent," he replied. "I wish you had been there to try it. And every single thing at pre-war prices."

But that night I came across Mrs. Greenwood as she emerged from a Red Cross working party loaded with mufflers and mittens.

"Glad to hear these hard times don't affect your household," I began diplomatically.

Mrs. Greenwood smiled. "What has Oswald been telling you?"

"Nothing except that he had an excellent dinner yesterday."

"I wasn't there," said Mrs. Greenwood. "I went to my mother's. You see, cook conscientiously followed Oswald's instructions. He had sardines, Worcester sauce, macaroni, and tinned pork and beans. I can't make out quite which of the two was the first to give notice afterward. Only, unless Oswald shouted, 'Take a month's notice!' when he heard the cook's step in the hall, I am inclined to think that cook got there first."

Now in the train I recommend tinned pork and beans with Worcester sauce as a cheap and nourishing food in war time.

Greenwood says nothing, but glares at me. For once in his life he cannot rise to the occasion.

War Activities of Johnny Canuck's Mothers, Sisters and Sweethearts

By Francis J. Dickie

(Continued from March Number)

OUT there was another and equally important side to the war game; and while not as large a number of feminine workers are applying themselves to it as are engaged in charitable and hospital work, the total is still large and growing more every day as the male population continues to dwindle.

Practically the major portion of the office staffs of banks, bonding, brokerage and commercial houses throughout Canada to-day are made up of women who, twenty-six months ago, had no part in commercial life, their places being filled entirely by men who have now gone forth to fight, many of them never to return.

Thirty-five hundred women hold positions in Canadian banks alone who were not there before the war. As their work is similar to those other women of about an equal number who have taken up duties in commercial, brokerage and other business houses, their progress is indicative of women's success on the whole in these new environs, and while particular reference is here made to those engaged in banking institutions, the same remarks may be attached to the majority of the others.

Of the women engaged a certain percentage had some slight experience previously in bookkeeping, or were possessed of other forms of commercial training; but many of the workers, indeed more than half, had never previously turned their hands to other than slight household duties at home. These latter made the most energetic and enthusiastic of employees, because for the first time they are enjoying real independence.

Fluffy haired, rather frivolous debutantes, who entered banks not knowing the difference between a check and a draft, became in a few weeks' time serious minded, careful presiders over sets of huge and imposing looking books. These recent sojourners in the marts of money have made good in all lesser positions, and a few have arrived at the actual handling of cash in the paying and receiving tellers' cages.

While a certain amount of these rapid promotions can be accredited to the exigencies of war—some of the girls in six weeks attaining to places which formerly occupied men six months and even a year to reach—the majority of promotions were due to sheer ability and a natural adaptability latent in every normal woman—some noted ethnologists to the contrary.

For one thing, women have proven more courteous than men; in certain respects more neat and efficient.

After all, efficiency is not a mere matter of sex, in which the male human is specially favored. But it is only now that a good many heads of great concerns are coming to realize this.

The question is now being seriously considered as to whether or not women will shortly rise to such executive positions as bank inspectors, accountants, managers and presidents. On the subject a very famous official of a leading Canadian banking institution recently expressed himself as believing woman's present position was only temporary, and all would return to places occupied in pre-war times at the close of present hostilities. He based his opinion on the following facts: First, women's nerves cannot stand the grind necessary to business, particularly that consequent to a thorough banking training. Second, because the women who make business their sole objective, their be-all and end-all of life, are very scarce, no matter how high they may rise nor how large salary they come to command; yet it is only through singleness of purpose, a concentrating of effort, and a steady working toward one goal in mind that success in business comes. Thirdly, women are an unreliable factor in business through their tendency to matrimony, and as such big houses are opposed to spending the time necessary in equipping them to fulfill the firm's work, because a week after they are thoroughly competent they may resign to marry. Result, to firm, lost time and a new clerk to break in. Fourth, banking, at least, often requires the moving around of its employees from most junior of clerk to manager. As a rule women do not like leaving their home town to take up a place in a far away, strange centre. They are not fitted for the nomad life that is often the bank clerk's lot.

No doubt there are many answers to these things that will be made by women.

However, regarding the ultimate disposal of women workers placed in clerical and other positions by reason of the war, little can be said with accuracy at this time. While some of the women so occupied at present still stick to their original assertion that they intend to hold men's places only so long as the war lasts, the majority are inclined to stay at what they have taken up.

Another two years at least will pass before Canadian women's permanency in the banking business and similar occupations can be ascertained.

We now come to another line of endeavor which Canadian women have taken up, a kind utterly foreign to feminine nature, and much farther removed from her sphere than the gentle art of clerking, money counting or similar labors in the big commercial houses. This is munition making.

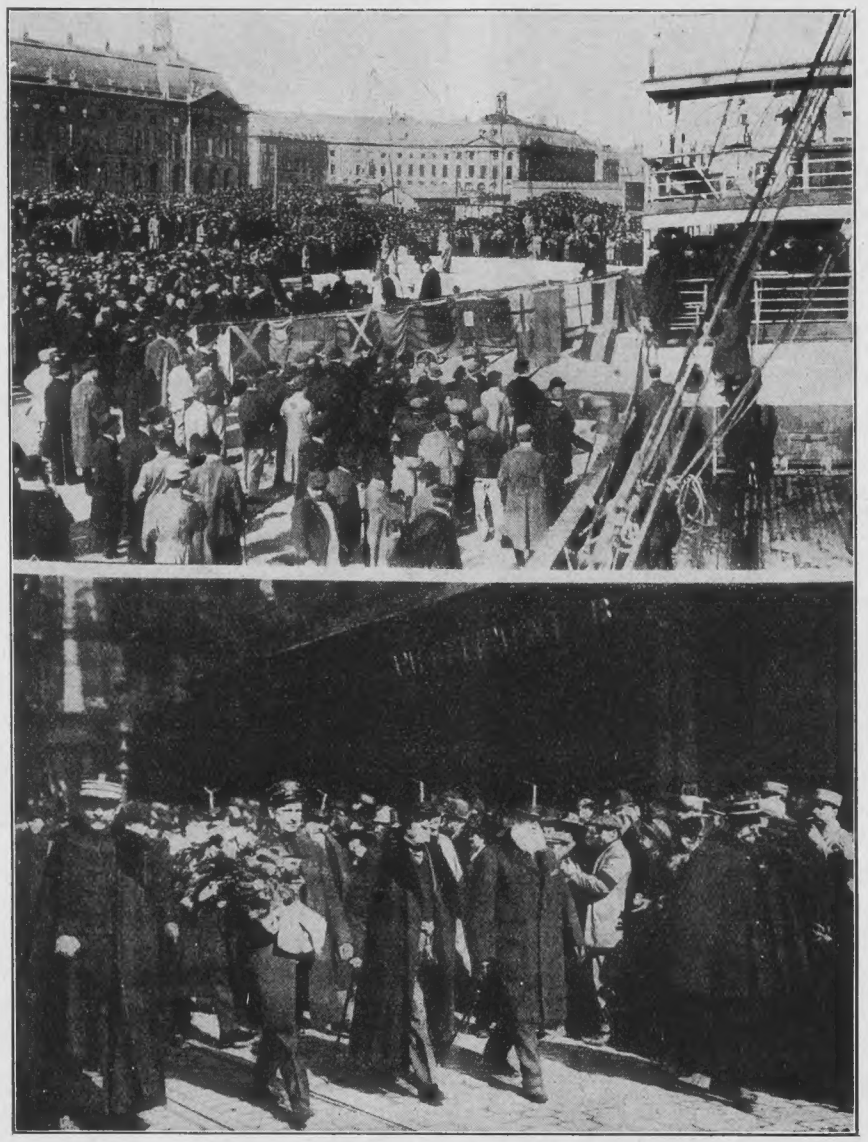
Women have been engaged in this almost since the war began, in Europe, but it was not until recently that it became necessary for the women of the Dominion to take it up.

By the middle of 1915, however, so great had been the demand for men, that many munition factories dropped in their output through shortage of labor, their employees having enlisted. Gradually the feminine element found its way into the factories to take the places so vacated.

Here they have proved themselves careful, efficient, steady, reliable, and, in certain cases requiring finer workmanship, superior to men. The heavy labors necessary to turning out the man-sized shells for big guns they, of course, did not attempt. The chief operations so far in Canadian munition plants has been the turning out of primers, time fuses, and inspecting, assembling, sorting and packing component parts of smaller shells. Though not heavy work, remarkable care and accuracy is required for some of these duties, certain machine handling requiring accuracy to the one-thousandth part of an inch.

Working conditions in these munition factories are ideal. The rooms are huge, airy, well lighted and spotlessly clean, and the wages high, ranging from $10 to $22 a week. In the matter of wages, however, the old antagonism of man has evinced itself: Women, though doing the same work as men, received less pay. So the cry has been raised: "Equal service, equal pay!" Backed by strong suffrage support, the fight for the putting into force of this slogan is now going on.

At this writing, November, there are three thousand women engaged in munition making in the Dominion; probably by the time this is published the number will be doubled, as the ranks of women workers are now being rapidly added to.



The S. S. Orleans, one of the first American freighters to sail unarmed through the barred zone, arrived in Bordeaux safely. The people turned out and gave the captain and the crew a warm reception. Upper photo shows the vessel at her dock at Bordeaux, with part of the great throng that greeted the vessel. Lower photo shows Captain Tucker and several of the high officials who received him. Capt. Tucker was presented with a bouquet of flowers. The Orleans carried a general cargo and had fifty motor cars strapped to her decks. Thirty-two Americans are in her crew.

Unlike the first mentioned class of feminine toilers, they represent a temporary body, one which will almost instantly disappear with the cessation of hostilities. Every class of woman is to be found among them, though strong bodied immigrant lasses from the British Isles and the lustier store workers and girls from middle class Canadian families predominate, the more delicately reared and higher trained and educated misses of wealthier sphere having found clerical occupations more to their inclinations. But fleeting as may be the time in which the women munition makers are occupied, the very fact that they did the work and did it well, is another strong spoke in the suffrage wheel; one which can be used much more effectively as an argument toward the fairness of their claim for equal rights, because in doing work so foreign and of mechanical nature, women have effectively proved their contention to equality with men in the world of work, in the realms of hard physical toil.

Yet again, and for an entirely different phase of the war did Canada offer the best of her womanhood. Throughout the burning war-ridden regions of Egypt, in the Gallipoli Expedition, Canadian nurses played a noble part. In English hospitals, in hospitals along the French and Belgian fronts, on hospital trains and in temporary quarters close to the line of fight, Canadian nurses are working to-day. Over five thousand of the best of the Dominion's womanhood have donned the neat little army uniform and gone forth to take up their share in the great struggle.

With mention of this last body of women workers, enough has been told to give the outsider unfamiliar with Canada an idea of how much has been done in twenty-six months. At the same time, however, even with attending thoroughly and well to all the varied demands brought about through the existence of war, equally wonderful results have been obtained along other lines of endeavor apart from war, but without any neglect of duties existing from the latter.

Before specifying the most important of these, a short history of the beginning of woman suffrage in Canada is here given, because it was mainly through the success of this movement that the other things came about.

When away back in 1865 the University of Toronto refused to open the doors of its medical college to a female applicant, Emily Howard Jennings Stowe, the first blow was struck in Canada for woman suffrage. Fiery and determined was that lady's swift reply: "Then I shall make it the business of my life to see that the doors are opened, that women may have the same educational advantages as men."

And she did. Graduating from a New York medical college this pioneer suffragette returned to Canada and took up her practice in 1877. The first step toward equal rights for women was in the form of the forming of the Women's Literary Club. But so great was the prejudice against the "new woman," that the Club had to hide its real ambition until 1884 Then it came out boldly as the Dominion Woman's Enfranchisement Association and received a government charter. From this came the present Woman's Canadian Suffrage Association, to-day presided over by Dr. Margaret Gordon, of Toronto. Another strong body resultant

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from this was The National Union of Women Suffrage Societies, at present having for its president, Mrs. L. A. Hamilton. Another famous Ontario suffragist to carry the banner of suffrage is Mrs. Yeomans, also of Toronto. In addition to these bodies the W.C.T.U. and the National Council of Women in Canada have made suffrage one of the main planks in their platforms.

But though it was in Ontario, the heart of the eastern part of Canada, that suffrage had its inception, it has lagged here and in circumjacent provinces. It found heartier accord and more active following up in the breezy far west. In the four western provinces life was as yet less easy than the east; the fighting spirit of the pioneer had not become enervated by too much civilization. And, moreover, the land was new, taking thus the more readily to reform than the staider, more settled provinces of the old east, where time was necessary for long deliberation.

Since the war began the four western provinces of Canada, British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba have allowed votes for women. In British Columbia and Manitoba these rights not only pertain to provincial elections but to Federal also. Thus not only will women voters figure in the next Dominion election, but women candidates.

In the other two provinces the law, as it stands, forbids women to vote in Federal elections. But with the first two enjoying the full rights, it will not be long till the other provinces make a fight for Federal voting rights. With the exception of British Columbia the right to vote has been in force for over a year in the other provinces. British Columbia has decided the question by a provincial election, and women have the vote now.

As an instance of what little things will do to turn the tide of affairs, a brief review of the British Columbia election is worthy of attention. Some time ago a petition signed by 20,000 names was presented by the leading suffragettes of British Columbia to the legislative assembly in session, asking for the vote. Though the petition was politely received by the legislature, it was surreptitiously consigned to the wastepaper basket, "unwept, unhonored and unsung," as one member light-heartedly remarked afterwards. But women's ears are long. The contemptuous receival of their plea was just the thing needed to fire them to action. The women of the province, under the leadership of Mrs. John Farris and Mrs. Ralph Smith, of Vancouver, started a whirlwind campaign. The laws regarding women were particularly offensive, particularly the clause applying to child marriage. Old party lines were forgotten. The wives of Liberals joined hands with the wives of Conservatives. They checked and corrected voters' lists, conducted house to house campaigns and occupied the public platforms in behalf of their cause. Mrs. Smith delivered thirty-five addresses, Mrs. Farris ten. On election day women personally saw to getting the voters to the poles. And they won. Perhaps had those legislators been a little more careful, a little more polished and suave in the rejecting of the petition, the women might not have risen so quickly in their ire. All of which shows how little politicians know when it comes to dealing with women not as women but as vote-wielding human beings and equals.

The battle was less difficult in the other three provinces. Evidently more familiar with the danger of women once they move in a body, the legislatures of the Provinces of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan all granted the franchise when petitioned for. Manitoba and Saskatchewan women received the right in January and March, with Alberta having pioneered the way the Fall before. In the latter province, Mrs. Arthur Murphy became the first woman judge to hold office in Canada. Her interests are chiefly with young girls and male juveniles in crime.

Through the vote the women of these four provinces will shortly have the opportunity to place grave stones over such unjust legislation as child marriage laws in British Columbia, dower and homestead laws in the prairie provinces. Already women's work has helped along the cause of prohibition. Four provinces are now dry: Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, Ontario and British Columbia goes dry in July next.

Ontario is still the dividing line between the victorious west and the lagging east. But interest is rousing within its confines now. On the other hand Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia confess supreme indifference. Quebec, though much active suffrage work has been carried on, still refuses the women even the vote on municipal and educational matters, and it is the only locality in the entire civilized world where a law has been passed debarring women ratepayers from becoming school trustees.

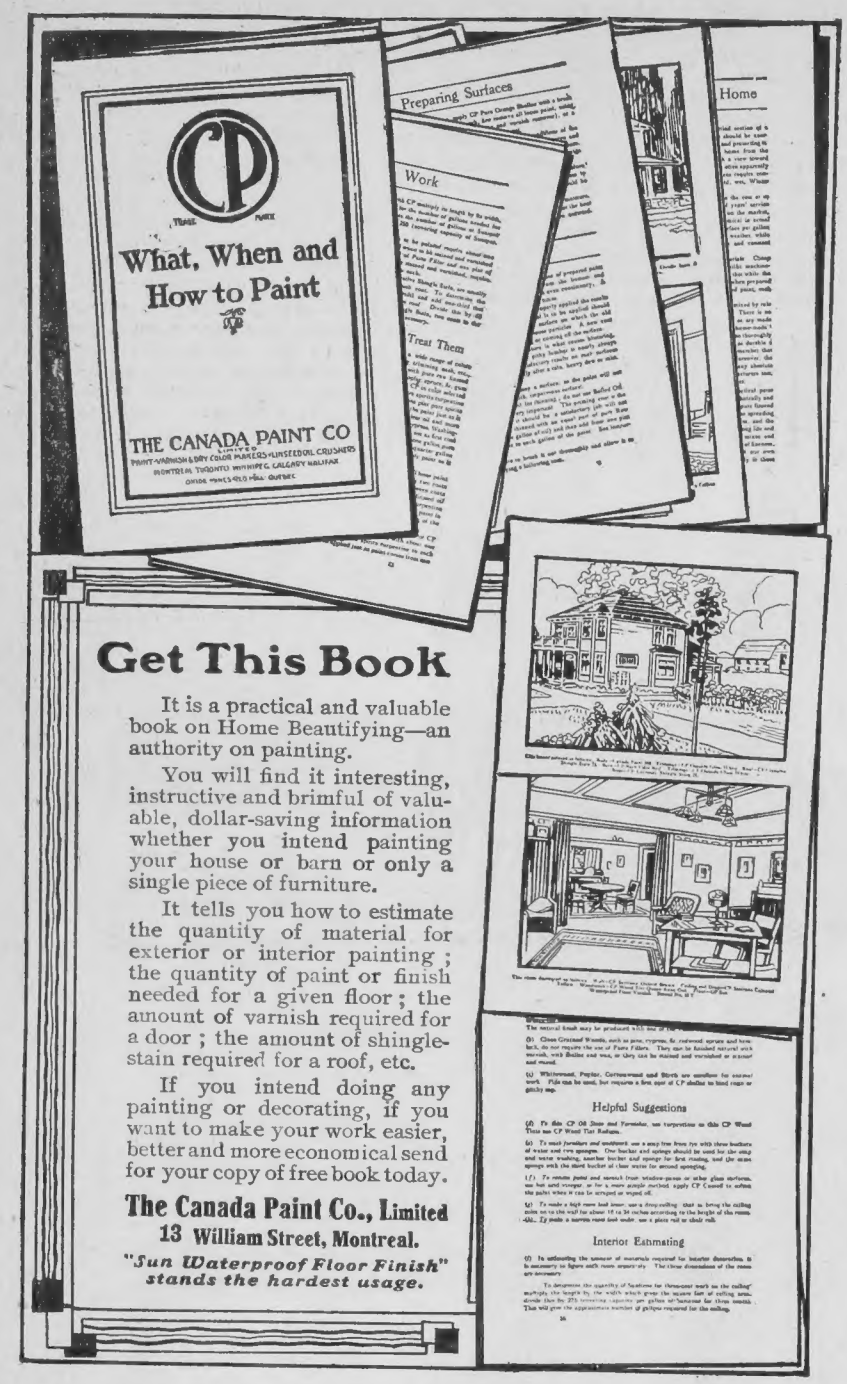
Still, nothing succeeds like success. And with such stirring victories won in the west, new life is bound to come to those women of the east. As it stands, Canada's women have made more rapid and greater progress than any other part of the civilized world.

As an outcome of the raising of $500,000,000 for war purposes, the per capita debt of every man, woman and child in the Dominion is $61.09. With the added $30,000,000 raised for charity purposes, this total becomes $65.14. This, without taking into consideration a neat little national debt of such a small matter as $722,111,000.

But the mere fact of assuming the first mentioned obligations was bound to put prices on many things high. In fact, the cost of living was never higher in the Dominion than to-day. Powerful combines, in many instances, have taken advantage of things to run prices up. In connection with this, women once more came to the fore in the fight against injustice. While the incident was confined to one small part of the country, it shows what concentrated effort and careful business dealings can do in the matter of effecting savings on the cost of living.

Mrs. R. J. Deachman, of Calgary, Alberta, is just a little over four feet high. But she is president of the Calgary Consumers' League with a three thousand women membership, and Mrs. Deachman, with the Consumers' League behind her, whipped the combines, and cut the cost of living in over three thousand households. Here is how they did it: They bought Lesser Slave whitefish by the car at the far northern sidings, where these fish were loaded. They found a Lethbridge miller who gave them a great cut on flour in two carload lots, and they bought and shipped it to Calgary. Next, the Vacant Lots Garden Club raised vegetables on 200 lots, with the result

(Continued on Page 12)



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The Return of Rattlesnake Jack

By E. G. Bayne

A MAN and a horse were trekking slowly across that section of the Alberta foothills, known as Blueberry Ridge. Through the thicker undergrowth the man led his beast, mounting again when the riding became more tolerable, and steadily making his way north, avoiding the open trails. The man had his reasons for keeping off the trails.

Every few moments he would pause and glance carefully all about him in every direction.

"Bill, old chap," he said, stroking his horse's neck as they halted on the edge of an open stretch of plain, "Bill, old chap, you an' me's gotta lay low till it gits real dark."

The animal whinnied softly in answer.

"Yep," the man went on; "we'll just drop anchor here in the scrub till the sun goes down. It'll be a welcome rest fer us both, seein' as how we've been on the move since dawn. An,' y' see, it ain't good fer us to be recognized so clost to where——"

He broke off, and pulled the horse quickly forward into the shadow of some birches. None too soon. His quick eye had caught sight of two horsemen moving eastward along the Edson trail. Distant a couple of miles their figures looked infinitesimal, but he knew that their eyesight was probably as keen as his own and—he wasn't taking any chances.

Lieut. Gen. Jan Christian Smuts arrived in England March 12, to represent South Africa at the Imperial War Conference. General Smuts was recently made a Privy Councillor.

The Imperial Government acceded to South Africa's request that General Smuts be sent instead of General Botha, owing to the necessity for the presence of General Botha at the approaching session of the South African Parliament.

According to General Smuts the campaign on the East African battlefront is virtually at an end. He declares that after the rainy season in March and April the Germans will be obliged to surrender or enter Portuguese territory, where the Portuguese are ready to deal with them. The new Privy Councillor also says that he shudders to think what would happen if any part of the territory taken were given back to Germany. The natives have stood by the British throughout. All the African colonies would be aghast at the idea of returning the territory and British prestige would suffer materially.

After a while he ventured to make a tiny fire, and while he partook of a rough but fairly satisfactory meal he allowed his beast to wander at will and crop on the rich grass.

The horse had an intermittent mane, curvature of the spine, near-exposure of the ribs, a rasp in the throat that sounded like the exhaust from a steam-dredge, a moth-eaten coat of sorrel, a fragmentary tail and a general air of hasbeen-ness. When he wasn't browsing busily he was gazing droopingly at the earth as though he half expected it to open and swallow him up. The owner fitted into the picture with consistency and artistic thoroughness. He was a short, stock man with a nondescript and neglected beard, and was attired in chaps, grey shirt and a battered Stetson, in the rim of which were two jagged and burnt holes, bearing testimony to a couple of rifle or revolver shots fired at very close range. About his waist, and sagging over one hip, was a cartridge belt, which was, however, guiltless of cartridges. In a holster at his right side hung a revolver.

As he sat in the shade waiting for the sun to set and welcome dusk to come down and facilitate his further progress, he longed for a smoke.

"That's the worst o' hidin' out in these hills," he grumbled half aloud, "A guy can forage his grub an' make hisself comfort'ble in a campin' sort o' way, but he sure does miss his 'baccy!"

Red Bluff stands at the outermost fringe of the Alberta foothills. It is just like a hundred other little western towns of less than a thousand population—crude, pine-shacked, treeless, bitterly cold in winter and parched dry in summer, and also mightily "stuck on itself."

Every soul in Red Bluff had been firmly convinced at one time, that their town was in line for a city—would have been a city long before this, only for several unfortunate setbacks. If that oil boom had only panned out properly! If that branch line of railway had come through! If they had only been able to secure the capital to work those coal deposits! If, if, and if ad infinitum!

So now, when people—strangers from the east mostly—asked what this town was called, facetious folk in the place would raise astonished eyebrows and demand to know from what part of the earth these benighted travellers came anyway!

"What do we call her?" they would repeat. "Why we call her bluff!"

However, there was one point upon which this town could "put it over" her sister towns: Red Bluff had had a murder—yes sir, a real, live murder! Rattlesnake Jack, who had owned a quarter-section just three miles out of the little town, had been done to death by his neighbor, little Charley Pederson, a Swedish-American who had worked the adjoining quarter-section. That was six months ago. Pederson had escaped, leaving no trace of his whereabouts. A week after the Mounted Police had completed their investigation of Jack's shack—the floor of which had been in a terrible state, with pools of blood, broken bottles and smashed furniture—they had come upon the headless body of a man in a large slough seven miles to the south of the town. It had been in a badly decomposed condition—so much so that the coroner was unable to state just how long it must have lain in the water. But alkali water has a peculiar effect upon the human body and so, as the corpse answered in every particular the description of poor Rattlesnake Jack, being large-boned, dark skinned and lean, it was buried with fitting but hurried ceremonies, and the search for Pederson went on.

The strange part of the case was that Pederson, the alleged murderer, was much the smaller and weaker man of the pair. How he could have overcome big Jack, who stood six feet two in his socks, was the main mystery. And then, they had been such good friends! Both had been known as good shots, and every fall they used to go duck-hunting together and bring home quantities of game.

Of Charley Pederson little was known except that at one time he had been a sailor. He drank, but seldom became drunk, always managing to keep his head clear. Rattlesnake Jack seldom took liquor, but when he did he was like a wild animal, and his friend Charley, of whom he was very fond, was then the only person who could do anything with him. It was thought that Jack had Spanish blood in his veins. About twice a year he used to set out to "shoot up" the town and, of course, as a result, generally landed in the lock-up for a period of ten days. He used to tell of the wild doings down in Mexico where, it appeared, he had originally come from. Evidently he had the idea, while intoxicated, that he was back again below the Rio Grande. Nobody knew his last name. Jack was all he was known by and, after a time, "Rattlesnake" had been prefixed to it on account of the skin of a large rattlesnake that he wore around the crown of his sombrero.

The traveller on the sorrel horse jogged slowly into town. He had entered

Red Bluff, not by the main street, as anyone riding up from the south would naturally have done, but by a series of circumlocutions around to the east.

There was a house on that southern trail that he did not have the courage to pass!

Having left the lower edge of Blueberry Ridge just at sunset, he had timed his arrival so that it was eleven o'clock when he entered the familiar little town and made his way to the house of a friend—a halfbreed, on a side street near the depot.

He tied his horse to the trunk of a poplar down the street a little way, and then walked, with a peculiar rolling gait, forward to the half-breed's house. The inhabitants of Red Bluff kept early hours. The town at this hour seemed deserted, and of this he was very glad.

He knocked at the door of the small pine one-storey building. Receiving no answer he knocked again, and quite loudly. After a moment or two the bolt of the door was drawn back and the door opened revealing a man's head only.

"W'at you want?" demanded a sleepy voice.

"Is that you, John Crow?" whispered the other, advancing until his face was within a foot of the half-breed's.

The latter drew in his breath sharply.

"Sacre!" he muttered, opening wider the door and stepping out upon the small step.

"I came to see what's happened, John. You ain't been out to see me fer two months, an' I ain't had a smoke o' 'baccy all that time. I jist had t' come in. Have y' got a smoke with you?"

"Charley, you're a damphool! Sh! Don't talk so loud. De police have a line on me an' dat's why I not been out wit' de grub an' tobaccy——"

"A line? God! How—how d'ye find it out John?"

John Crow shut the door and stepped down, to the ground.

"De missis she got one sharp ear. All de tam she listen, so I not call my life my own!" he muttered.

"But tell me, John, quick! Have the mounties been a-follerin' you?"

"Sure!"

"An'—an'—do they know where I'm cached, John?"

Crow shrugged his shoulders. The other, his breath coming short, seized the halfbreed's arm.

"I gotta get out o' the country, me. Y' ain't got a bit a 'baccy, John? Gimme all y' have an' I'll beat it south an' be over the border before to-morry night."

Crow thrust his hand into the pocket of his trousers and pulled out a small, dirty sack, less than half full of tobacco.

"De mounties got a guy watchin' me," he said, tendering the sack to his friend, "an' so it no good me any more help you, Charley. But you sure must keep de eye peeled. Dey're closing in on you, by gar! Six mont is long tam but not too long for dem forget!"

Crow laughed as he finished speaking.

"I didn't kill Jack—you hear me, John Crow!" Charley whispered hoarsely. "You heard me say that before. I can say it again a hundred times, I never killed Jack!"

Crow adopted a roughly sympathetic air.

"Nefer mind. You full o' firewater dat night, Charley. You not know for sure. But all de same, who you t'ink goin' to belief you w'en you got no witnesses, eh? You better clear out! One, two, t'ree tam I start out for your cache wit' stuff an' I find someone trailin' me lak de hunter trail de poor li'l rabbit. Even now mebbe someone is watch us."

Charley started and looked up and down the little street. All was quiet.

"No, I'm safe yet," he said; "I got my old horse tied down there a ways. I got some grub, an' now I got some 'baccy. Jist gimme a couple o' matches, John. Thanky, bo. Now, I'm off."

"Wait. You got some dollars; yes?"

"Yep. I got enough to land me in Salt Lake or Seattle. Then I figger I'll work my way to Panama on a freighter. Who's on my quarter-section, John?"

"Nobody. De gov'ment took it over. Took Jack's place, too."

"There ain't no one in my shack, then?"

"No."

"I'll camp there fer to-night, I reckon."

"You watch out!" warned Crow, shaking his head.

Charley laughed lightly.

"Oh, sure!" he returned. "So long, Crow."

Sergeant Dodge, of the Mounted Police, had been in the saddle all day, on the lookout for chicken shooters and other game lawbreakers. It was only August, and the open season being still a month away, these weeks were very busy ones for the officer and his men, on account of the illicit shooting in the various game districts.

Riding slowly up the little rise which looks down over Rattlesnake Jack's acres, Dodge struck a match and consulted his timepiece. It was half-past eleven o'clock, and quite dark, for the afterglow, so well known on the prairie, which lingers from sunset till ten o'clock, had faded.

"I've a good notion not to make for Red Bluff to-night," the sergeant said to himself, as he rode slowly on. "And yet I don't quite relish the idea of sleeping in poor Jack's shack either. It certainly wouldn't be conducive to a peaceful night's slumber. The murdered fellow's ghost might rise." He laughed aloud. Then a sudden thought struck him. A bit further on and nearer town was Charley Pederson's shack! Ha! Good idea that. He would put up there! "By the way, wonder what became of that Swede guy? He certainly has led us a dance these past six months. I'd recognize that old hat-rack of a horse he has, anywhere, but I suppose he's either killed it or turned it loose on the ranges. Queer thing, that murder! Half of the countryside doesn't believe Charley did it. Yet, why should he have run away if he weren't guilty?"

Busied with these reflections—for the hundredth time in the past half-year—Dodge came at length to the lonely little building which had been Pederson's abode. It looked lonelier than ever.

He dismounted and led his horse around to some outbuildings at the rear, where he found a rack half full of old hay. From the rusty old pump he drew water for himself and his beast, and then having tied the horse under a shelter he set out for the shack, meaning to make himself as comfortable as he could. on Charley's old blankets. He had had supper at the house of a farmer friend in the hills some five hours ago, but he decided that if he could find any canned food around he would make another meal at once.

Scarcely had he entered the almost-empty little shack when the sound of hoof beats fell on the still night air. Hesitating, in the very act of striking a match, Dodge waited. In the gloom, without he could discern nothing but the winding grey ribbon of road. Presently, however, a solitary horseman hove in

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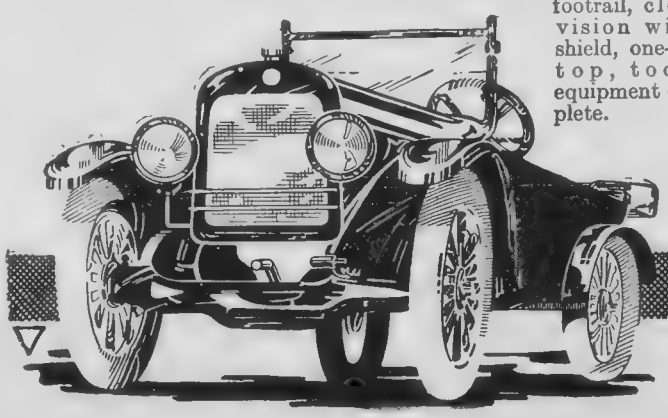

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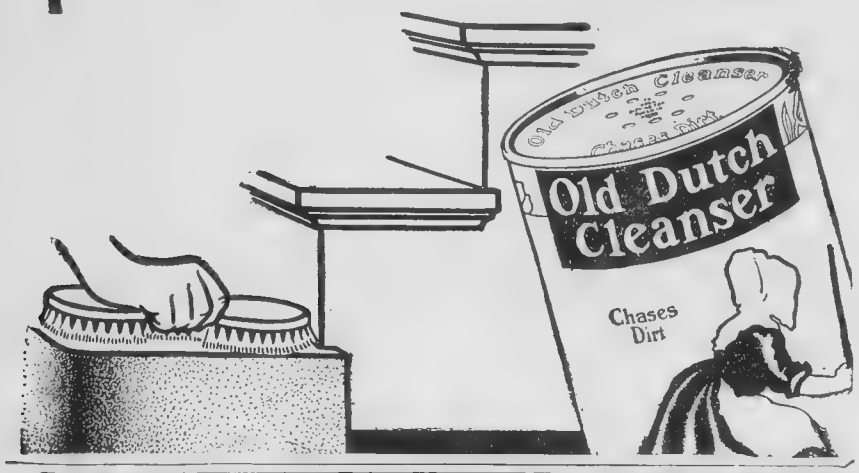

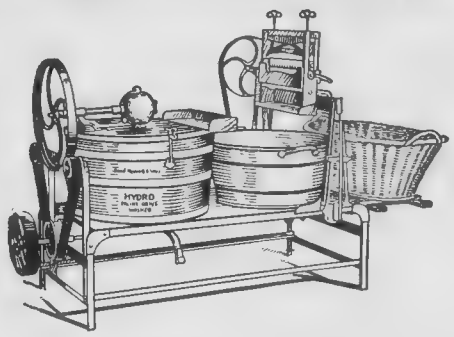

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view, and just as Dodge had decided to hail him, in the friendly western way, the stranger tugged on his lefthand rein and rode directly up to the little shack.

"H'm!" muttered the sergeant. "This looks funny. It surely does! That chap has come from the direction of town, yet he puts in here for some reason. He ought to be able to tell by the looks of this place that there's nobody at home but the mice."

Naturally prudent, Dodge waited, watching the newcomer from an empty pane-square in the window. For a few moments he could see little else but the dimly moving shapes of man and horse, as they disappeared in the rear. Suddenly, though, there was a whinny from the officer's horse, and then an answering neigh from the one which had just arrived. Dodge heard the man curse. Then, before one could count three, horse and rider had wheeled and were making for the road again.

"Ha, ha! He expected to play lone hand in this game, and he finds that there are other folks round," thought the sergeant with a grin. "This certainly looks interesting!" Darting to the door he shouted:

"Don't get cold feet, you!"

Pederson breathed hard, for a moment.

"Who sent you here? How did you know I was comin' this road to-night? How——"

"It is purely accidental. Come. Dismount please."

"It's all up, Bill, old chap," said Charley, sliding from his beast and stroking its neck fondly. "All up, Bill. Yep; they've run us down at last."

He turned with a start at the click of steel.

"Put these on," ordered Dodge.

Submissively Pederson held out his wrists for the manacles.

"Where were you heading for?" asked the officer.

"Me? Why I was thinkin' as how I'd stay here in my old coop fer the night an' then—'bout daylight—I'd make fer the cypress hills an' git over the boundary line to-morry night. I been on the hoof since dawn an' I sure am tired."

The sergeant had expected Pederson to put up a fight, and make a run for his freedom, at any rate. He was greatly surprised and nonplussed at the meekness of his captive, who now followed him willingly enough to the shack Dodge having first confiscated his revolver.

Prof. Paul N. Miliukoff, Foreign Minister in the new Russian Cabinet and a notable figure in the overthrow of the old order in Russia. This photograph was taken in New York during the Foreign Minister's last visit to this country.

The other jerked on the reins and brought his beast to a standstill in the road.

"I say, what frightened you, friend? Come on back. There's plenty of room," Dodge called out.

"I made a mistake in the place," said the horseman, in a gruff voice.

Dodge ambled down to the road in a casual way. As he came up to the other, he saw that the man was in a great swelter to be off, and did not want to lose any time gossiping. But the sergeant smelt something suspicious and laid a hand on the horse's bridle. With the other he drew a pocket flashlight out and turned it full on the face of the rider.

For quite thirty seconds the officer gazed.

"Ah!" he said at last, "So it is you, Pederson?"

"Yes—it's me," said Pederson, defiantly. "Who are you—and what are you goin' to do 'bout it?"

For in the darkness he could not see Dodge's face.

"I'm sergeant of the police," returned Dodge, "and it is my duty to arrest you on a charge of murder."

"I never thought we'd catch you so close to home, bo," said Dodge. "You put your head right into the trap, didn't you?"

Pederson said nothing. The officer lighted a smoky oil lamp and began to hunt about for some food.

"I ought to take you right into town, Charley, but I've got to rustle some grub first. I'm nearly famished. What's this? Canned corn? Good! Here's some tea, too. Well—I guess the treat's on the house, eh?"

The sergeant laughed. From time to time, as he prepared the simple supper, he tried to cheer his prisoner up, for Dodge was a pleasant-natured chap, and had a kind heart under his bluff exterior. Withal, he kept a watchful eye upon Pederson. Such a slippery customer as he had proven himself to be during the last six months might start something, at any moment.

They ate in silence, and then Charley warmed up.

"Say—you think I killed Jack, eh?" he demanded, with some show of anger.

"It looks that way," admitted Dodge. "But it is none of my business. My job

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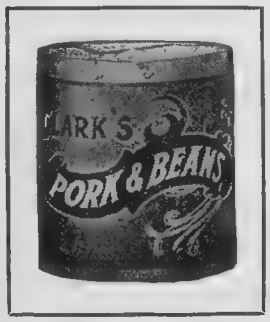

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was to catch you and hand you over to the proper authorities."

"I didn't kill Rattlesnake! It was——"

Charley broke off and darted a furtive glance about into the dark corners. Then he moistened his lips, nervously.

"Remember," warned Dodge, "everything you say now will come against you later. I will be put under oath to repeat your exact words. I'd rather you didn't talk about the matter."

"Well, I'm gonna talk, an' you gotta listen! It's the gospel truth I'm tellin' an' if only I had had a witness to back me up, I'd—well, I'd never a' had to run away."

"Ha! There's the point!" cried Dodge, interested in spite of himself. "If you are not the guilty man, why did you try to escape? That's the question we'd like you to answer."

"You didn't mebbe notice a stranger in Red Bluff on the afternoon of——"

"Of the murder? N—o—o. Wait! Yes, I believe I did hear something about a stranger raising a row in the bar of the Grand Union."

"A big, dark fellow—foreign-lookin'?"

"I don't know. I didn't see him. I only heard about him."

"It must a' been the same! He's the sort o' guy that'd raise the old Harry wherever he went."

"Who?"

"Delfirio."

Pederson half whispered the word—again glancing anxiously around. Dodge lifted his brows.

"A Mexican?"

Pederson nodded.

"He was the leader of a gang o' cutthroats and border ruffians. Poor Rattlesnake uster belong to the same gang."

"What was he doing up here?" demanded the sergeant, only half believing the tale.

"He come up to git poor Jack—near as I can make out. We two was sittin' peaceable over our cards that night an' he walked in. Jack's face—well, y'd orter seen it! It turned the color o' tallow! Jack, y' see, had escaped an' come up here an' begun to live kinder half-decent, but he'd broken his parole or deserted his secret society, whatever it was called, an' they was bound t' have vendetta on him."

"Go on. What happened, then?"

"Well—this Delfirio kep' talkin' Mexican at first an' it was plain t' see he was drunk already, but he'd carted out three bottles from town, so—we all——"

"You all got drunk?"

"You've hit it. I really don't remember nothin' more—only that Delfirio and Jack begun to quarrel."

"And you didn't draw a knife—or point a revolver?"

"No! I swear it! I remember seein' Jack down on the floor with his face all blood an' then this Delfirio come over an' shook me an' sez: 'You're the man that killed Jack! You'd better clear out!' an' I—I cleared!"

"And left them there?"

Pederson nodded.

"I got on my horse an' went off at a good clip. The wind sorter cleared my head after a while an' I really thought I had drawn my knife at Jack. I got so I believed I was—the murderer. But all them long months in the hills brought me to my senses. Never in the world could I have killed Jack!"

Dodge had been looking keenly and steadily at his prisoner. He recognized the light of truth in the little Swede's eyes.

"Charley," said the sergeant, "this is a strange story you're telling me. I don't see how you could have made it up. Now, if this Delfirio can be found——"

A sudden noise interrupted the speaker. Both he and Charley raised their heads and listened. Footsteps were approaching. It was long past one o'clock, and foot travellers were rare on that road, more especially since the affair of the winter. The steps came nearer and nearer. They left the road and turned off suddenly, mounting the slight rise leading up to the door of the shack!

The two listeners at either side of the deal table waited. Dodge was thinking that, perhaps, a brother policeman had gotten wind of the arrest somehow and come out to lend a hand in fetching the prisoner into town. Pederson—of what was he thinking? A frown of perplexity had gathered between his eyes. Those steps sounded strangely like——

The door opened.

In the opening and against the dark background of the night, stood Rattlesnake Jack! The pair at the table sat transfixed, their eyes bulging.

"Well—ain't some o' you fellers got a tongue?" demanded Jack with a smile.

Pederson passed a shaking hand across his eyes. Dodge rose unsteadily, clutching the side of the table. That was certainly Jack's voice!

And, excepting for a long, red scar across his cheek, he looked the same Jack as when he had last been seen alive!

He was dressed as he always had been, and upon his head was the rakish hat with the rattlesnake skin around the crown. He wore a cartridge belt, and a revolver at his right side glittered in its holster.

"What? Don't I get no welcome?" he asked, throwing down a whip he carried, with a laugh.

"Jack—Jack—fer Gawd's sake—is it you?"

Pederson spoke in a half whisper. The muscles of his face were working and his eyes stared glassily at his old friend.

"Of course it's me! What you fellers think I am—a ghost?"

"Where is—where is Delfirio?" demanded the Swede.

"Him? He's done for, and served him right!"

Jack drew out a chair from the wall, sat down, struck a match on his boot sole and lighted a small pipe he had drawn from his pocket. Dodge now found voice.

"We're very glad to see you back, Mr. Rattlesnake—er—I don't know your full name—but there are a few things to explain. Where have you been since March 22nd?"

"I've been in Mexico since April 7th. It took me some time to get there."

"What made you go down there, in such a hurry?"

"I couldn't help myself. I was unconscious at the time of leaving."

"Oh—they sandbagged you?"

"They surely did! Delfirio and his pal toted me away, an' when I woke up I was down in Wyoming, an' there wasn't nobody with me then but Delfirio."

"Where had his pal disappeared to?"

"His pal had been murdered and thrown into a slough seven or eight miles from here, because he got sorry an' wanted to give up an' leave me be. Delfirio gashed my cheek. Pretty, ain't it?"

"Delfirio murdered him?"

Jack nodded.

"When I found out about it I went right on down to Mexico. I had some friends there, an' I got papers an' went across the line to a United States marshal I uster know. It was out o' his jurisdiction, but he pulled wires for me at the border town an' I got Delfirio pinched. I had to lay low, on account o' my old gang."

"Was he hung?" asked the sergeant.

"No, he was shot by a firing squad, an' the rest o' the gang was rounded up inside o' four weeks or so. They were a bunch o' roughnecks for sure. They're all doin' time now."

"And what has kept you away so many months?"

"I was in Villa's army for a while. Had to make a livin' somehow, an' nearly everybody down there is fightin.' I had to borry money to come home."

"You—you ain't heard 'bout what's been happenin'—up here?"

"Not a word. Is it anything concerns me—or Delfirio? I ain't seen a soul since I jumped off the midnight tonight. An' ain't I hungry! Why—what's Charley got the bracelets on fer?"

Rattlesnake Jack had just noticed his friend's wrists. Dodge, who had been such an interested listener during the newcomer's tale that he had forgotten all about his capture, now laughed, and leaning over the table freed Charley's hands. "Oh, this is quite a story, too," he said. "But I reckon we can postpone it for a while. It will have to be recounted together with yours to-morrow, anyway. Fall to on the canned corn, Mr. Rattlesnake, and I'll make a pot of fresh tea. Then we'll all be moving."

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The Royal Mounted Go to War

By Francis J. Dickie

WITH the first day of March, 1917, the Province of Alberta took over its own policing, a duty hitherto handled for forty-three years by the Royal North West Mounted Police. This action was also taken by the Province of Saskatchewan a few days previously. The assuming by the provinces of their own policing is due to a special war measure act passed a few weeks previously authorizing the mobilizing of the Mounted Police as a military unit for military duty. This act met with considerable opposition from ranchers, various agricultural societies and other bodies in the two great Prairie Provinces where the Mounted Police have rendered valuable service; but the protests of these were overruled and the Mounted Police from the two provinces some six hundred and fifty in number are now on a war footing.

Whether this marks the passing for all time of the Mounted Police from these particular provinces, it is doubtful at this time to say. But it seems altogether likely. Both provinces are rapidly becoming settled and once the provinces have assumed this work for themselves they will likely be loath to suffer a further re-organization after the war, which would be necessary should the Royal Mounted once more assume duties.

Regina Barracks, Mounted Police.

Training the Horse for Police Duty.

The strength of the force, according to the official blue book report for 1916, numbered 750 on the first day of January, 1917. The majority of this number were situated in Alberta and Saskatchewan. The balance at scattered posts in Mackenzie and Hudson Bay territory, at which points the Mounted Police—there mounted in name only—will likely remain for many years to come.

The force was founded in 1873. At that time the new West was just being opened up. The monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company had ceased in 1869, and the country taken over through purchase by the Dominion Government. Following the passing of the territory from the hands of the Company, a horde of evil doers swept in from the States to prey upon the Indians. To combat these men and maintain law and order in a land of about a half million square miles, Sir John A. Macdonald took the matter up to the Commons recommending that a force be formed that should "be efficient without gold lace." This famous epigram stuck to the force for many years. In May, 1873, the bill authorizing the force was passed and three hundred men mobilized at Toronto, under Lieut.-Col. French. They travelled by train to the end of steel into the Northwest, then Fargo, N.D. From here they marched eight hundred miles to the foot of the Rockies and established a post at Fort Macleod. Fort Edmonton, Pile-of-Bones (now Regina headquarters), Calgary and Battleford were other important posts built in the next five years.

In 1882 the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway brought a large inrush of foreigners to build the line and many criminals who follow railway operations. To cope with these the Mounted Police was increased to a thousand men.

For many years now the Mounted Police have been a live and ever present topic for fiction; but owing to most of the writers of these tales being unfamiliar with the country, the police rules, etc., few of these stories have done justice to the force. The fact remains, however, that hundreds of the experiences of constables outrival the best work of imaginative literature.

Once, when some Canadian Indians strayed across on to American territory near the Alberta border in search of game, they were rounded up by a whole detachment of United States cavalry, who escorted them to the border line and camped there. One of the American cavalry men was despatched to the nearest post to inform the police of the straying Indians and request a strong detachment of the police to come and get them. Two days later the cavalryman returned, accompanied by one lone policeman.

"Where's your detachment?" the cavalry commander asked.

"Detachment! Why, I'm the detachment," replied the policeman. And such was the control the Mounted Police had that he took his band of Indians, numbering several hundred, back, unaided and without any trouble.

The Mounted Police in pioneering the West established a record for fair dealings with the Indians and the settlement of Alberta by them was marked with no such bloodshed as marked similar times in the United States and even Eastern Canada where terrible enmity arose between the red men and the white invaders. If for nothing else, the Mounted Police will always deserve a famous place in Canada's Hall of Fame.

The most notable events in the history was the taking of Almighty Voice, a remarkable Indian. For cattle stealing he was arrested by the Duck Lake patrol, but escaped. In the subsequent chase he shot and killed Sergeant Colbroke. This occurred in 1894. Though diligently searched for, it was not until April, 1896, that a patrol cornered him on the side of a steep butte. Almighty Voice was accompanied by two companions and there, in their protected shelter on the butte's steep side, they held the police off for many days, killing four officers of the force and the postmaster from Duck Lake. A nine-pound gun was finally brought out from Regina and the outlaws shelled out from their position. All were killed.

Many other exciting incidents fill the pages of the police history from 1873 to 1917. The Fonberg episode, in which a crazed homesteader held off a posse for several days and killed one of the force before he was taken, took place near Edmonton, Alberta, in 1913. In the winter of 1910-11 an overland patrol of police going from MacPherson to Dawson took the wrong divide and wandered for weeks utterly lost. The patrol, consisting of Inspector Fitzgerald, Constables Carter, Kinney and Taylor, soon consumed their provisions, then their dogs, and were finally reduced to cooking their mocassins and bits of fur robes, getting a little sustenance from the soup. All, however, perished miserably.

The most recent striking case of Mounted Police work was the arrest after two years' hunting of the two Eskimo murderers of the missionary priests, Father Rouvier and Leroux. These two men were killed by Eskimos in the vicinity of Great Bear Lake, in 1914. The murderers were captured by Inspector Phillips, of MacPherson. The striking part of the hunt was that the chase ended upon an iceberg where the Eskimos had taken refuge. They are now on the way to Regina for trial; a trip of 2,300 miles on foot and 500 by rail.

The rule of the Mounted Police has always been to "get your man," and for forty-three years the force has stood as one of the most generally efficient and incorruptible of police bodies. Whether they return to the provinces after the war or not is hard to say.

But in the farther northern territories detachments of them will likely continue to do duty for many years yet to come. And even though the force does pass, it will remain long in the memory of the people of the Dominion.

War Activities of Johnny Canuck's Mothers, Sisters and Sweethearts

(Continued from page 7)

they flooded the market and had to can some of them to save waste, and these were early vegetables, too!

Equally efficient to meet the demands of war at home and the front have Canadian women been. Vast sums of money have they helped to collect. By ingenuity of resource and novel plan they have kept the money floating into ever needy and ever emptying coffers. Hospital staffs in strange lands they have manned with expert nurses. Throughout a vast stretch of territory comprising more than half of Canada's total of 3,729,665 square miles they have won the right to vote. Men's places in the office and the counting house they have assumed calmly, and efficiently performed the duties required. The liquor traffic has felt their might, and in half of the whole Dominion the open bars have been swept away. Suffering soldiers and foreign non-combatants have been rushed colossal mountains of food and clothing supplies. Fresh fruit they have canned in thousands of quarts for the fighters at the front. And at home, eternally vigilant, always alert to fight, they have beaten food combines and driven prices down. Even into the great factories, where comes the things of death, they have gone and worked and become experts in the art of munition making.

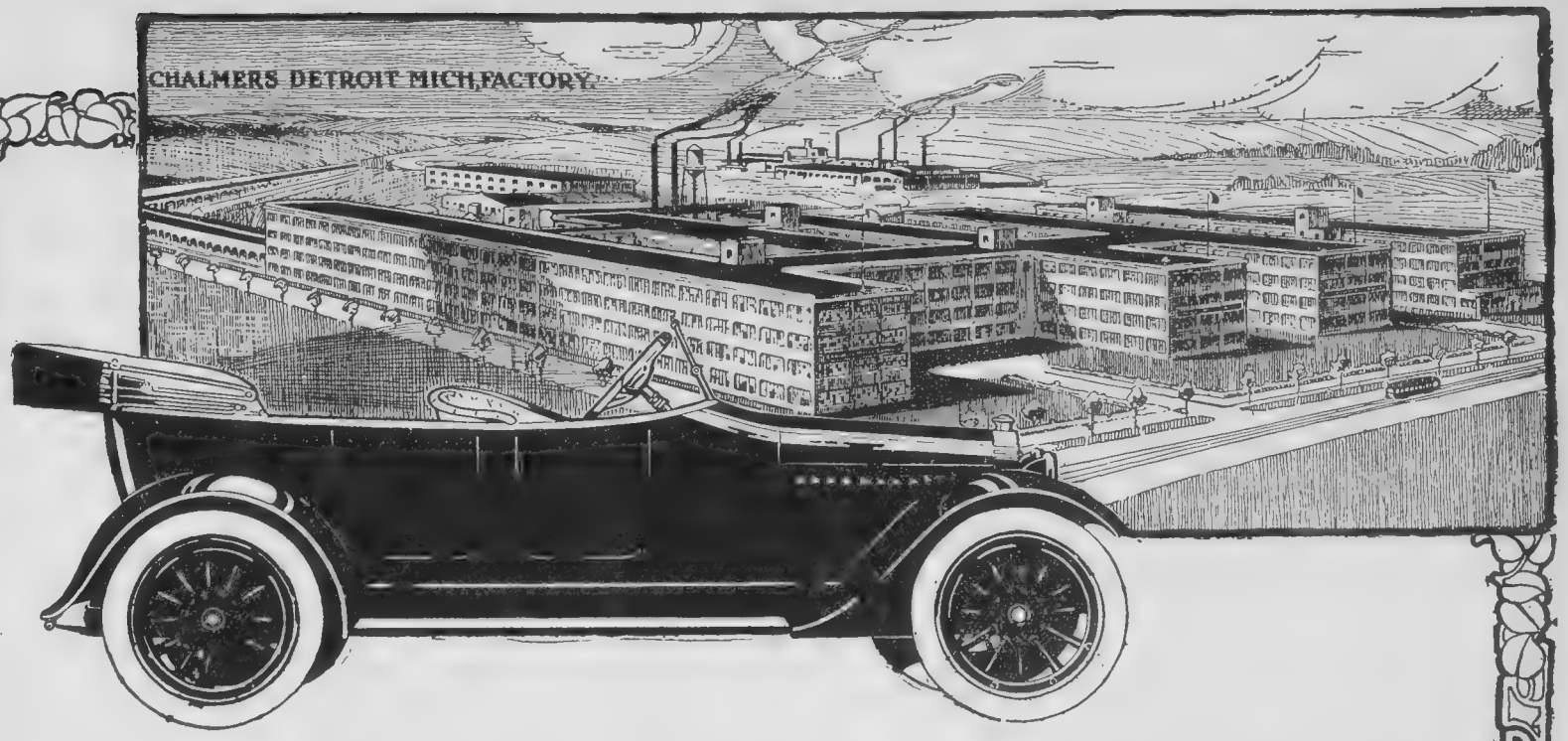
In no single thing have they failed; no single call have they left unanswered. Greatly they have striven and greatly achieved.

Her Answer

By Elizabeth L. Gould

My kitty tries to tell the truth,"
Said little Norah Gray,
"But she came near forgetting it
Three times this very day.
I asked her, 'Tell me, kitty dear,
Who made your basket-bed?'
And just as plain as plain could be,
'Me-you!' that kitty said.

I shook my finger at her. 'Now,
Who has dress that's blue,
With narrow ruffles running round?'
I asked. She said, 'Me-you!'
'And Who's been scratched like
everything,
And spit at, too, beside?'
I asked, and I was 'stonished when
'Me-you!' that kitty cried!"



The Car was built—a CHALMERS

Across the vision of a man came a car. He built the car

—and with it built a world-famed institution.

The field of motordom choked with weeds. Luxury rode behind a Mogul engine in an upholstered truck.

Men were tired of motor extravagance. But, the supreme comfort of motoring came *not* with economy. Chalmers success—marvel of a decade—came from low-cost production of the car ideal.

Chalmers *saw* the *sensible* car—the sort of car a business man would drive. A car that would appeal to keen minds as a sound buy.

The Chalmers Institution, founded on ideals, took up the task, to bring to men of moderate means, comforts that until then only a Croesus could buy —luxury, beauty, fine furnishings and finish, light weight, speed performance.

Chalmers *built* the ideal car.

Not—mark you this—a car ideal for the price. Price never creates the ideal. Chalmers has said "Any fool can cut prices, but it takes brains to make a better article."

No, the Chalmers Institution *made the car to the Chalmers ideal.* Your Business Man's car must be a fine car. Luxurious comfort, his family expects. Appearance he must have, he's grown an æsthete. Power, for speed and heavy going. Life, in crowded traffic. Pep, on the hills.

Security and reliability above all.

Chalmers made a car for every day business:
not a toy
nor a truck
—but a road-active pleasure car—A MOTOR CAR. The car was built, a Chalmers. Chalmers efficiency held down costs. Chalmers markets supplied an output enormous. The Chalmers Institution produced the ideal at the cost of mediocrity—$1625.

CHALMERS BRIDGES THE BOUNDARY

The Canadian Chalmers is made to the Chalmers ideal—*in Canada.*

Chalmers has created a Factory in Canada.

The young giant parallels the old. It is one with the parent Chalmers Institution; one in purpose—one in ideals of making and marketing cars.

Men high up in motordom have linked their fortunes with Canadian Chalmers.

In every city the big motor car distributors are Chalmers men. Local success joins with Chalmers success. Men who achieved by serving well, are eager to sell the ideal car—the Chalmers.

Chalmers is a symbol of success that attracts successful men.

Your business man drives his Chalmers. He chose it because it was the ideal car, the sensible car for him.

He calls it by name, "his Chalmers."

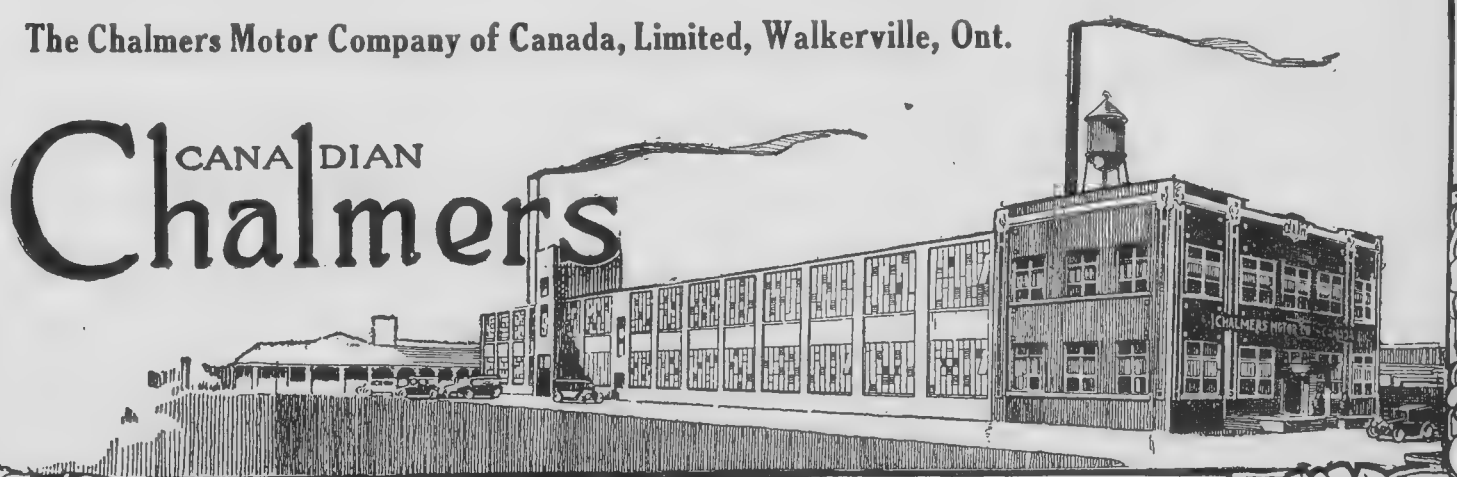
In Canada, throughout the world, the name rings clear.

Chalmers is a car, a man, an institution.

Chalmers	*6-30 5-passenger*	*$1625.*
"	*6-30 roadster*	*1625.*
"	*6-30 7-passenger*	*1775.*

The Chalmers Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Walkerville, Ont.

CANADIAN Chalmers



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Very few men deliberately refuse to carry Life Insurance. In nine cases out of ten the man whose life is unprotected believes in Insurance, intends to insure, but procrastinates. "I will insure next year" he says, forgetting that if only one could count upon "next year" there would be no need for Life Insurance.

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Ask for personal rates—giving date of birth

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First Impressions of Canada

By Aubrey Fullerton

IT IS a far cry from this day of publicity and immigration movements back to the time of the French king who spoke of Canada as "only a few arpents of snow." Things have changed since then and a different interpretation of new world values has been established. It's "the world's bread basket" and complimentary names like that by which Canada is known nowadays and the fact that there were ever any other opinions about it has been almost forgotten.

No less a man than Sir Alexander Mackenzie, however, once wrote it as his personal conviction that what we now call the Western provinces would never be of much use as a farming country. Mackenzie was a brave and venturesome explorer, and was the first traveller down his own great river to the Arctic, as he was also the first to cross the Rockies; but he slipped badly in his estimate of the Western plains country. In summing up his impressions of the region west of the Great Lakes, he said:

"The whole of this country will long continue in the possession of its present inhabitants, as they will remain contented with the produce of the woods and waters for their support, leaving the earth, from various causes, in its virgin state. The proportion of it that is fit for cultivation s very small and is still less in the interior parts; it is also very difficult of access, and whilst any land remains uncultivated to the south of us, there will be no temptation to settle it. Besides, its climate is not in general sufficiently genial to bring the fruits of the earth to maturity."

That was in 1793. In that year, having gone on from the prairie country to the still farther West, he visited the Peace River district, and in his excellent diary noted down its general characteristics as he saw them en route to the mountains. Most of the country through which his route then took him is still a wilderness. but Mackenzie, who was not given to superlatives and who estimated the future Manitoba and Saskatchewan at something below par, found places in even those remote wilds of which he was moved to write thus appreciatively:

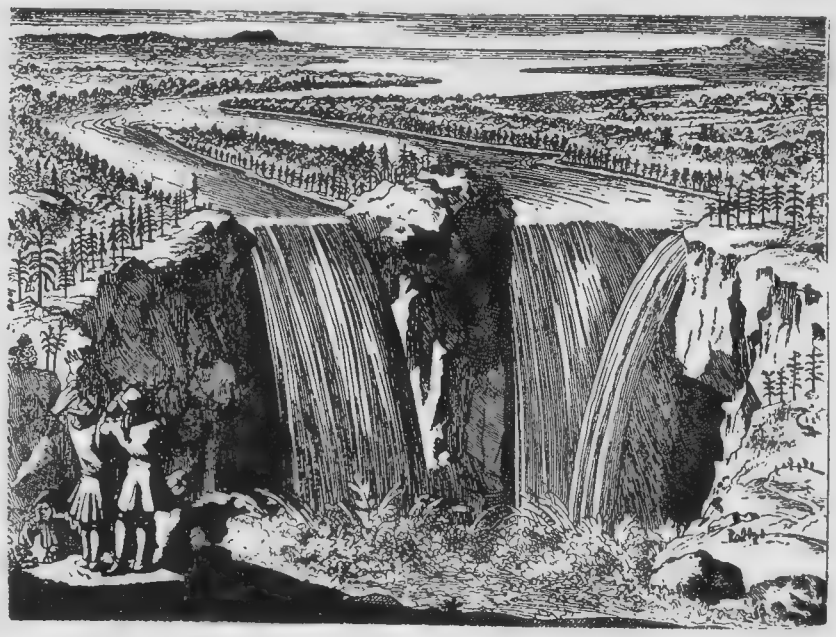
"The west side of the river displayed a succession of the most beautiful scenery I had ever beheld. The ground rises at intervals to a considerable height and stretching inwards to a considerable distance; at every interval or pause in the rise there is a very gently ascending space or lawn, which is alternate with abrupt precipices to the summit of the whole, or, at least as far as the eye could distinguish. This magnificent theatre of Nature has all the decorations which the trees and animals of the country can afford it, groves of poplars in every shape vary the scene, and their intervals are enlivened with vast herds of elks and buffaloes. . . . . The whole country displayed an exuberant verdure; the trees that bear a blossom were advancing fast to that delightful appearance, and the velvet rind of their branches reflecting the oblique rays of a rising or setting sun, added a splendid gaiety to the scene, which no expressions of mine are qualified to describe."

If Mackenzie's eye was poorly focussed on the prairie country, he may be pardoned for the sake of this brightly painted picture of the virgin north, the first description by any man of the Peace River region and the beauties to which it leads.

A hint of how the Pacific Coast looked to the men who saw it in its primeval wildness is given in the journals of Vancouver, who, in 1792, wrote of the Puget Sound country:

"To describe the beauties of this region will, on some future occasion, be a very grateful task to the pen of a skilful panegyrist. The serenity of the climate, the innumerable pleasing landscapes and the abundant fertility that unassisted Nature puts forth, require only to be enriched by the industry of man with villages, mansions, cottages, and other buildings to render it the most lovely country that can be imagined; whilst the labor of the inhabitants would be amply rewarded in the bounties which Nature seems ready to bestow on cultivation."

It took seventy years or more after these first impressionists to settle fully the question of the West's suitability for agricultural occupation. There was a difference of opinion, particularly in reference to Manitoba. Lord Selkirk said, in the prospectus of his colonizing scheme, which headed up definitely in 1811: "The soil on the Red River and the Assiniboine is generally a good soil, susceptible of culture and capable of bearing rich crops." But in 1857 Sir George Simpson testified at an inquiry in England before a committee of the House of Commons that he believed agriculture in the West would be a failure. His own experiments along that line in the Red River settlement had been discouraging and costly and he was skeptical of any further efforts.



As Niagara Falls looked to its first artist-visitor (Hennepin's Drawing, 1678).

What our first visitors thought of the Western provinces and their industrial possibilities leads back to what was said and written about other parts of Canada by the earliest sightseers on record. The first tourist writer was Jacques Cartier, the forerunner of all who have since sailed Canadian streams and tramped through Canadian woods. Cartier was unfortunate in his first landing and for that reason the earliest written statement about Canada that we can take positively from the pages of history was not at all a complimentary one. He landed in what is now the border country between Quebec and Labrador, to which he crossed from Newfoundland in June of 1534. Here is his initial landscape:

"In the island of Blanc-Sablon there is nothing but moss and stunted thorn and thickets here and there, withered and half dead. In short, I think that this is the land which God gave as his portion to Cain."

A few weeks later, however, this earliest traveller in Canada was sailing along the northwest coast of Prince Edward Island, where he found things much more to his

liking. Not many visitors to our country have shown a greater appreciation of its beauties than did Cartier in such sentences as these:

"All this district is flat and low-lying and the most beautiful imaginable, full of goodly trees and meadows. . . . The districts where there is no wood are very fine and all full of peas, of white and red currants in bloom, of strawberries, mulberries, wild wheat like rye, which looks as though it had been sown there on plowed soil. This district is also of better temperature than could possibly be imagined and of great warmth."

Champlain's story of the first visit by white men in 1615 to the Lake Simcoe country in primeval Ontario is another interesting pen-picture:

"All the country where I went is very fine. It is very extensively cleared up. They plant in it a great quantity of Indian corn, which grows there finely. . . . There are many very good vines and plums. . . . It is certain that all this region is very fine and pleasant. Along the banks it seems as if the trees had been set out for ornament in most places."

afford its parallel." He goes on to say

"I wished a hundred times that somebody had been with us who could have described the wonders of this frightful fall, so as to give the reader a just and natural idea of it. . . . . One may go down as far as the bottom of a terrible Gulph. . . . Into this Gulph it is that these several cascades empty themselves with a violence equal to the height from which they fall and the quantity of waters which they discharge. Hence arise those deafening sounds, that dreadful roaring and bellowing of the waters which drown the loudest thunder. . . When one stands near the Fall and looks down into this most dreadful Gulph, one is seized with horror and the head turns round so that one cannot look long or steadfastly upon it."

Hennepin's description of Niagara, from which this is a brief quotation, is the only one of these several first impressions that was accompanied by a drawing. Numberless pictures of the falls have been made since then, but none have shown more strikingly the artist's sense of their greatness and majesty.

Group of fair Canadian volunteers who have been heroically working on the French front carrying wounded soldiers from the battlefield to the Canadian Hospitals in Paris. The girls risk their lives daily in their perilous journeys with their suffering charges. Canada has sent a quarter of her available men off to war. She has spent over $300,000,000 and is still sending more men and spending more money. The women of the Dominion stand in the same line with their English sisters. Canada has sent many Red Cross divisions, excellently equipped, to the various fields of battle. They are working on the battle fronts right in the midst of the most awful infernoes.

If first impressions of any one place in America are of more interest than those of another, that place surely is Niagara Falls. The priest Hennepin, who accompanied La Salle in his expedition to the Mississippi, visited the falls in 1678 and wrote the earliest description of them known to exist. His appreciation of the now famous wonder-sight has hardly been excelled by any later scribe, for he refers to it as "a vast and prodigious cadence of water which falls down after a surprising and astonishing manner, insomuch that the universe does not

Of the Answer he Expected

A Scottish minister was one day talking to one of his aged parishioners, who in the course of the conversation ventured to express the opinion that ministers ought to be better paid.

"I am glad to hear you say that," said the minister. "I am pleased that you think so much of the clergy. And so you think we should have bigger stipends?"

"Ay," said the old man; "then we'd get a better class of men."

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Redpath SUGAR

has been appealing successfully for over half a century.

Its absolute purity, and the protection and convenience of the Redpath Bags and Cartons, filled at the Refinery by automatic machinery, have made it the choice of the women who are most particular about their food supplies. 29

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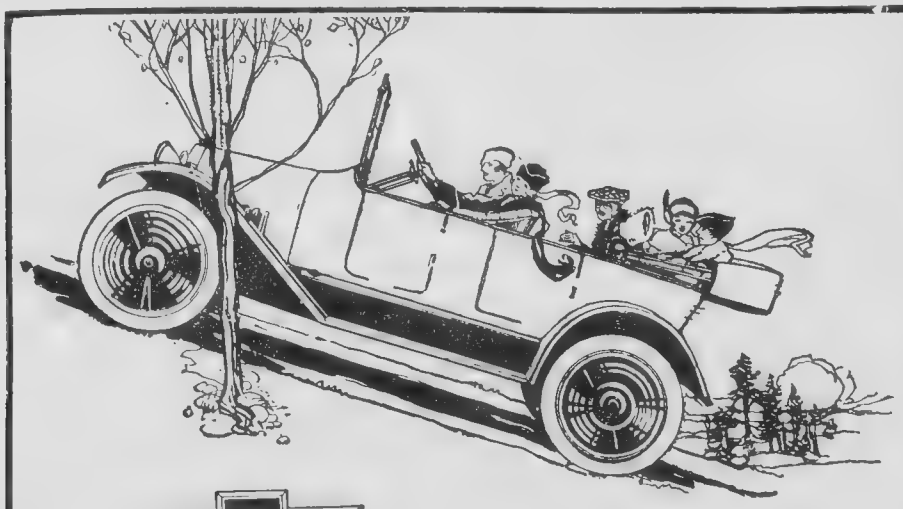

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$695 f. o. b. Oshawa, Roadster $680, including electric lights and starter, speedometer, oil indicator light equipment, non-skid tires on rear wheels, etc.

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Rennie's Derby Swede Turnip, greatest yielder....4 oz. 20c, ½ lb. 37c, lb. 70c.
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Mammoth White Intermediate Field Carrot, for stock, 4 ozs. 45c, ½ lb. 80c.
Improved Red Carrot, for table or stock...Pkg. 5c, oz. 25c, 4 ozs. 65c, lb. $2.00.
Rennie's Ninety Day Tomato, best early....Pkg. 10c, ½ oz. 30c, oz. 50c.
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XXX Scarlet Oval Radish, tender, crisp....Pkg. 10c, oz. 20c, 4 ozs. 50c.
Hodson's Long Pod Butter Wax Bush Beans....4 ozs. 15c, lb. 50c, 5 lbs. $2.25.
Worldbeater Cabbage, hard heads, very large.Pkg. 5c, oz. 30c, 4 ozs. 90c.
XXX Snowball Cauliflower (highest grade).....Pkg. 25c, ¼ oz. $1.00, oz. $3.00.
XXX Golden Self-Blanching Celery, very fine.....Pkg. 25c, ¼ oz. 75c, oz. $2.75.
Famous Golden Bantam Table Corn, early.Pkg. 10c, lb. 40c, 5 lbs. $1.90.
Early Market Sweet Table Corn, big ears..Pkg. 10c, lb. 35c, 5 lbs. $1.50.
London Long Green Cucumber....Pkg. 5c, oz. 15c, 4 ozs. 40c, lb. $1.25.
May King Lettuce, favorite butter head....Pkg. 5c, oz. 20c, 4 ozs. 60c.
Citron for Preserves, red seeded, great cropper.....Pkg. 5c, oz. 15c, 4 ozs. 40c.
XXX Connecticut Yellow Globe Onion (black seed)..Pkg. 10c, oz. 35c, 4 ozs. $1.00.
Yellow Dutch Onion Setts, select.....lb. 35c, 5 lbs. $1.70.
Intermediate Parsnip, half long, fine sort..Pkg. 5c, oz. 15c, 4 ozs. 35c.
XXX Earliest Table Marrow Peas.....4 ozs. 15c, lb. 40c, 5 lbs. $1.90.
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Every pair costs you a bushel of grain per year counting what they eat and the growing grain plants they destroy. Can you afford to let them live? You can kill them all for 1 cent an acre by using

Kill-Em-Quick GOPHER POISON

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

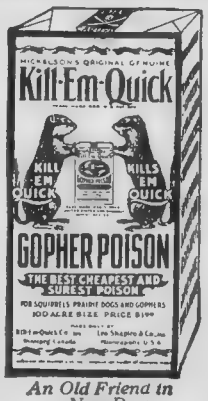
Don't let the Little Pests Ruin your Crops

Get after them when they first come out of their winter sleep. Give 'em a feast of Kill-Em-Quick and they won't bother the tender young grain.

Gophers will eat Kill-Em-Quick in preference to other foods. Its odor attracts them, its sweet taste pleases them and it invariably kills.

Recommended by the Manitoba Agricultural College and by thousands of farmers in Canada as the best gopher killer.

Kill-Em-Quick Co., Ltd.



An Old Friend in a New Dress

Kill-Em-Quick is easy to use. Simply stir into thoroughly moistened oats or ground feed and drop into holes.

Guarantee printed on every package. Money back, if it fails.

Two sizes—40-acre size 50c; 100-acre size $1.00. Get it from your druggist. If he can't supply you, we ship direct upon receipt of the price.

Free—Interesting book on gophers. Send for it.

Dept. G
Winnipeg, Can.

The Return of the Prodigal

By. H. C. Haddon

THE GIRL came down the steps of the veranda, drawing on her leather gauntlets. On the last step she stopped and looked around her.

"Oh, Harry!" she called. "Harry!"

At the sound of her voice the Prodigal appeared from the corrals leading the two horses.

"Am I late, Little Pal?" he asked.

She consulted her wrist watch with mock severity.

"Exactly one minute and a quarter," she told him, "and I should like to know the reason."

"I haven't any," he laughed at her, "and I shall have to sue for my forgiveness."

But it seemed as if she was in no mood to listen to his pleas, for no sooner had the Prodigal helped her to her horse than she flicked it with her quirt and was off on the gallop, leaving her companion to follow after her.

For a while they rode to the accompaniment of the pounding of the horses' feet without either speaking a word. The ranch house, with its surrounding corrals and outbuildings, became lost to sight behind a hill. In the far distance a few cattle grazed. Close at hand a badger watched them from the mouth of his hole, eyeing them stupidly, but the two riders passed by without noticing him.

It was a Sunday afternoon and all the world seemed mad and glad with the joy of spring. Even the girl seemed to have caught some of its infectious gaiety. Once she looked at her companion and laughed, a mocking tantalising laugh that made the Prodigal stretch out his hand to try and touch her. But she only flicked her horse with the quirt again and drew a little further ahead.

The Prodigal watched her with a quiet smile on the corners of his mouth. He knew and partly understood the mood she was in and so he made no attempt to keep up with her.

Four years at an Eastern boarding school had not robbed her of the easy grace in the saddle that is the birthright of the prairie girl, and now, galloping off the surplus of her spirits she seemed the living embodiment of youth and health.

Indeed they looked a healthy couple, for the Prodigal was only half an inch under six feet, and was built in proportion, and two years of prairie life had broadened his shoulders and tanned his neck and cheeks.

There was nothing really striking about him. He was not particularly handsome, as far as looks went, and yet there was a gleam in his eye that warned you just how far you could go with him—and you knew, without being told, that he would be a good man to have by your side during a row.

As for his nick-name—well, if your father owned a string of businesses stretching right across Canada, and you, being the only son, deliberately turned your back on towns and town life, coming out to the cattle country and working for your board and so many dollars a month just for the love of the open air—why, it wouldn't be so very hard to find a name to suit you.

That's just how it was with Harry Williams. When he first took a few of us into his confidence and told us that his father was the founder and owner of "The Williams' Wonder Fifteen Cent Stores," Baldy Harris was only voicing the opinion of us all when he said:

"Why, you seem to be a regular Prodigal Son!"

So the name stuck because it was a good one. During the two years that he had been on the Circle Bar ranch, a strong bond of friendship had sprung up between Harry and the girl, and these Sunday afternoon rides were the outcome of it. To be sure she was the only daughter of the Old Man, while the Prodigal was simply one of her father's hired men, yet the fact made no difference to their friendship. Both of them well educated, they each had many tastes and bonds in common.

Presently the girl reined her horse to a walk and waited for her companion to catch up to her.

"What's your hurry, Harry?" she asked with a smile.

"My hurry?" said the Prodigal blandly. "Oh, I've been admiring the scenery."

"The scenery," she repeated, and a note

Britannia representing the Allied Powers, grasping the hand of Columbia and thanking her for her offer of interests, commercial, military, naval and financial. All threads of worldly advancement skillfully run through this painting. Here is our farmer gathering up the grain and in the background laborers ready to load the vessels. The words of the President, in his great message to Congress, seem to have been foreordained in this picture when he said: "It will involve the utmost practicable co-operation in counsel and action with the governments now at war with Germany, and, as incident to that, the extension to these governments of the most liberal financial credits, in order that our resources may as far as possible be added to theirs. It will involve the organization and mobilization of all the material resources of the country to supply the materials of war and serve the incidental needs of the nation in the most abundant and yet the most economical and efficient way possible."

of tenderness crept into her voice. "The prairie! Look at it!"

She swept her arm round in a wide half circle.

"Look at it," she went on. "How could a man ever leave it, ever help loving it? The freedom and the greatness of it all—to ride and ride and the thud, thud, thud of your pony's feet, and the clear fresh wind in your face. Oh, I love it all."

Her companion laughed at her.

"Wouldn't you like to see a good play again?" he asked, half teasingly.

"No!" she flashed at him, almost resentfully. "No!"

"Well, I would," went on the Prodigal serenely. "Gee! wouldn't it be fine to wear decent clothes again and to hear real music, and see the glamor and witchery of lights and pretty women!"

She disengaged his hand from her arm.

"Oh, don't," she said. "Don't spoil everything. I don't love you. I can't love you. And don't spoil everything. Let's just be friends."

As if by mutual consent they turned their horses back to the ranch again and for a while they rode in silence.

Presently she touched his arm.

"Cheer up, Harry!" she said.

"Sure I'll cheer up," he told her, "and you'll forgive me for having said anything, won't you?"

"Sure I'd forgive you," she replied—"if there was anything to forgive."

And by that time they reached the house again they were chatting like old friends, no further word being said of the afternoon's ride.

Only, deep down in the Prodigal's heart the hurt was still there—and how

Monk Rasputin who was Responsible for the Fall of the Romanoffs

Pictures of the Monk Rasputin have been very hard to obtain and during the great Russian crisis very few publishers could print in connection with the news a picture of this remarkable man. With his mysterious death came the fall of the Russian Royal family and the picture herewith is interesting to the millions who have not seen the likeness of the man who will hence forth remain in Russia History.

She looked at him for a minute before saying: "I think you're horrid to-day, Harry."

"Oh, well, he told her, "a person takes streaks once in a while. And as for loving the prairie, why I could never leave it for long now. I don't think anybody could. You grow to love it—and there's something else I've grown to love, too."

She looked at him quickly, as if dreading to hear his next words.

"Little Pal," he said, and his voice grew suddenly husky, "Little Pal—my heart's desire!"

"Oh, don't, Harry, please," said the girl.

"Little Pal," he told her, "I want you so badly, dear, I want you so badly."

bad that hurt was, of course, none of us could know, for Harry was not of the talkative kind. And then, three days after his refusal came a letter in the mail from the Prodigal's father, asking him to come back home and take a share in the management of the business. Harry showed me the letter and in every line of it you could see the old man's hunger for his son.

"I shall go back," said the Prodigal, almost without hesitation. "After all, that's my real life."

He met her on the veranda when he went to say good-bye.

"Well, Little Pal," he said, "I'm going home."

"Home?" she repeated. "Isn't this home?"

THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF HEALTHY BOYS & GIRLS EAT
Grape-Nuts
AND CREAM EVERY MORNING BECAUSE WISE MOTHERS KNOW
"There's a Reason"

Children's Litter

By Sada Ballard

Every order-loving mother knows the annoyance caused by clippings, scraps of cloth, string, cards, spools and the many other things that young children play with for a time, then tire of and leave around on the tables and chairs. No mother wishes to rob her children of their possessions, however trashy they may seem; yet ofttimes they feel compelled to destroy much of the litter, if the home is to be kept in a tidy condition. How much better to do so in a way that leaves sunshine instead of shadow behind. One mother has taken the pleasant way of buying many of the trifling things which her children hoard. When she discovers piles of clippings accumulating, boxes and drawers getting over-crowded, and a reign of disorder at hand, she brings forth a few pennies and offers to buy—with the privilege of destroying—all of the stuff they are willing to part with. Usually she can purchase all the trash one child has for a cent, but if there seems to be a clinging desire for what really is rubbish, another penny is offered for the remainder, and usually it is accepted. The child is then encouraged in saving the pennies to buy some desired toy.

Apple or Raspberry Dumpling—Two cups of sour cream, even spoon baking soda to each cup cream, salt, just sufficient flour to roll. Lay fruit on and roll. Leave space in pudding bag for expansion. If there is no cream use one-half cup shortening, or a little better than one-quarter cup and two cups sour milk. Boil to two and one-half or three hours.

Don't Whip Children

Or scold older persons who wet the bed or are unable to control their water during the night or day for it is **not a habit but a Disease.** If you have any Kidney, Bladder or Urinary Weakness, write to-day for a **Free Package of our Harmless Remedy. When permanently relieved** tell your friends about it. Send No Money. Address:
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"No," he told her. "No, I'm going back East again. And I've come to say good-bye."

She gave him both her hands.

"Good-bye, Harry, and good luck," she said. "You're sure to enjoy yourself. It was only last Sunday that you were sighing to see a play again."

So they shook hands, and her last words were: "Don't forget us all here, Harry."

To which he laughed back, "No danger, Little Pal"—and the look she gave him nearly made him cry out with the very want of her.

And so she watched him go, and not until she had seen him grow a mere speck in the distance did she realize the truth.

The days that followed were unhappy ones for the girl. There was no one to whom she could turn for comfort or guidance except the foreman's wife, and had this worthy woman offered her advice I know that Little Pal would have instantly rejected it.

"Why doesn't she write to him," said Mrs. Murphy to me and Baldy one day. "Why doesn't she write to him and tell him that she's changed her mind. Sure, anybody can see that she's just miserable these days."

"Mrs. Murphy," I said, "you and me and Baldy got the Kid married off. Can't we do anything for Little Pal?"

"No," she says. "No. This girl's too different. You can't do anything if she's too proud to write to him."

"She's very proud," said Baldy wisely.

It was the pride that was making the girl so miserable and as the weeks passed she seemed no nearer doing the only sensible thing and writing and telling the Prodigal that her feelings had changed.

Things would have been easier, of course if there had been any letter for her, but the Prodigal wrote no word either to her or to any of us in the bunkhouse.

So the days came and went until it was June, and Little Pal's birthday, and Baldy and I decided that it was time for us to act.

"Little Pal," says Baldy, "we're going over Little Canyon way to-day, and we'd like it fine if you would come with us."

"I'm not keen," she said, with a sad little smile.

"I know you're not," I told her, "and that's why we want you to come. You're losing all the roses out of your cheeks these days."

"I'll come," she said, "you're two good friends!"

And so we started off in a kind of strained silence. You see we knew, and the girl knew that we knew, and yet her pride wouldn't let her speak.

Presently Baldy pointed to some moving dots in the distance.

"Have you forgotten your range-lore, Little Pal?" he asked, "or do you know what stock that is?"

"Cows," said the girl.

"Horses," said Baldy.

And when we got nearer it was horses sure enough.

"You're very wise, Baldy," said the girl, half bantering. "Are you always right?"

"No," says Baldy, very slowly. "I make mistakes sometimes."

Little Pal seemed to be taking a great deal of interest in the horses.

"What do you do when you make a mistake?" she asked casually.

"Admit it like a man," replied Baldy promptly.

"But you're different Little Pal" I said, "because you're a girl, and girls look at things differently. Baldy and I were figuring on writing a letter—weren't we, Baldy?"

"This very night," said Baldy innocently.

"And we wondered," I went on, "if you had any message."

She half turned in her saddle and looked at us.

"You dear old friends," she said. "No, I've no message to send."

Well, that seemed to settle things, because we couldn't very well say any more without hurting Little Pal's feelings—and there's no man on the ranch that would do that.

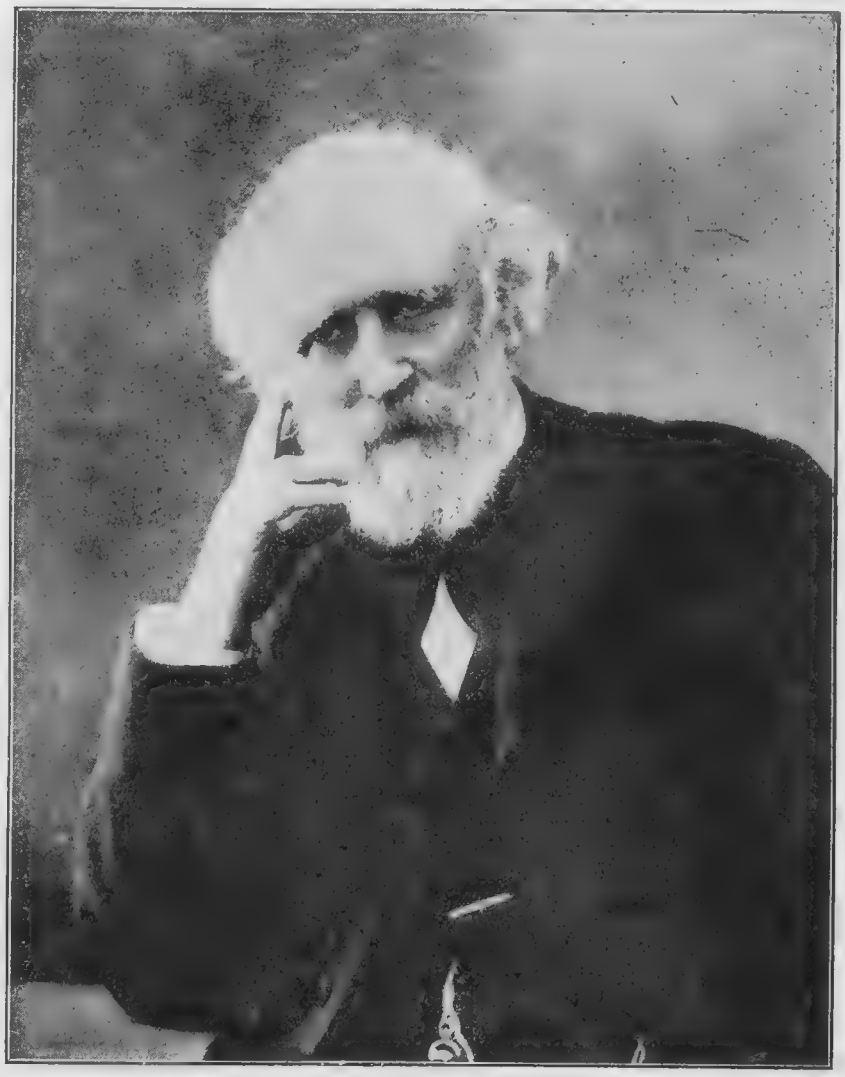
That night, just before we got back to the ranch-house, she said: "I've been very happy to-day."

"You should be happy every day, Little Pal," said Baldy.

"I know," she replied, "—and I've changed my mind, too. When you write your—letter, you can send this flower as well, if you like."

She took a sprig of buffalo bean out of her hat band and gave it to me.

"And you can say that I've worn it all day," she added with a smile.



New Premier of France, M. Alexandre Ribot

They Cured Him And They Did It Quick

What Geo. W. Gardner Says of Dodd's Kidney Pills

His Symptoms All Said Kidney Trouble and They Yielded Readily to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Fern Creek, Alta., May 4.—(Special.)—After suffering for three years from kidney trouble, Geo. W. Gardner, a well-known farmer living near here, is again in the best of health, and he gives full credit for his cure to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I think Dodd's Kidney Pills are wonderful," Mr. Gardner said, in telling of his cure. "My trouble started from a strain or a cold and I noticed it first about three years ago.

"My eyes were puffed and swollen and had dark circles under them. I was very irritable at times and my skin had a dry harsh feeling. My sleep was broken and unrefreshing, and I had a bitter taste in my mouth in the morning.

"I took medical advice, but got no permanent benefit till I used Dodd's Kidney Pills. Just two boxes of them fixed me up, and I feel as well as ever I did."

Every one of Mr. Gardner's symptoms is a symptom of kidney trouble. That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills cured them so quickly.

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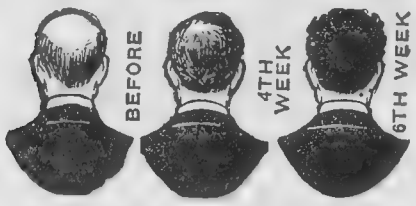

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I guess it was three weeks later when I went into town for the mail. Town was empty, so it was no use hanging round, and after getting the letters and buying some tobacco for the boys, I started back to the ranch again.

I had just got clear of the last houses and was out on the prairie again when I heard someone shout and, turning round, saw a horseman coming for me on the gallop.

"Guess it's a poker game and they want me in it," I thought, and was just wondering who it could be when he shouted again. And this time I knew.

"Harry!" I yelled back. "Good old Harry!"

He came up and we shook hands.

"I've come back again, Bud," he said with a grin.

"How's the city, boy?" I asked him, but he made a wry face.

"Don't mention cities to me," he said. "I'm sick of them. Let's gallop. It's ages since I've been on a horse."

And on the journey back he told me all he had to tell—yet. His two years on the ranch had unfitted him for cities any more and he had been unable to settle down to town life. His father had been very decent and there was enough money to the Prodigal's credit in the bank to start him in business for himself.

"This old prairie's caught me, Bud. It does grip a fellow, doesn't it?" he said.

"It sure does," I told him. "I've been thirty years on the plains now."

Presently he spoke his first word of Little Pal.

"How is she, Bud?" he asked.

"She's still alive," I said with a smile.

And then, when we got back to the ranch, Little Pal had left for a visit to the Wright's homestead and wouldn't be back until the following noon.

So I took the Prodigal into the bunk-house with me.

"Here's your chaps," I said, getting them out of my trunk, "and your hat and shirt and scarf. Put them on and look a real man again. You see, I knew you'd be back again—that's why I've saved them for you."

The next morning Baldy and I went on with our regular work, which was riding boundary and looking out for strays. On every cattle ranch there are odd animals that get missed at branding time and these have to be brought in and marked and then sometimes other stock will get mixed up with ours, and so on. We were just leaving the corrals when Harry and the old man came down together.

"Are you boys going out Wright's way?" asked the old man, with a grin.

"We were," I said.

"Well then," he said, "take Harry along with you for company. And with that he clapped the Prodigal on the back and says "Good luck, boy!"

About ten o'clock I saw somebody on a horse coming towards us. I looked at Baldy and winked and then at the Prodigal—and every bit of color had gone out of his face.

"Hello boys!" called out Little Pal, as soon as she got near enough. "Three of you to-day?"

"We've a stranger with us," I said with a smile.

"Gee! I've had a swell time," she said, reining up her horse, "and the baby's such a dear."

The Prodigal had pulled his hat down over his eyes and now he got down off his horse and walked and stood beside the girl's horse.

"What's the matter?" she asked, turning towards him.

After about a minute I said to Baldy:

"Baldy Harris, we're looking for strays."

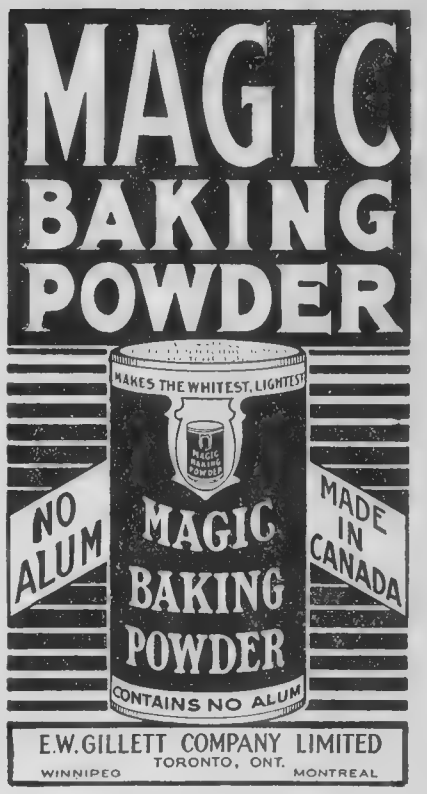
"Which remark is perfectly true," says he and moves his horse off at a walk.

"And its also true," says I, jerking with my thumb over my shoulder, "that those two aren't strays any longer."

Once we looked back and we could still see them standing there, she with her arms tight around his neck and he with both his big arms holding her tight against him. And near by stood the two horses, pricking up their ears and looking at each other as if they, too, fully understood.

Catherine Breshkovaskaya, who is known as "The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution," has been invited by M. Kerensky, Minister of Justice in the new cabinet, to return to Petrograd. Mme. Breshkovaskaya has spent thirty years in exile, most of the time in prison. She escaped twice, only to be recaptured.

During a visit to the United States she made the acquaintance of many prominent Americans and collected more than $10,000 for the revolutionary cause. Soon after her return to Russia she was arrested. Petitions for her release were circulated in the United States and sent to the Russian Premier and the Ambassador at Washington. In 1910 she was sentenced to exile in Siberia, and again made an unsuccessful attempt to escape. Her activities as Russia's famous political prisoner caused her to be known throughout the world. She has many friends in the United States.



Baked Codfish

Soak the fish overnight; clean thoroughly, then put into a stone crock, and cover with water; simmer until tender, then pick over and mash fine. Take two-thirds mashed potatoes, seasoned, one-third fish, mix well together and bake until brown; then make a sauce of drawn butter, into which cut up two hard-boiled eggs.

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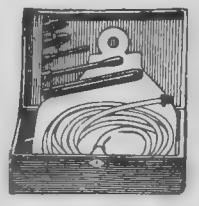

The Philosopher

Canadian Manhood in the War

Ypres, St. Julien, Festubert, Givenchy, Courcelette and Vimy Ridge—to mention no others—are names which will stand forever in history for Canadian valor and sacrifice for freedom's sake. That list of names, all symbols for all time to come of great deeds, is possibly being added to as these words are being printed. Those names are sacred possessions of Canada, though the places themselves are in battle-torn France. They are imperishable memorials of Canadian manhood which paid the full measure of devotion to patriotic duty and to the cause of humanity. The bereaved homes in our country, sorrowing for the heroes who will never return to them, are, alas, many in number. What words can bring consolation to that grief? Consolation must come from a source higher than any words.

"Tears may be ours, but proud, for those who win
Death's royal purple in the foemen's lines;
Peace, too, brings tears. Amid the battle din
The wiser ear some text of God divines.'

It is for us Canadians remaining in Canada to care for the widow and the orphan of the brave men who fell fighting for Canada and liberty, and to make ample provision for their brave companions surviving, many of them maimed and with lasting injuries. By devotion and service now and henceforth must we pay our debt to the men who have made Canadian manhood forever glorious and so have ennobled our country.

The Lesson of the Spring

Spring is the time of Nature's great renewal, which brings every year to each and every one of us, as we grow older, the lesson that we should not lose all participation with the ever-renewing life of the natural world, by becoming too set and rigid in our ways and by locking our hearts against the forces of life. Surely it is the duty of every human being, a duty he owes to others as well as to himself, to preserve as much as possible of the freshness of youth, which, like Spring, makes all things new. Obedience to that duty is an important part of right living. Too true it is that into each life, as the song says, some rain must fall, some days must be dark and dreary. But the e is always the sun behind the clouds.

"The Wolf Attempting to Bleat"

One of the most interesting of the books which The Philosopher has received during the past month from London is "Frederick the Great—the Memoirs of His Reader, Henri de Catt, 1758-60. Translated by F. S. Flint, with an introduction by Lord Roseberry." Though the period covered is only a couple of years, these records left by the Swiss whom Frederick the Great employed to read to him, are decidedly enlightening. Frederick talked freely to his reader, and the book gives a striking disclosure of the character of the man whose systematic perfidy, rapacity and hypocrisy have been inherited by the Hohenzollern regime to the present time. In connection with certain rumors about the present German Emperor, it is interesting to note that Frederick the Great carried "beneath his shirt" through all the years of his campaigning a little gold box containing eighteen opium pills—"enough to take one to those gloomy shores whence there is no return," he said, in speaking of the store of poison. The accountibility for the present war must in a considerable measure be traced back to Frederick, whose rapacity without scruple and without conscience has tainted Prussian policy and Prussian action ever since. While exchanging cordial assurances of friendship with the young Queen, Maria Theresa, on her ascending the Austrian throne, whose territory he was sworn to guarantee safe from attack, he poured a great army into that territory and seized Silesia; no otherwise did his Prussians deal with Belgium in 1914. He originated the doctrine that "all was right for Prussia, which had a code of public morality that did not apply elsewhere." As Lord Rosebery writes: "So now we hear his kingdom, after preparing for a generation a vast conspiracy against the freedom of mankind, protesting against the iniquitous attack of her neighbors—the wolf attempting to bleat. This, too, is part of the heritage of Frederick."

Our Bodies—And Our Spirits

The Philosopher has just finished reading a remarkable scientific book, "Man, an Adaptive Mechanism," published by the great publishing house of the MacMillans, in London, which has branches in New York, London, Toronto, Melbourne and elsewhere throughout the world. This book is by Dr. George W. Crile, who has achieved such wonderful results in preventing the "shock" caused by serious surgical operations. Among the illustrations in it are reproductions in great number of microphotographs of over 100,000 examinations of animal cell tissue. In the work which has gone to the making of this book, Dr. Crile was assisted by many medical men, biologists and other scientists. Briefly, this book goes far towards establishing that the conditions produced by the "shock" caused by surgical operations and by serious wounds and injuries of any sort are the same as those produced by the exhaustion of extreme fatigue, insomnia, or hunger, by prolonged worry, by fear, and by grief. All these things produce what is called "acidosis" in the body, which means shock and injury to the nervous system. Certain of the chief organs have the function of disposing of this "acidosis" and bringing about a recovery of normal conditions. When they find themselves overpowered in this work, the result is disaster. To set all this forth in scientific language would take pages of The Western Home Monthly. Suffice it to say that the most advanced results of science in this line of work establish by laboratory proof a great truth that has been known for ages, namely, that cheerfulness and confidence and courage have a direct influence upon health, and that faith in the final outcome for good can control and may even prevent the creation of conditions within the body which render easy the invasion of disease, and that anger, jealousy, fear, grief and other violent emotions, as well as prolonged worry, have a destructive effect upon vitality.

Kultur in Red Cross Bandages

A few weeks ago the Director of the Atlantic division of the United States Red Cross Organization issued from Philadelphia a warning against German agents who had insinuated themselves among Red Cross workers in certain parts of the United States for the purpose of poisoning bandages, so that they would cause the death of wounded men on whose wounds they would be placed. In some cases, this official Red Cross document stated, it had been found that ground glass had been put into bandages, which would cause suppurating wounds. To quote from the document:

> "In one town a woman who was a leader in social activities made more bandages than any other member of the local branch of the Red Cross. Her work was so neat that she was pointed out as a model. We got more supplies from this town than from any other of its size in the State. By chance, several of these bandages were opened, and ground glass was discovered on them. An investigation showed that this woman had German connections."

The cold-blooded malignancy of such devilish work passes beyond anything that had been conceived of as possible before Kultur made its appearance in the world. No comment that could be made upon it could heighten the horror aroused in every normal human creature by the mere recital of the fact of such fiendishness.

"Public Opinion" in Germany

In the latest copy of the London Times to hand at the time this is written, there is an article dealing with a book by Thomas Curtin, who was in Germany as an observer in the interest of the Allies during fourteen months in 1914 and 1915. He had provided himself with credentials as a journalist from the United States, including letters from such prominent Germans in the United States as the late Professor Munsterberg to persons of high rank in Germany. Mr. Curtin shows in his book how what he calls "Lie Power" has played a dominant part in sustaining the Germans' resistance. He tells how faked moving pictures are prepared and shown throughout Germany to befool the people in regard to the progress of the war. In one chapter, from which The Times makes an extract, he tells how public opinion in Germany is made by the government through the newspapers. On one occasion in Berlin, he relates, he was present with the correspondent of a well-known paper in the United States, who remarked, in regard to the proposal that submarine ruthlessness should be increased, "Will public opinion favor such a move?" A member of the staff of the German Foreign Office who was present, said, "Public opinion! Public opinion!" in a tone which showed that he was really perplexed that such a question should be asked. "Why," he added, "we make it!"

The Arabian Nights

Well might General Maude, in his proclamation on entering Bagdad, tell the Arab people that they would soon have cast off the Old Man of the Se, meaning Turkish rule, for good and all. To the Arabs, as well as to all the other peoples of the world, no allusion could be plainer. Are there any actual figures in history more widely known throughout the world than the leading characters in those wonderful old Arabian tales which, to generation after generation, are as well known as household words? What boy or girl, with any touch of imagination, has not enjoyed making the acquaintance of those heroes, rascals, magicians, Caliphs, barbers, sailors, fishermen, camel drivers, slaves and beautiful ladies who live and move and have their being in those tales? Truly, there are few greater pleasures in life—as The Philosopher, at least, is firmly convinced—greater than the pleasure one experiences in youth in reading the adventures of Aladdin, or Ali Baba, or the Young King of the Black Isles, or the Princess Badoura, or Prince Camaralzaman. Who has never read the Tale of the Magic Carpet, or of the Winged Horse, or of the Forty Thieves, or of the Genie that came like smoke out of the bottle which the fisherman found in his net, or has never followed the Barver's long-winded stories about his large family of brothers, or the yarns of Sindbad the Sailor about his voyagings to such strange shores? You have missed some of the finest joys of life.

An Austrian War Regulation

In view of the great scarcity of rubber, the Austrian Minister of Public Instruction has ordered chemists and apothecaries throughout the empire to abstain from selling any further rubber-mouthed infants' feeding bottles or babies' "comforters." The municipal and rural authorities will be instructed to employ women and girls to make a house-to-house visitation in order to see that no such articles are used by children over twelve months old, and they will be empowered to seize all rubber feeding tubes, teats, and comforters no longer in use. The hiding away of such rubber articles will entail very heavy penalties.—Vienna Neue Freie Presse.

Exhausting All Possible "Frightfulness"

What resources of frightfulness have they left? They have murdered prisoners, by General Stenger's order. They can kill unarmed men and women and babies in liners, but they did that in the case of the Lusitania. They can jeer at them as they drown, but they did that also in the affair of the Falaba two years ago. They can bombard defenceless ports and kill more women and babies, but that is no worse than what they perpetrated at Hartlepool. They can try to spread poison and disease, but they attempted that in South Africa. They can torture, but they cannot display more devilish cruelty than they have done already in the case of Paphyr Panasiouk (a Russian warrant officer captured by the Germans, who sliced off his ear, cut his nose from the bone, and drew his teeth; officially photographed in this mutilated state) and many other hapless prisoners. They can use non-combatants as screens for their troops, but their chivalrous warriors boasted openly in their newspapers of doing that in the first week of the war. Can they possibly be thinking of cannibalism? So far as we can discover from a careful study of their past record, that is almost the only horror that they have omitted.—London Times.

In the City of Haroun Al-Raschid

One of the most remarkable documents produced by the progress of the war is the proclamation which General Maude, on entering Bagdad, issued to the people of that Oriental capital, celebrated in history and in romance, where "in the golden prime of Good Haroun Al-Raschid" so many strange and wondrous things befell. There were many Oriental troops in the victorious army led by General Maude—regiments from India, that have acquitted themselves bravely and won honor for their country; and in language fitting Oriental in its style, General Maude announced to the Arab people that the British army commanded by him came not as a conquering army, but as an army of liberators. The language of the proclamation was admirably framed to touch the Arab imagination. It assured the Arabs that it was the strong and steadfast purpose of Great Britain and of the great Powers in alliance with Great Britain, that the many noble Arabs who had given their lives in the cause of Arab freedom against those alien oppressors, the Turks, shall not have died in vain, but that the Arab race shall rise again to greatness and renown among the peoples of the earth and Bagdad be restored to its ancient glory and prosperity. While the language of the proclamation was Orientally grandiose, its statements were true and its spirit one of absolute sincerity. This the Arabs well know. The Bagdad of to-day is sadly fallen from the splendor and greatness it had in the time when Alfred the Great lived in England. One of the results of the war will be that the Arab people will again have a national existence, and may again play a large part in the world.

For Freedom's Holy Cause.

The casualty lists go on and on, and never morning wears to evening but sorrow comes to many a home and the light of many a life goes out. The deep comfort for breaking hearts from coast to coast of Canada is that the heroic lives that War has taken have been given in the holy cause of the world's freedom—young lives, so many of them hopeful, eager, expectant, ready for life's service. The brave men who have made the supreme sacrifice have triumphed gloriously. They marched breast forward, doing their duty. Our country's need for men of heroic mould is all the greater because these hero souls are gone.

The Great Service Done by a Plain, Humble Man

Early in March died Richard Lloyd, in his eighty-second year. He was a plain, humble Welshman, who years ago took upon himself, though only a cobbler living in poverty, the duty of bringing up the children of his widowed sister, one of them a toddling two-year-old, David Lloyd George by name. That child is now Prime Minister of Great Britain, and with pride and gratitude he acknowledges his incalculable debt to the man who gave him his start in life—the start of honest poverty, a love of truth, a sense of duty, and faith in the omnipotence of ideas. And is it not an incalculable debt which Great Britain, the whole Empire—nay, the whole cause of human freedom, in this world struggle—owes to the memory of the man who took the place of that two-year-old Welsh toddler's dead father?

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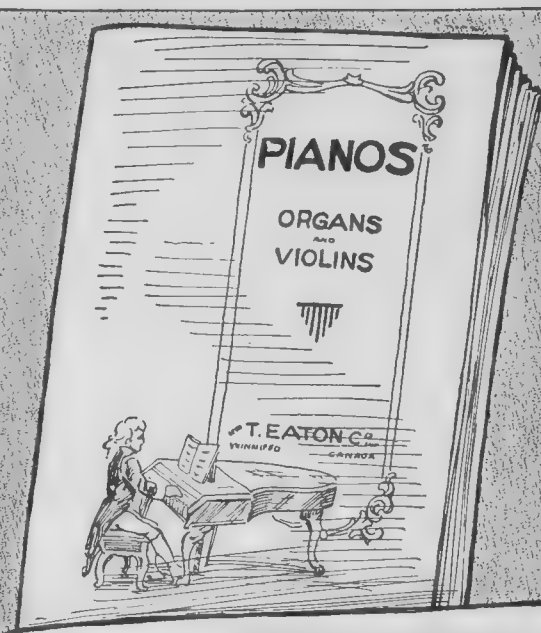

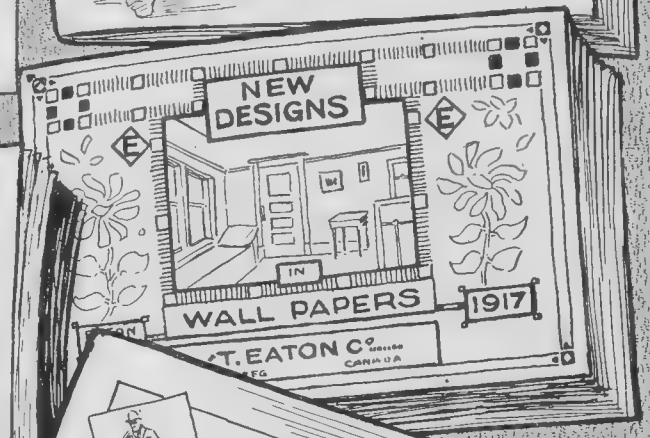

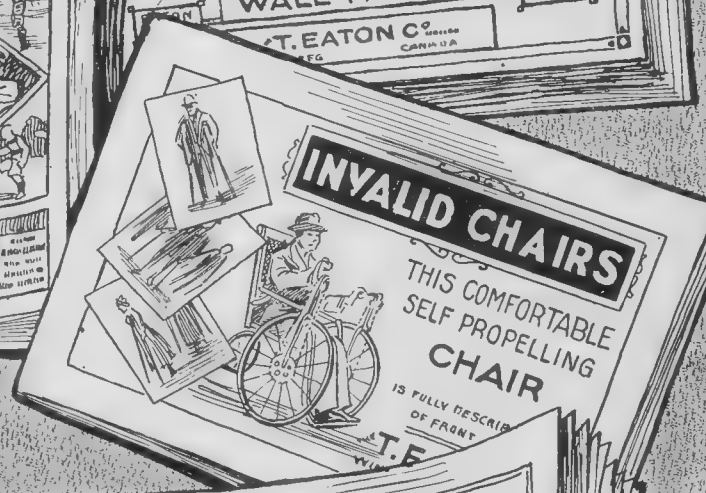

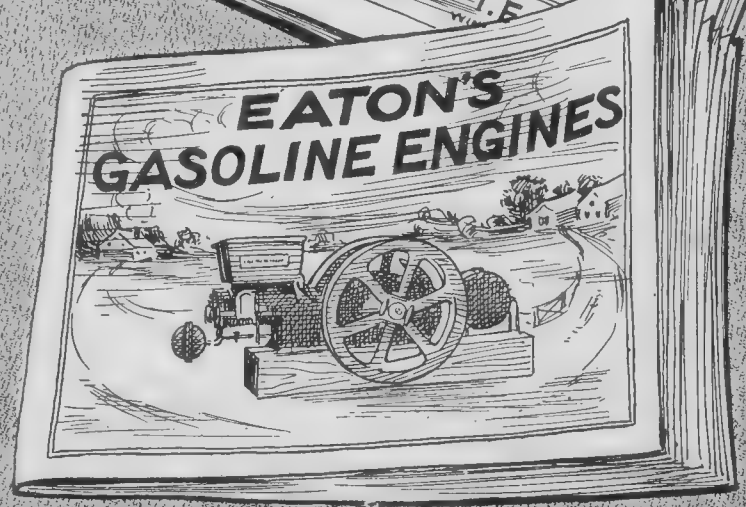

Poultry Chat

H. E. Vialoux, Charleswood

THE time has come to us Canadians for national service, in every sense of the word. The government commands it, every man, woman and child should spring into action and "do their bit," remembering always what our brave boys in Flanders are doing for the empire. We cannot all grow fields of yellow grain, but we can produce "something" in this time of need, dig up gardens and grow vegetables, or turn the city or village lot into a run of some chickens, and produce eggs for the family needs. Feed is high, too high for any profit in poultry "a critic protests," but my practical experience proves that even at the present price of feed profit can be made from the small urban flock of a dozen hens or less. Household scraps and wastage will furnish at least one third of the food needed for such a flock of fowls, and the fresh eggs soon pay for the feed grain that must be purchased. Any chickens raised in this suburban poultry run can be safely counted "a real profit" poultry keeping, when facts and figures are jotted down daily, is most interesting and instructive.

In England where women are toiling so wonderfully, it is now a general thing for ladies to keep small flocks of their favorite breed of fowl, wherever there is room; even within a few miles of London new-laid eggs were worth $1.00 per dozen during the winter months, in London some of these English women are becoming expert poultry raisers, most enthusiastic over the merits of their respective flocks. When a person learns that these energetic women are also performing all their own domestic duties in war time, as well as keeping chickens, we in Canada, who boast of our pioneering can surely do as much on our broad western farms, there is simply no excuse for buying eggs and poultry, yet how often the only eggs used are from the nearest store.

Better days are coming however, and instead of importing eggs as Manitoba and the west has been doing right along, we shall foster a fine export trade to England—the market of the world. The federal government are most anxious to encourage urban poultry keeping and have worked out a scheme whereby pullets, well matured and ready for winter laying, can be secured in the fall through the various poultry associations in the country, a minimum price being charged for them at time of delivery, the latter part of October. Orders for these pullets must be placed during April and the early part of May with the local poultry association, and a small deposit paid to cover number of pullets needed. The Winnipeg Poultry Association will do all in their power to further this scheme of the federal government. The Dominion Live Stock Branch is prepared to send a representative to look after the transportation and placing of the pullets to any section of Canada, where 300 pullets or more are ordered. Arrangements will be made with farmers and local breeders for the hatching and rearing of the pullets. The whole scheme looks good and practical to me, and should bring forth splendid results. I presume customers will have the good sense to order pure-bred stock when given a golden opportunity like this.

The Boys' and Girls' Clubs of Manitoba are again organized and have got down to business in earnest, fully 14,000 strong. In poultry raising alone these clubs have done wonders. On hundreds of farms the pure-bred chickens raised by the young people are taking the place of the old time farmyard scrub fowl. In 1916 the Boys' and Girls' Club reared 20,000 chickens. This year the extension service of the Manitoba Agricultural College are only sending out pure bred eggs to new clubs formed this spring. Bulletins on poultry raising are sent out to all club members from the college, and the young folk are acquiring an expert knowledge, which coupled with practical experience is invaluable. At the Headingly annual show, last September,the fowls shown by the Boys' and Girls' Club of Headingly were better matured and superior in many ways to the display of fowls exhibited by farmers.

I was very interested recently in a nine-year-old hen, a motherly looking brown fowl, who certainly does not show her years. She belongs to Mr. Barrat, of St. James, and is far too much of a pet to be done away with. "Granny" knows enough to vote, has always laid eggs, and brings up a couple of families each season. The day I saw her she was as pert and spry a hen as any yearling, spying out a suitable place to make a nest in the stable, crooning a little lay as she scratched along. Mr. Barrat gave me her history, explaining how she was the beginning of his present beautiful flock of pure bred Barred Rocks. As a large market gardener, he could not tolerate a hen around the place, but nine years ago "Granny" then a little brown pullet was given to his little girl, so of course he had to fix up a pen for her in the stable. By spring she was taken pity on, in her loneliness, and given two or three companions, who laid eggs and flourished. He experienced a change of heart as far as chickens were concerned, and to-day he is a real fancier, chickens having the first place in his affections.

A hen in the States, "Lady May" has beaten the world's record in egg laying; for 92 consecutive days' she laid an egg announcing each egg with a shrill cackle of joy, then she rested one whole day.

The best previous record was 85 eggs laid on consecutive days.

During this month of May rearing chickens successfully is the most important matter in the poultry yard. Personally, I prefer to rear chickens with the mother hens, even when incubator hatched, finding this method the easier and safer way. However, some breeders prefer a good brooder which in May should be placed in one of the regulation colony houses. In this climate the colony house is not warm enough to rear April chicks. May is our best time for chicks. Set machines and hens the latter part of April and you will get more chicks hatched than earlier in the season, with a minimum of labor in caring for them. I suppose "overfeeding" is perhaps the greatest stumbling block to beginners. "little and often" is the rule for young chicks, and no food at all until they are about 48 hours old, especially important is this precaution in an incubator flock. The first four weeks is the critical period, start the chicks off with bread crumbs soaked in milk and squeezed dry, or plain crumbs and fine sandy grit, or give them a good chick-feed for three or four days, then some rolled oats as a change, adding cracked wheat in a week's time. If the chicks are with the mother hen there is no hurry about water, give it to them when three or four days' old, but I notice incubator chicks are much more thirsty, no doubt, because brooders get rather too warm at times. I am careful about giving milk when the birds are less than 14 days' old, unless the milk is made into curds, then it is a fine food and safer than meat scraps. Buttermilk is splendid when the chicks have passed the danger period, even then, buttermilk bought from city creameries I am somewhat afraid of. Here again the mixed farmer scores when he wants to raise poultry, he has pure milk and buttermilk to feed up to keep it from going to waste, as well as screenings, small wheat, etc. The mixed farmer, therefore has far the best chance to make money from his poultry yard. Green grass is an essential to the proper growth and health of chickens.

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The Galloway Cream Separator arrived. I have put off writing to see how it would run. It is a fine-looking, close-skimming machine and all you claim for it. **W. E. Key, Lacombe, Alta.**

My Galloway Separator is working fine. I think it is a dandy. I have set the milk after it was separated and have not found a trace left of anything that looked like cream. **H. J. Snider, Harrowsmith, Ont.**

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My Galloway Cream Separator arrived in good condition and it skims better than any other separator I have ever seen—even better than the ——. It runs very easy and handy with the supply can and crank. **Barthel Rauw, Willmot, Sask.**

I received your Separator all right and set it up and tested it against the ——. Found that it skimmed to a fraction, and I have decided to keep it. I am well pleased with it and also with your engine. **Jas. Abel, Forest, Ont.**

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therefore if a grass run is not available feed the birds lettuce, or something from the garden. We all know how fifty chicks will soon ruin a kitchen garden if given a chance. However, in these days where mesh wire can be bought at any store there is no excuse for giving chicks the run of the garden. I use mesh wire for yards keeping perhaps eight or ten cooped mother hens in a yard, even in early May there is a good picking of grass for the chicks. Then to be sure of my garden I have for years had four feet of mesh wire stretched over the barbed wire around the garden, which is of large size. Where the chickens are older and need more of a run I can safely let them out, knowing the crops will not be gobbled up. I cannot vouch for any incubator flock of chicks not getting an attack of white diarrhœa at times, especially if the spring is cold and variable. No doubt chilling will cause this fatal malady in chickens and turkeys. Hen hatched chicks very seldom have this trouble at all. It is most infectious, and all ailing chicks should be placed by themselves; powdered charcoal in the food may help, and tea given to drink in place of water. The sick birds usually die in 24 to 48 hours. I aim to keep the main flock well rather than dose the sick; a pot of boiled wheat well cooked mixed with powdered charcoal, a little fed at the time is helpful, and boiled rice is also good, damp mashes of any kind should be avoided—in fact for the first month I feed chicks altogether on a dry ration. The best preventive of this disease, which carries off hundreds of chicks on the majority of large poultry plants annually, is to keep only the best of vigorous stock, never allowing inbreeding. Breeding birds should be wintered where they have plenty of fresh air and exercise. Birds that have laid heavily, during the winter months should not be put in the spring breeding pens, if strong lusty chicks free from disease are looked for.

I need not say that coops and pens and brooders must be cleanliness itself, if vermin and disorders are to be kept away. Insect powder should be freely used on all hen hatched chicks which gather vermin from their mothers quite often. Brooder chicks have an advantage over them here, but whitewash on and in coops and insect powder are simple remedies. After chicks are four weeks old the hopper system of feeding is a good plan, feeding a mixture of crushed grain, bran, charcoal and grit in the food hoppers, placed in colony houses or pens where the youngsters come and go. They will not overfeed on dry mash and make a fine growth on it. I always feed them whole wheat at night, sending them to roost with full crops. Both water and buttermilk are useful as a drink, not forgetting to clean their drinking fountains often, filling them twice a day with pure cool water.

Hawks and crows, skunks and coyotes, and in some places, rats, are all a menace to the growing flock, but the watchful eye of a careful poultry keeper can devise means to outwit, or get rid of these pests.

In conclusion, I do not advise beginners with their small flocks to use an incubator at all unless they have the Leghorn breeds of hens, "nonsitters," then I suppose a machine is a necessity, for this reason alone, I much prefer one of the utility breeds, Barred Rocks, Orpingtons, Wyandottes, or Rhode Island Reds. When a good dinner is wanted a fowl of anyone of these fine breeds makes a delicious meal, while a Leghorn is not worth eating. True they are great egg layers, but the eggs of the utility breeds will average one third larger. Hoping our Canadian hens will so increase in numbers, and efficiency, that in the course of time they will pay off our national debt, "It is up to us".

Every farmer should grow enough horse carrots to feed each horse about 1½ pounds each night. It will prevent and cure chronic cough. It keeps the horse in good health throughout the long months, when Western horses are so liable to get out of condition through inaction and the feeding of rough hay and irregular meals.

A good cure for heaves if not too far advanced, is to put one teaspoonful pulverized blood root every night in feed. Follow up till cured.

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and Almanac for 1917 has many colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their prices, their care, diseases and remedies. All about Incubators, their prices and their operation. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. Only 15c. C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 968 Freeport, Ill.

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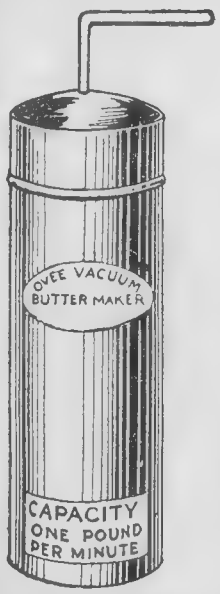
Only those who have been there can realize what the Gillette Safety Razor is doing for the wounded!

Clean shaving on the firing line, possible only with a Gillette, has saved endless trouble in dressing face wounds. In the hands of orderly or nurse it shortens by precious minutes the preparations for operating. Later, in the hands of the patients, it is a blessing indeed!

As soon as their strength begins to return, they get the Gillette into action, and fairly revel in the finishing touch which it gives to the welcome cleanliness of hospital life. For though he can use but one hand—and that one shaky—a man can shave himself safely and comfortably with a Gillette Safety Razor.

It may seem a little thing to you to send a Gillette to that lad you know Overseas, but to him it will mean so much! It will bring a touch of home comfort to his life on active service, and be even more appreciated if he gets "Blighty".



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The Best Magazine Value Available—

The Western Home Monthly at $1.00 a Year

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

A Teacher's Ideal

This month a Manitoba teacher visited my home—a young woman whose heart is in her work. A remark she made impressed we with our indebtedness to an educational leader in our province whose influence lives and grows in thousands of Manitoba homes. Boys and girls catch these great fine visions of life from their teachers, and in turn touch the lives of those in their homes. "Do you know", said this teacher, "when I hear Dr. McIntyre of the Normal, he makes me see great pure ideals full of religious inspiration that I must instil in those impressionable minds of the boys and girls in my school."

If a teacher learns no more than this in her training she has sensed the soul of the true teacher.

The minds of little children carry through their entire life, impressions made by their teachers. It is the most sacred of all professions. We cannot afford to sacrifice those important lives for commercialism. Hannah More, that great English teacher of the eighteenth century, whose work attracted the admiration of the educational profession in Europe and America, emphasized in her life and work the importance of a high moral tone in the schoolroom. She said: "I would not divorce education from religion. Women, especially, owe their entire elevation to Christianity. Hence its influence should be paramount, to exalt the soul as well as enlarge the mind. All sound education should prepare one for the duties of life, rather than for the enjoyment of its pleasures. What good can I do? should be the first inquiry. It is Christianity alone that teaches the ultimate law of morals."

Hannah More would subject every impulse and every pursuit, and every study to these ultimate laws as a foundation for true and desirable knowledge.

And yet the other day I heard a prominent club woman, when asked if she attended church, answer: "No, I do not work in any church, I believe in broader work."

The brave men on yonder battlefields are teaching us religion. United are they in their vision of a great God over all, Who shapes their destinies according to their vision of His greatness, His power and love. The Catholic, the Protestant, the Hebrew, are brothers alike over there and this is the importnat lesson we too must learn. Worship the great God of all we must, and if our sister worships in a different way it is all right so long as her life is charged with the soul of religion. Religion is not a creed, but a life. It is not a vague dream—it is practical discipline that develops a godly personality charged with love and beauty.

The Power of Gentleness

The gentle are not always decided, but the decided are always gentle. Where gentleness is at the root of the nature may have a tendency to produce a pliancy of will, but on the other hand where the will is already firm, its expression will be marked by gentleness.

If one examines a girl or woman of violent assertions, she will find that for the most part they originate in a mental doubt on the subject felt by the speaker herself.

Where the mind is made up, the voice is calm, and the words usually few. Ill-temper has often its root in the fact that the cause has weak points. In times of great crises in history when the fate of nations has been at stake, a decision made by a quiet woman of firm will has directed diplomats.

In French history we have Madame de Maintenon, one of the great women who exerted a powerful influence on the political destinies of France. She was born in the cell of a prison and was left an orphan without money. But her ambition led her to study, and her keen sense of observation trained her to development in concentration and will power till she became the vital influence in the court of Louis XIV. By tact, prudence, patience, and good sense, she gained the confidence and respect of the king. She won a selfish man from pleasure by the richness of her conversation and the severity of her own morals.

Some girls think physical attraction and loud manners attract men, others realize that men worth while admire the strength of gentleness and the power of mental and moral influence.

John Lord, in Beacon Lights of History, gives us a wonderfully convincing picture of the two kinds of women and their influence on a man of the world—King Louis XIV. The women were Madame de Maintenon and Madame de Montespan.

He says: "They were women opposite in almost every thing. Maintenon won by the solid attainments of the mind, Montespan by her sensual charms. The one talked on literature, art and religious subjects; the other on fetes, balls, reviews, and the glories of the court and its scandals.

"Maintenon reminded the king of his duties; Montespan directed his mind to pleasures. Maintenon was always amiable and sympathetic; Montespan provoked the king by her resentments and her fits of temper. Maintenon always appealed to the higher nature of the king; Montespan to the lower. Maintenon was calm, modest, self-possessed, judicious, wise; Montespan was extravagant and unreasonable.

"The one was a sincere friend, dissuading from folly; the other an exacting lover, demanding perpetually new favors to the injury of the kingdom and the subversion of the king's dignity of character.

"The former ruled through reason; the latter through the passions.

"Maintenon was irreproachable in her morals, preserved her self-respect, and tolerated no improper advances.

"Montespan had little regard for the honor of the king. Maintenon became more attractive every day; Montespan at last wearied and disgusted the king."

Maintenon in the name of virtue, piety and gentleness was the woman who won. "Her ambition was the reform of a wicked court, the interests of education, the extirpation of heresy, the elevation of men of genius, the social and religious improvement of a great nation, as she viewed it, through a man who had absolute sway."

Recreation

Deep down in the heart of every normal girl is the desire for a "good time." There would be little need of rescue work if clean recreation in safe environment were provided for young women and young men.

During the winter one girls' club in Winnipeg, framed a resolution urging for the provision of safe recreation centres.

There are scores of wage earning girls who have no place to entertain their young men friends, so they go to the moving picture theatre, the restaurant or the street. The situation is more serious in Winnipeg than in the cities where the winters are not so long and cold.

Is it any wonder that some girls accept the invitations from certain women to go to their suite of rooms where they take their first drink or their first dose of dope?

The women are inclined to forget our own girlhood. Every girl has a right to recreation in safe environment.

I believe the problem would be solved if recreation centres were provided in public school buildings. These should be managed and chaperoned by men and women who regard the protection of our young people as a sacred patriotic privilege.

We are responsible for our young people, and when a young man or a young woman faces the charge of any crime, some one is to blame for their first offence. Low wages, suggestive plays, pictures, dances or songs, lack of proper parental supervision, lack of care, joy riding, the "hugging" form of dancing, immodest dress, love of display and finery, and the mashing evil, are the principal causes that turn a girl from the safe road in life.

We cannot have too many girls' clubs with good honest women as leaders. These clubs are an important factor in the creation of splendid ideals and they satisfy the girls' longing for social

friendship. I know a woman in Winnipeg, who has this winter formed a club of foreign girls working in factories. They met at her home two evenings a week, and learned millinery and dressmaking. No one can estimate the far-reaching value of this woman's work this winter. The personality of a kind, clean, pure unselfish woman as leader, together with the beautiful atmosphere of a Canadian home created in the lives of those foreign girls a beginning of womanly ambition for the right kind of citizenship, that is worth more to our country than mines of gold. I wish I could give this woman's name, but she wants to do her work quietly.

Many women are inclined to sacrifice sincerity through their craze for limelight publicity. The real vital work is done by just such modest women as the above-mentioned woman who has given her time and energy for this group of foreign girls.

As long as I have the privilege to write and speak, our girls in city and country shall have a champion.

I have found that good people are not half so good as we think they are and bad people are not half so bad as we think they are. (My work has been in churches and elsewhere.)

There are only two kinds of girls—happy girls and unhappy girls.

Every girl is born with a right to be happy, and it is her hunger for happiness that unscrupulous men and women attempt to satisfy with social poison.

Why can we not provide wholesome recreation. It is difficult sometimes for girls to discriminate between recreation and dissipation.

Recreation creates physical strength and a clear mental vision. Music, skating, active forms of outdoor exercise, all are building qualities. Late dinners, indigestible sweets, cigarettes, drugs, tiresome rag dancing, and late hours are forms of dissipation that rob a girl of mental and moral vitality.

I visited a young woman last week, who is dying by inches—a victim of dissipation, deserted by everyone, as they usually are in the end.

As I was leaving her room I turned to her and said: "I am going to a club of girls now. They are clean living, ambitious girls, facing the world of industry. Everyone of them works for her living. I want to take them a message from you. What shall I tell them?"

"Tell them," she replied, as her face lit up for the first time during my call with an expression of interest, "Tell them, there's nothing in life for the sporting woman. At the end we're kicked down, down, down, deserted by men and scorned by women. I'm at the end—there's nothing in it for the sporting woman."

The Truth?

"Is it possible to tell the truth at all times?" young women ask me over and over again.

Nothing so clouds the sunshine of a girl's reputation as playing with truth.

Truth always prevails in the end because it is one of God's laws. His laws of truth are evident in all nature.

We who are honest with our bodies obey the laws of health. If we do not want diseased minds we must obey the laws of truth.

"The paths of the Lord are mercy and truth."

"His truth shall be my shield."

"The truth of the Lord endureth for ever."

"The lip of truth shall be established."

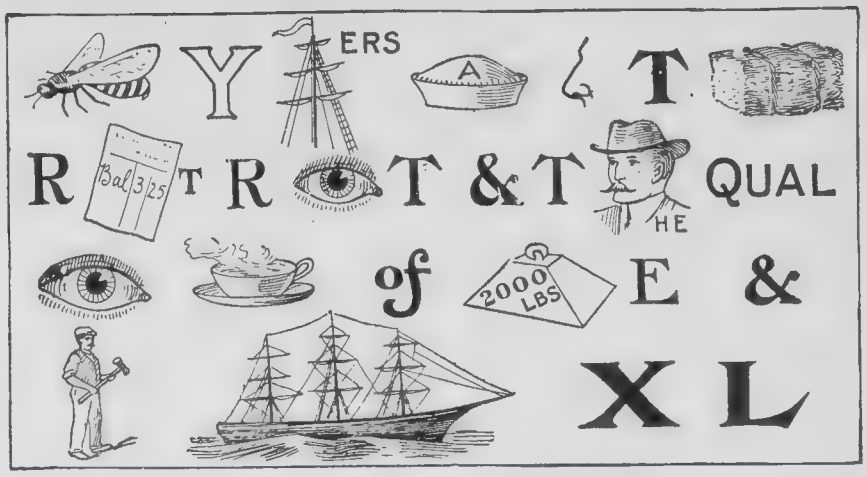
"Know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

"Life is a privilege. Its youthful days
Shine with the radiancy of continuous Mays.
To live, to breathe, to wonder and desire,
To feed with dreams the heart's perpetual fire,
To thrill with virtuous passions and to glow
With great ambitions—in one hour to know
The depths and heights of feeling God in youth
How beautiful, how beautiful is truth!"

Impressionable Influences in a Girl's Life

Last week I asked a club of girls to each write on a slip of paper the most impressionable influence in her life. Here

$65 Phonola Given Away Free



Investigate!

It's Worth While

Open to Readers of This Paper

THE PURPOSE of this contest is to place our HIGH GRADE MASTERS PIANO in the homes of a number of representative people in rural districts throughout the Provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan, and British Columbia, and thereby quickly advertise this celebrated instrument without the aid and usual custom of salesmen and newspaper publicity. To this end we have made arrangements for a large advertising fund, to be distributed among those who answer this advertisement in the following manner:

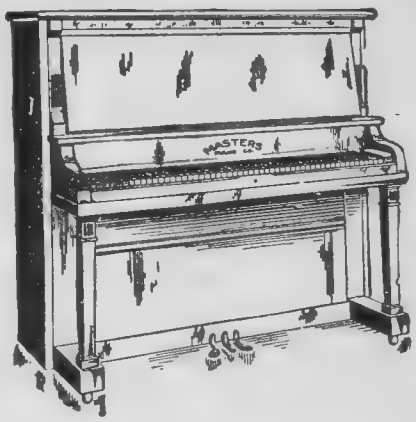
To the first five persons who send in the correct solution of the above rebus, we will issue a Credit Check for $250, good to apply as a cash payment on any new MASTERS PIANO to be selected from our stock in Edmonton, or from our Branch Store, THE ALBERTA PIANO CO., 130 Eighth Ave. West, Calgary, and at the regular marked selling price. To the next ten persons we will issue a credit check for $225. The next ten following will receive a credit check for $205, and the next person who sends in the correct solution, whose number will be twenty-six, will receive the GRAND PRIZE—A CABINET PHONOLA, value $65. ABSOLUTELY FREE, and also a credit check for $200, good to apply on any new Masters Piano as specified above. Following these every person whose reply is correct will receive a credit check for $125.

All these credit checks are good only to apply on the purchase of a new Masters Piano or Player Piano to be selected from our stock.

A record will be kept, and all replies will be numbered in the order in which they are received. If two or more replies are received at the same time, they will be numbered as the envelopes are opened.

Only one reply will be permitted from any one person or family. Any violation of this clause will forfeit the right to compete. **Read conditions carefully**, be sure your reading of the rebus is correct, write your reply plainly, and enclose it in an envelope addressed to THE MASTERS PIANO CO., 10524 Jasper Ave., Edmonton, Alta., with Department "A" written in one corner of the envelope, and mail or bring it to our store at once. REMEMBER THOSE RECEIVED FIRST WILL GET THE LARGEST CHECKS, and those received later will stand a chance to win the Phonograph. No one in any way connected with The Masters Piano Co. will be permitted to take part in the contest, and the awards as placed by the judges will be final. ALL REPLIES MUST BE MAILED NOT LATER THAN MAY 15th, 1917.

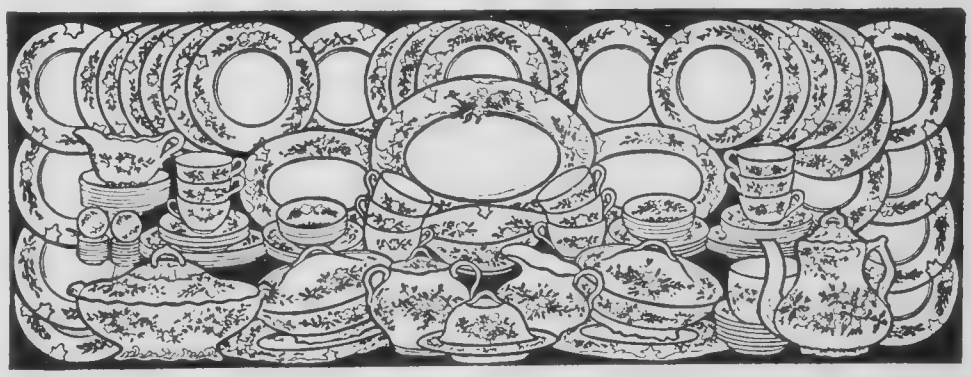
The Masters Piano is guaranteed to be one of the finest instruments manufactured to-day, and The Masters Piano Co. is noted for selling pianos upon the uniform one price plan. Therefore, prize winners have the assurance of a bona-fide reduction, to the amount of their credit check on any piano they may select. As to our reliability, we refer to the Edmonton branch of **The Royal Bank of Canada** or the **Bank of Montreal**. SEND IN YOUR REPLY TO-DAY.



The Masters Piano Co.

10524 JASPER AVE. EDMONTON, ALTA.

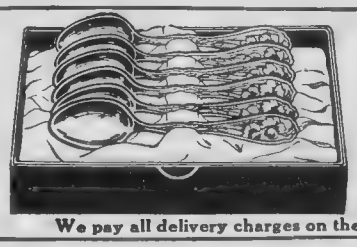
97 Piece Dinner Set and lovely Silverware Given To You



YOU can secure without a penny of cost this magnificent complete 97-piece English Dinner Service and a lovely set of half-dozen Wm. A. Rogers teaspoons. Each dinner service is guaranteed full size for family use, its 97 pieces comprising 12 cups and 12 saucers, 12 tea plates, 12 dinner plates, 12 bread and butter plates, 12 soup plates, 12 sauce dishes, 2 platters, 2 oval covered vegetable dishes, a cream jug, covered sugar bowl, a gravy boat, pickle dish, and a salad bowl. It is handsomely decorated in rich floral design and will surely delight the most fastidious housekeeper. The beautiful set of Teaspoons are in the famous Wm. A. Rogers French Carnation design with French grey handles and brightly polished bowls.

Read our Wonderful Offer

We are determined to establish a national reputation for Dr. Edson's Famous Life Building Blood Tonic and Nerve Pills and are sparing no expense to secure representatives in all parts of Canada who will help us by introducing this famous remedy to their friends and neighbors. That is why we offer to give away these magnificent premiums.



Carnation French Canadian Teaspoons

Genuine Wm. A. Rogers make—the most beautiful pattern ever seen. These magnificent spoons will delight any housekeeper and they are guaranteed to give every satisfaction in wear.

We pay all delivery charges on these Grand Premiums

Will you sell just 12 boxes among your friends at only 25c. per box?

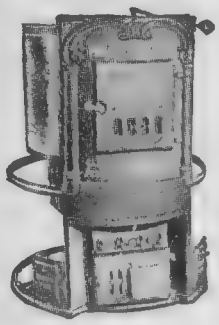
You can easily do this because every one you know will be glad to learn of this grand remedy. It is one of the world's best known prescriptions, a tried and proven remedy for weak and impure blood, nervousness, indigestion, constipation and anaemia. In all run down conditions of the system it will be found a grand blood builder and revitalizer, and as a general tonic for blood and nerves it has no equal.

Send No Money—Just send your name and address to-day and we will send the 12 boxes postage paid. You will be able to sell them quickly and easily because every purchaser of a box can obtain a beautiful gift of fine silverware from us free. Then return our money, only $3.00, and we will promptly send you, all delivery charges paid, the beautiful set of spoons, and the handsome dinner set you can also receive without selling any more goods by simply showing your fine reward among your friends and getting only six of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did. We pay all delivery charges right to your door.

REMEMBER YOU TAKE NO RISK. You do not spend a cent of your own money. We trust you with our goods until sold and if for any reason you cannot sell them we will take them back and give you beautiful premiums or pay you a big cash commission on the quantity you do sell. Write to-day if you wish to take advantage of this liberal offer. It gives you the opportunity of a life-time. Address X26

The International Mfg. Co., Dept. D 108 Toronto, Ont.

NOT A CHILL LEFT IN YOUR HOUSE

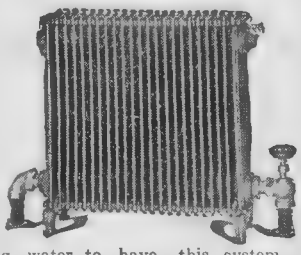


The coldest room in your house can be made into a play room for the kiddies if you have installed the famous

"Hecla" Warm Air Furnace

It generates a warm, cosy heat that permeates every corner, and literally "chases the chills." The **"Hecla"** is far more than an ordinary furnace, yet costs no more to install. For instance, its **Steel-Ribbed Fire Box** by allowing more radiating surface, which sends more heat to your rooms instead of up the chimney, **Will Actually Save One Ton of Coal out of Every Seven.** Gases and smoke cannot leak to the rooms because of **Patent Fused Joints** which prevent them. Moist heat is evenly distributed to **All** rooms by the special **Circular Water Pan.** Good coals are not shaken down with the ashes because of the **Individual Grates.** These and many more advantages are fully described in an interesting booklet, "Comfort and Health." Write for it **To-day.** A **"Hecla" Furnace** in your house would make winter nights a joy.

Imperial Hot Water Boiler and Hydro-Thermic (Steel) Radiation



Imperial Boilers are conceded to be the most satisfactory boilers on the market to-day, and are positively guaranteed as to material and workmanship. **Hydro-Thermic** (Steel) **Radiators** pressed from a special rust-resisting steel have the following advantages: **Free Waterways,** allowing water to circulate without interference from twists and nipples of cast radiators, use **Two-thirds less** water than cast radiation; occupy less than half the space; weigh less than half; have even thickness of walls, which eliminates strain and distributes heat evenly; cost less to team, handle and pay freight charges on; can be installed on walls if required. It is unnecessary to have running water to have this system installed, for, once an Imperial Boiler is filled, the addition of a pail of water at long intervals will keep it running.

Write for Interesting Information NOW.

CLARE BROS. WESTERN LIMITED

DEPT. H. WINNIPEG, MAN.

Check off System you are most interested in, fill in and mail this coupon To-day.

Clare Brothers Western Limited, Dept. H, Winnipeg, Manitoba

Please send me booklets describing the "HECLA" WARM AIR FURNACE, or the IMPERIAL HOT WATER BOILER and HYDRO THERMIC (Steel) RADIATION.

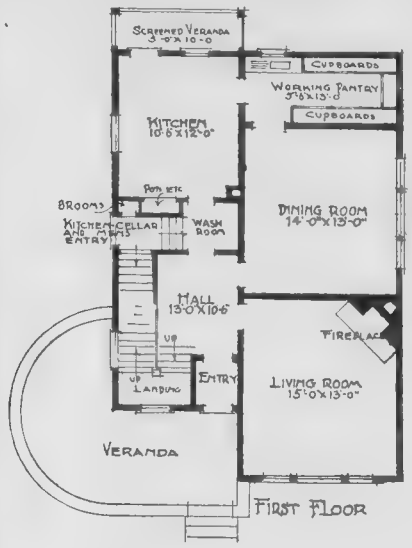
Name .....

Address .....

Plans and Specifications

Drawn for The Western Home Monthly by V. W. Horwood

In the working up of this design, a few salient points were had in mind. A large livingroom, sufficiently remote from the entrance to insure privacy; a diningroom large enough for moderate needs; a compact workable kitchen, and the avoidance of the livingroom as a thoroughfare to the diningroom.



A large veranda provides a fine summer sitting-room. There is a screened porch off the kitchen where ironing made be done in warm weather, and the vegetables prepared away from the heat of the kitchen.

The livingroom of a small house, combining as it does the function of several rooms, should be as large as possible without sacrificing the requirements of the other rooms. In this one the wide fireplace in one corner, built of ordinary bricks, and a group of broad windows opposite it, give a quaint charm to the room. There is plenty of wall space for large furniture, and book-shelves may be built in.

One side of the diningroom is occupied by a group of windows, the middle window has a shelf for flowers, and beneath the other two are china closets. The entrance from the kitchen is made through the pantry—a kitchen should never open directly into a diningroom, as the odors would too easily penetrate.

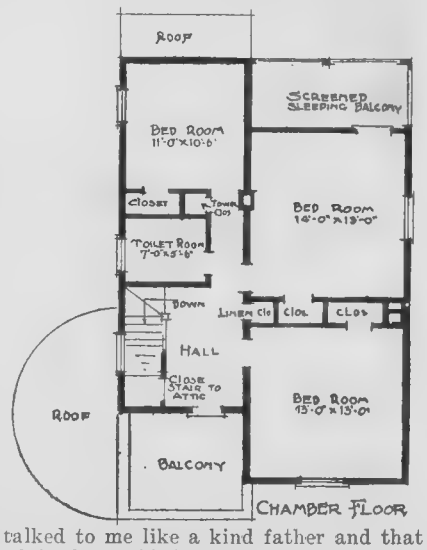
The kitchen is roomy and convenient, and is easily reached from the front part of the house, although it is desirably shut off from the hall by two doors Ample closet and shelf room has been arranged for in the pantry, and the sink has a window over it. There is a cupboard for pots and pans in the kitchen, and a broom and mop closet in the entrance hall. The side entrance is also the kitchen entrance and is conveniently located to the basement. The washroom is in a handy situation, easily accessible to all rooms. The cellar has a laundry, heater, coal bins and vegetable closet, store-rooms for trunks and hampers and is well lighted.

On the second floor the bedrooms are bright and airy and so situated that each is convenient to the bathroom. Extra windows on opposite sides to those already placed will give these rooms cross-draft ventilation if so desired. There is a good clothes closet with each bedroom, a closet shelved for household linen, and next the toilet room another for both linen and medicines.

To provide for a larger family, there is a staircase to the attic, which contains room enough for three bedrooms and storage, which could be partitioned off and finished as circumstances demand.

The most attractive interior finish for this dwelling would be fir, stained natural downstairs, painted white upstairs.

The construction of the house is of the simplest type. The supporting partitions are placed one above another, giving them a solid bearing. The cellar wall may be of local stone, brick, concrete or hollow tile, with a concrete cellar floor. The frame should be of the baloon type, covered with exterior boarding, over which heavy building-paper should be applied. For an exterior finish clapboards, shingles or stucco on lath may be placed over this boarding. The style of house would lend itself well to any of these materials. Stucco costs a little more but does not require painting. The trim should be painted white, with shingle roof green. The cheapest way to build is by using stock moldings, columns, doors, sashes, etc., and if the proportions are maintained carefully, the effect will be good.



The Young Woman and Her Problem

(Continued from previous page)

are some of the answers: "My father's words to me on the way to the station the first time I left home has had more to do with my life than anything else. He understood the world and warned me."

Another girl wrote: "The most impressionable influence in my life was a talk with a man thirty-five years older than I was at fourteen years of age, when I went to a show without permission. He talked to me like a kind father and that advice has guided my life."

One girl wrote: "My mother's good-bye to me as she stood in her flower garden at home, in the Old Country. I carry that picture with me always when I face a difficulty. The sacred beauty of her life, like the fragrance of the flowers she cultivated has filled my life with sweetness."

600,000 Seedlings and Cuttings For Sale

this Spring, and in order to encourage the growing of Apples I will distribute FREE to my customers this Spring 1000 Hibernal Apples and 1000 Transcendant Crabs. These are grafts ready to plant, and should grow two feet this season. I will also give away free 500 Iris, a very hardy and beautiful perennial, and 1000 Lilac Seedlings. My price for Willow Cuttings is $4.50 per 1000 or 10,000 for $38.00. I pay express on all orders of $3.00 and over. I have a fine stock of Trees, Shrubs and Fruits. Any stock that is not satisfactory may be returned at once, and I will refund the money. My prices are 35 per cent. less than agents' prices. Send me your address and I will send you my price list with full printed instructions.

John Caldwell - Virden, Man.

ALL 10c. Just to get new trade we will send one package Handsome *Silk* and *Satin Remnants* for Fancy Work, 3 yards Beautiful *Lace*, one Fancy *Silk Center Piece*, one pkg. *Embroidery Silk* and Stone Set Ring. All these goods sent postpaid. Only *10c. 3 Lots 25c.* Money back if not well pleased. Address: *Seville Lace Co., Box 217, Orange, New Jersey.*

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Still another influence that has been a power was this: "A teacher made the most impressionable influence in my life. My home life was cloudy with strife. I seldom heard a kind word, and I was always sad. One day I went to a new teacher whose voice was like music, I wanted to be with her all the time. She spoke so kindly to me that I wanted to be like her. I have always remembered her face."

The answers all indicated the powerful influence of kindly interest in guiding young girlhood.

There are as many different kinds of girls as there are girls. No two are alike. When I think of girls, immediately the picture of a flower garden comes to my mind, for the two are similar.

I see the unassuming mignonette that merely serves as a border for a bed of gayer flowers and I think of the gentle sister in a house of sisters and brothers —the unassuming sister whose influence moulds and creates the character of the family. Nearly every large family has in it a sister of this type. To the outsider she seems a misfit—yet her influence is the border that brings out the beauty and character of the whole family.

The world is full of men of power, who trace their greatest influence to this type of sister.

Someone has written a book on Sisters of Great Men. They were men of power because they lived in a home where character was developed.

What is the difference between power and influence?

Power forces, controls and determines action.

Influence moulds and creates character, which has greater power to move feeling and conduct.

Does woman's character produce a wider and more powerful impression on man than man's character on woman?

Where women are educated and trained to virtuous habits, men rise in the scale of civilization.

The reverse is true.

"If aught of goodness or of grace,
Be mine, her's be the glory;
She led me on in wisdom's path,
And set the light before me."

And so we learn that the plain girl like the plain mignonette may surround the family with an influence that by its very quietness will make the men and women reared in that home more forcible and noble in the eyes of the world.

The pansy makes me think of the girl courageous and ideal in the soul of womanhood. The pansy is to me a religious flower. The ordinary girl loves those who love her. The ideal girl finds something to love everywhere, because she catches a glimpse of the Divine all about her.

Then I see in this garden of flowers love's emblem—the rose, and I think of the rainbow period of a girl's life when almost every sensation makes an impression—the period when a girl dreams the visions of maidenhood.

Of what sort of home is she dreaming? Does she imagine herself living in a palace, surrounded by luxuries, waited on by a troop of servants, with little or nothing to do except to enjoy herself, called to bear no hardship—free to do nothing?

Do many dream thus?

Or is the dream of a home where love is—loves that comes "not to be ministered unto," but to minister and to give its life for others.

One can scarcely estimate the change that would take place today in society if visions of home life were sweet and sacred and womanly. The best men are loathe to leave a good home.

Public character catches its inspiration from the gentle forces operating in the domestic circle.

I trust our girl readers cultivate flowers—their influence breathes so much for girls. The violet, the mignonette, the pansy, the lily, the rose, all speak messages that beat in the hearts of all of us.

"Just like love is yonder rose
Heavenly fragrance round it throws,
Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,
And in the midst of briers it grows
Just like love."

"How fair is the rose, what a beautiful flower,
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.
Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast
Above all the flowers in the field.
When its leaves are all dead and fine colors are lost.
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield."

Artificial roses may look like real roses, yet artificial roses like artificial girls have no fragrance.

These are the Names of the Winners in the Eaton Photographic Competition for March

This contest is open to all. No entrance fee, no experience necessary Full particulars on page 323 of our Spring and Summer Catalogue. Write for it.

First prize $5.00 cash.—Mr. R. O. Robson, Salvador, Sask.

Second prize, $3.00 cash.—Miss Rose A. Smith, Ettington, Sask.

Third prize, $2.00 cash.—Mr. S. Erickson, Rocky Mt. House, Alta.

Honorable Mention—Extra prize of one 5x7 Enlargement :

Gerald Chapman, Brookside, Sask.
Mr. H. J. Wohlers, Langenburg, Sask.
Lottie Sinclair, Sleeman, Ont.
Mrs. W. Gillespie, Durban, Man.
Mr. W. T. Richardson, Birch Hills, Sask.
Frank Shallcross, Gretna, Man.
Mr. S. J. Hammond, Pelly, Sask.
Mr. Nels Tolen, Wadena, Box 126, Sask.
Anton Stoplund, Nora, Sask.
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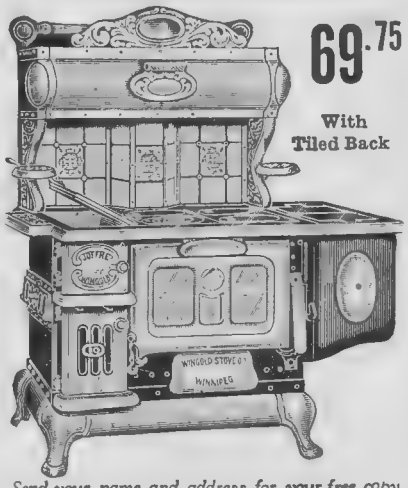

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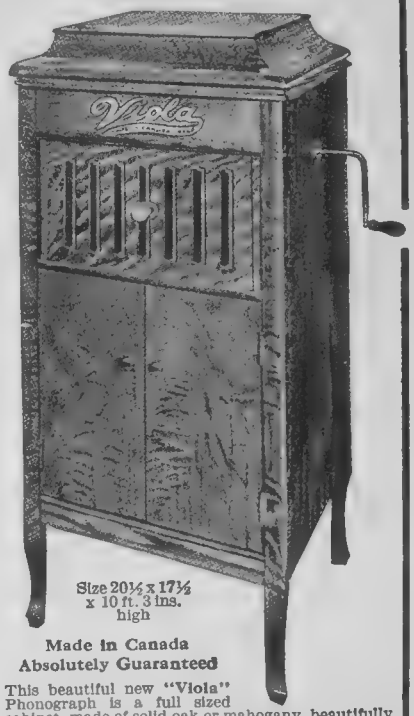

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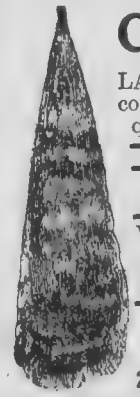

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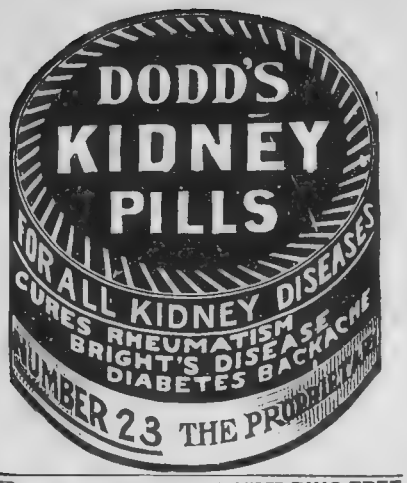

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The Life of an Infant in its Trappings

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins)

If a child is correctly comparisoned, and its accoutrements are neither extreme in the direction of too much or too little, it will make such a vision to the sight as fills a father's eyes with light.

A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks,
That always finds and never seeks.

A simple child that lightly draws its breath, and feels its life in every limb, happily knows nothing of that silliest of superstitions "a draught". There is no more firmly ingrained and unuprootable absurdity, than the universal delusion that "draughts" cause an infant's sore throat; "cold", or pneumonia. It is not the draught that is to blame, but the parent who has over-clad or under-done the bundled-up or frozen flesh of the bambino.

While it must always be wisely born in mind by the mother that her little one is to be comfy and warm let her not fall into the error of "heavy flannel bands" and "thick woolen petticoats and shirts." These often invite winter ailments rather than checkmate them. The proper foil for frost and cold is a sane middle ground of wise discretion, which wraps neither excessive layers of wearing materials or two few of them around the body of the little one. If the babe is not yet at the muscular months when walking, crawling, and other sorts of exercise cause perspiration, medium weight shirts and skirts of cotton will answer every purpose if extra petticoats, jackets, coats, leggings, cap and mittens are employed as outdoor toggery.

or linen are all available for an infant's winter trousseau. Shun as you would scarletina and whooping cough all sorts of "hardening" fads. I have seen pneumonia invade many a nineteen month old, robust infant—one the child of a distinguished children's specialist—left outdoors two hours in the dust and wind of a sunny, March day. The youngster was well garmented and nestled amidst thick, downy covers in his carriage. Since that experience, the writings of that noted physician no longer insist upon "lots of cold fresh air, in any clear weather."

It is often a fatal practice to allow babies to go barefooted and bare-legged in fristy, frosty season. Physicians dominated by Sir William Osler, used to scoff at the horrified fears of grandmothers and mammies, who with doubts, forebodings and shaking heads tried to restrain them from these murderous practices. Finally, when the little loved ones, offspring of several of the leading "hardener" nearly lost their precious lives with malignant sore throat, pneumonia and other maladies, the barefoot, barelegged, icy-bath, and exposure fads died in place of the slaughter of the innocents.

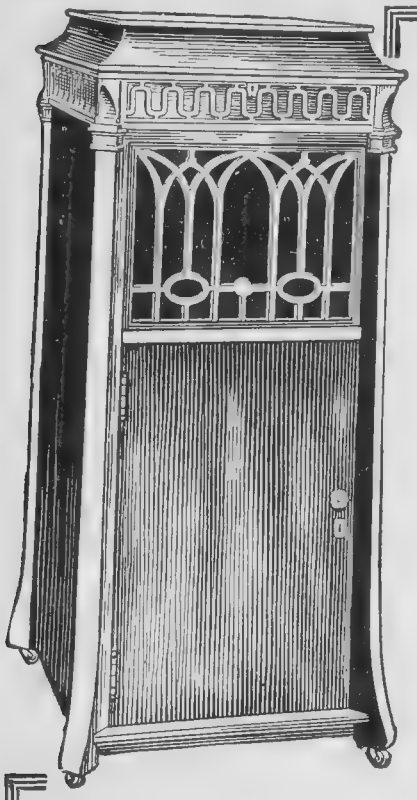
Cotton bird's eye or drop-stitched leggings, booties, and shoes must be korn by the babes. Even the diapers must never be of wool, flannel, or even linen. All of these hold the fluids and perspiration and become sources of "colds" and worse disorders. Little drawers of cotton bird's eye or diapers of the same material can be kept on a nineteen month old infant. A child of this age should signify to its mother or nurse, whenever any of the calls of nature assert themselves.

If a nineteen-month-old child has not had all of its habits regulated, it is the fault of ignorance, negligence, or both. Unless its habits, both by night and by day are now established, bed-wetting will continue even beyond the school age. There is no need for this, beause an infant months and months before it talks, understands all such things and can be more easily broken of careless practices than pet animals.

Mothers often beg to know whether their babies should wear caps, hats, veils, or extra robes and garniture upon blustery days. "You know, we are very insistent that the dear shall have all the fresh air possible, so I'm in grave doubt about putting a veil on him", said one parent recently. My advice is to dress the child in his little coat and extra shirts and blouses, put on his usual wintry riggings, bundle him into his carriage—but indoors in a bedroom or chamber where the sun beats in. Open wide the windows and keep him thus protected from Aeolus on three sides. Thus in the confines of your own home there is no need for excess clothing.

The problem of bathing the little tacker in winter is not so serious a one as you might think. Hot baths are equally an abomination and a plague. They weaken the child and the one who gives the bath, and are prone to become the origin of coughs, colds, and other symptoms of severe infection. Rather use as a bath, tepid, lukewarm water in a well heated room. The bath water for an infant should be about one hundred degrees. The child should not be exposed more or longer than a minute or two. A brisk, yet gentle drying with a cotton bird's eye towel must be carried out, and the other parts of the body kept under a warmed bath cover.

By education mothers are misled,
As they believe, so were their parents bred;
The next continues what the nurse began,
And she benighted spreads it through the land.



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A Wonderful House

By Christine Gleason

Folks dwell in the strangest places,
So all the geographies say.
Some live in trees, some in wigwams,
And some live in huts made of clay.
But to me the strangest dwelling,
The most wonderful house of all,
Is that big green book on the table,
Up-stairs in our nursery hall.
That book is the home of peasants,
Of kings clad in purple and gold,
Of fairies sweet-voiced and lovely,
Of witches, bent, haggard and old.
Yes, to me the strangest dwelling,
The most wonderful house of all,
Is that big green book on the table,
Up-stairs in our nursery hall.

Household Suggestions

Cream of Corn Soup—Cream soups are too heavy for a long dinner, but are right for a simple home dinner or for lunch. This is the method of making cream of corn soup. Open one can of corn and turn from the can to the chopping bowl. Let stand twenty minutes then chop. Put in a graniteware saucepan and let simmer for twenty minutes. Then force through a puree strainer, using a wooden potato masher. Scald two cupfuls of milk in a double boiler with a slice of onion. Remove the onion and add the corn to the milk. Melt two teaspoonfuls of butter and add two of flour, stirring briskly. Then pour on the hot milk slowly while stirring constantly. As soon as it reaches the boiling point flavor with salt and pepper and serve hot.

Other Cream Soups—Many other vegetables can be used to make cream soup. Peas in particular make a delicious soup, using the same mode of procedure. Beans also, celery, potatoes, squash and tomatoes. One housewife adds instanteous tapioca to her tomato soup, which gives it an added richness. Another with a liking for celery puts a stalk or two into most of her soups to give it a flavor. If soups are liked quite hot and peppery, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce gives the desired piquancy. It is a good idea to serve croutons with these soups. Croutons can be made of odds and ends of bread cut into dice and fried in butter. It is an excellent way to utilize ends of bread and the family appreciate these little additions.

A Delicious Dessert—Here is an idea for a delicious dessert which is quickly prepared, and is specially nice for a luncheon sweet. Whip one half pint of cream very stiff, sweeten with confectioners' sugar, and set away to chill. Chop fine one large banana, one orange, one half cupful of preserved pineapple, twelve large marshmallows and one half cupful of English walnut meats. Just before serving, beat the fruit and nut mixture through the cream, and serve at once in sherbet cups, with a cherry on top. This will serve six persons The most inexperienced cook cannot fail to succeed with this dish.

Plain White Sauce—Half pint of milk, 1 dessertspoon of flour, 1 pinch of salt, 1 piece of butter size of walnut; mix well to a smooth paste with other ingredients; keep stirred until it boils. Let it stand on the stove for about ten minutes. Parsley, anchovy, thyme, oyster or other flavor can be added, or if for sweet sauce, a dessertspoon of sugar; wine or brandy to taste.

Potato Croquettes—Boil six Irish potatoes, put them through a sieve, season with salt and pepper to taste, also a little chopped parsley; add to the mixture the yolks of three or four eggs; shape into balls and let stand to harden, then roll in bread crumbs, cornmeal, or flour and fry in hot lard. For more elaborate croquettes add to the mixture a little chopped ham, a little minced onion, or chopped nuts; any of these makes a nice addition to the plain potato croquettes.

Mock Poached Eggs—This is a sweet dish made with preserved peaches. The other ingredients required are sponge-cakes, one glass of wine, cream, and a

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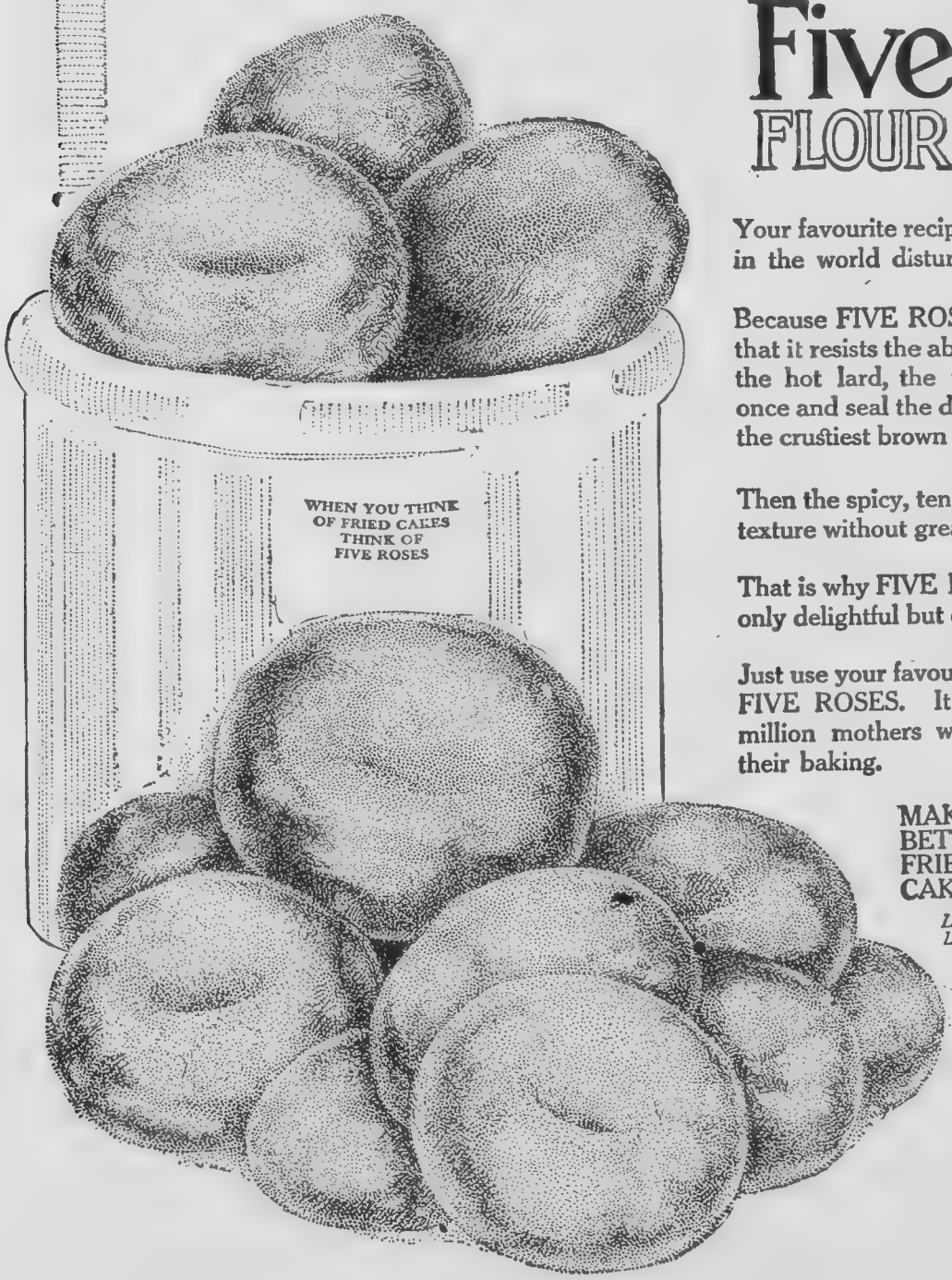

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little spinach green coloring. Cut the spongecakes into rounds and flavor them with a little wine. Whip the cream and put a round spoonful on the top of each piece of spongecake, sprinkle the peaches well with castor sugar, and put a little wine on each; then place a half peach on each round of cake and it will partly sink into the cream. Add a few drops of spinach coloring to the remainder of the cream and put a pale green border round each cake. The cream should be sweetened and flavored with vanilla before whipping.

Bread Muffins—Break into bits sufficient stale bread to fill a quart measure. Cover them with one pint of cold milk, soak for fifteen minutes, and then with a spoon stir and beat them to a smooth paste; add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter, and one cupful of flour that has been sifted with a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder; fold in carefully the well beaten whites of the eggs, and bake in twelve greased muffin pans, in a quick oven, for twenty minutes. Muffins left over from breakfast may be pulled, not cut apart, and toasted for luncheon or supper.

Mrs. Herbert Sumner Owen, a prominent woman suffrage worker, and now chairman of the wireless division of the National League for Woman's Service, is the founder of the first commercial class in wireless telegraphy for women. Mrs. Owen has offered to provide the navy with 500 licensed women operators within six months, to take the place of the men needed for sea duty. She now has seventy-five young women enrolled in the class being conducted by the League at Hunter College, New York, and it is expected that classes will soon be organized in several cities throughout the country.

Ginger Cake—One cup molasses, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 3 cups of flour, 1 cup boiling water. Mix butter, sugar and boiling water together, add dry ingredients sifted. It is the best and cheapest cake I ever made, and the easiest.

Cookies—One cup sugar, ½ cup butter, 1 egg, scant ½ cup of sweet milk, saltspoon of salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, flour sufficient to make them stiff enough to roll. Cut and bake in a quick oven. If liked, place a raisin in centre of each cookie before putting in oven.

Oatmeal Biscuits—Four cups of oatmeal or rolled oats, 1 cup flour, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup lard or butter, ½ teaspoonful salt, 1 egg, a tablespoon or two of milk and a pinch of baking soda. Roll and cut into biscuits.

Boiled Bread Pudding—One cup suet chopped fine, 2 cups breadcrumbs, 1 cup currants, ½ cup raisins, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon allspice, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1½ cups sweet milk, enough flour to mix thick. I sometimes use baking soda and sour milk instead of baking powder and sweet milk. Boil 3 or 4 hours.

Steamed Chocolate Pudding—One cup flour, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon butter, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 square of chocolate. Mix sugar and beaten egg, milk and flour in which powder and a little salt have been sifted, and last the chocolate and butter melted together. Steam 1 hour.

Sauce—Two eggs and 1 cup sugar beaten well, then add 1 large tablespoon of hot milk and beat vigorously.

How to Plan the Work of a House

One correspondent sends the following plan of work for a family without a helper:

"My family consists of a grown son and daughter, a son and daughter in school, and myself. Our house is a fairly large one, containing ten rooms. We arrange the work in the following manner:

"Monday: I call my younger son at four-fifty, as he delivers morning papers. I rise at five-fifteen and call my elder daughter, and together we go to the kitchen, where my daughter gets breakfast while I wash the dishes that were left over from the night before. At six-fifteen I call my elder son. He has his breakfast and is ready to take the six-forty-five car to work. My younger son comes in from delivering papers at about this time, and I call my little girl and have breakfast with the three children. After breakfast we pile up the dishes, arrange the diningroom, gather up the wash for washerwoman, pick up Sunday's litter and dust the parlor, library and hall. Then we go to the kitchen, wash the breakfast dishes, prepare dessert, vegetables, meat and salad for dinner, which we have at six o'clock. We have a light luncheon at twelve, which is out of the way by one o'clock. We are then through until five, when dinner is prepared by either my elder daughter or me. The preparation of dinner is not much of a task, as so much of the work was done in the morning. After dinner we clear the table, wash the silver and stack the dishes on the kitchen table to be washed next morning. This leaves my elder son and daughter free to spend the evening as they choose, while I have leisure to assist the two younger children with the lessons.

"Tuesday: The arrangement of work is the same, except that the extra time in the morning is spent in cleaning the library.

"Wednesday: The same general arrangement, with extra time spent in cleaning the diningroom.

"Thursday: The same general arrangement, with extra time spent in cleaning the sleeping-rooms upstairs, and sorting and putting away the clothes that have come from the wash.

"Friday: The arrangement is still the same, with the extra time spent in cleaning the kitchen, the pantry and the silver.

"Saturday: The arrangement does not vary much from that of other days. The extra time is spent in cleaning the hall, parlor and stairs and in doing everything to make the work light on Sunday.

"Sunday: We rise at six and have breakfast at seven. At one o'clock we have dinner, and at six a light supper.

"My little girl sweeps the porches and cares for the sleeping-rooms every day except Thursday, when they are given a general cleaning.

"We find that this arrangement of work makes it possible for us to get along without a helper and yet have a fair amount of leisure."

An interesting plan that provides variety in the week's work is this one:

"We are a family of five: my husband, myself, married daughter and her husband, and my little niece who goes to school. We live on a large farm, but we do our own laundry work and baking.

"One week I do all the preparing of the meals; the baking; wash all the dishes, also the cream separator every morning (except Monday) as well as put it together every night. I keep the kitchen, diningroom, pantry and cupboards in perfect order. The week I cook I also do the washing on Monday, and hang the clothes out and mop the kitchen every Saturday. After hanging my clothes out on the line my part of the week's washing is done.

"Now my daughter's work this same week is to keep the parlor, bedrooms and sitting-room in order, and on Monday to wash the dishes and the separator, get the dinner and sweep the kitchen and diningroom. Tuesday, after making the beds and straightening up the front part of the house, she has all the rest of the day to iron. Sunday she washes the dinner dishes. My niece does the chamber work and helps with dishes, if she has time. The next week my daughter and I just exchange work, and so on through the year. We find this plan works fine, and farm work is no longer a drudgery, but a real pleasure. As we do not cook just the same, the change is very agreeable."

Scotch Scones

Thoroughly mix, while dry, one quart of sifted flour, loosely measured, with two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, then rub into it a tablespoon of cold butter and a teaspoon of salt. Be sure that the butter is well worked in. Add sweet milk enough to make a very soft paste; roll out the paste about a quarter of an inch thick, using plenty of flour on the board and rolling pin; cut into triangular pieces, each side about four inches long, flour the sides and bottom of a biscuit tin, and place the pieces on it. Bake immediately in a quick oven, from 20 to 30 minutes. When half done brush over with sweet milk.

Roast Loin of Pork

Score the skin in strips about a quarter of an inch apart; place it in a dripping pan with very little water under it; cook it moderately at first, as a high heat hardens the rind before the meat is heated through. If it is very lean it should be rubbed with fresh lard, or butter when put into the pan. A stuffing might be made of bread crumbs, chopped sage and onions, pepper and salt, and baked separately on a pie dish.

A loin weighing about six pounds will roast in two hours; allow more time if it should be very fat. Make a gravy with flour stirred into the pork drippings.

Woman and the Home

The Children's Colds

By M. H. A.

Many mothers are asking themselves this question: Why do my children have colds from the beginning to the end of winter, while others, living under apparently the same general conditions, are free from them?

A very frequent cause of that first cold in the autumn that with delicate children is so often the forerunner of many, is the chilled and often wet feet that our children cannot fail to have who play on the grass in October and November when those of us who live out of town no longer keep our lawns closely cut, and before the winter overshoes are put on. We who take our daily walks on sidewalks at this time of year have no idea of the chill coming from the damp lawns, especially in the late afternoon, and unless rubbers, or better still heavy calfskin boots, to be changed on coming into house, are put on, the foundation for one cold at least is surely laid. With well protected feet well children can brave almost any weather safely, and to make assurance doubly sure, if we teach our children from the time they are four years old to change their own shoes and stockings on coming in from the afternoon play, as part of the day's routine, an inestimable amount of illness will be saved.

How many sensitive throats, I wonder, come from the increasing use of fur collars for children? In any active exercise the throat and chest with fur about it cannot fail to become overheated and perspiring, and what surer invitation than this for the succession of "itises" that constitute the modern cold? A seven-years-old boy of my acquaintance has been cured of almost chronic bronchitis by discarding all woolen underclothing, and by the use of a reefer worn well open about the neck throughout the winter, and also by a generous cold water splashing about throat, chest and back every morning, and by sleeping at night with wide open window.

But commonest of all the causes are the slight digestive disturbances that put a child into just the condition to take infection, and unless a close watch is kept for the first signs of these cold, either from exposure to weather or little upsets, the mischief is done. How many of us mothers look at our children's tongues each morning before sending them to school or making the plans for the day? Very few, I fancy, but what an amount of illness our families might be spared if we did! Suppose five-years-old Jack wakes in the morning with a slightly coated tongue from that second helping of custard pie he had at grandmother's yesterday. He eats nearly his usual breakfast, goes off to school, and you suspect nothing. In planning the children's noon dinner you order the usual steak and baked potatoes, and arrange for dessert a baked rice pudding, then go in town to do that much needed shopping. Jack comes home from school at 1 o'clock, rather languid and somewhat cross. He has eaten three large peppermints on the way home from school, given him by the boy next door, and so does not care for his steak and potatoes, but he likes rice pudding, and has two or three helpings, with plenty of sugar on it, mother being away from home and Delia being indulgent. You have left word that he may go with Dick to dancing school in the afternoon to look on. He enjoys it, and it will take care of him till you come home from town.

So with his little stomach full of sweet and starchy material for his already impaired digestion to take care of, he starts off. The hall where the class is held is chilly and drafty from the open windows that the other children, heated from dancing, demand, and as Dick has seated him beside a steam radiator he is first over-heated and then chilled, and finally comes home with flushed cheeks, a headache, very cold feet and an irritable temper. What wonder that he has a restless and uncomfortable night with a heavy cold next morning? One glance at his tongue the morning before would have put you on your guard and told you that no exposure must be risked that day. A light broth and an orange would have formed his dinner, an hour's outdoor play in the sunshine followed by a quiet rest in his own comfortable nursery would have been the program for the afternoon, an orange again at supper, and early to bed the next order, and nine chances out of ten your boy would have slept well and been himself again the next morning.

A common habit of eating candy, and what is worse, candy of the suburban and country store variety, is undoubtedly responsible for many of these minor digestive attacks. What shall we do about it? If we arrange to give our families, once a week, as part of their dessert at dinner, a reasonable amount of really good candy, and forbid the indiscriminate eating of the other kind, cannot we break up this between-meal habit, and control the matter completely? And in trying this candy for our tables, let us not grudge the extra expense of buying the best quality to be had. It is both money and health saved in the end. Molasses chips are safe and good, so are the really good caramels and Swiss chocolates, etc., and much more wholesome than the homemade "frudge," which almost inevitably brings sick headaches in its wake.

One last word about our custom of allowing our children to visit those of their friends who have colds. After breakfast, on a fine, bright Saturday, Alice is called to the telephone by a friend, who begs her to pass the morning with her as she is shut in the house with a heavy cold and cough. Alice goes at once to her friend, who is somewhat feverish, and is with her in an overheated room for three hours, losing the one morning in the week when she should be out of doors, and more than likely preparing herself for a week's illness.

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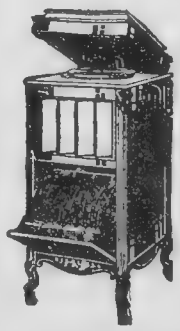

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The friend, too, is no better for the visit, her cough being rather worse from the exertion of talking. Is it worth while? I think not, and believe that when we learn to protect our children from colds as from measles we shall be well repaid for it. Doctors and camphor tablets are invaluable friends in need, but cannot we use these ounces and half ounces of prevention that save us from needing our pound of cure?

Untruthfulness

Lynn Davis

This quality resembles a vicious weed that seems to get entirely through the soil, and then makes its appearance at times and in all places. When a child once learns that the fib will relieve embarrassing situations and make the atmosphere more comfortable, he is apt to resort to it as frequently as he gets into tight places. The tight place, to a child, is one whence the view opens on to a punishment; so the argument would seem to be that to save the child from fibbing, have no punishment for other misdeeds, which idea suggests lawlessness and other things as much to be deplored as untruthfulness.

This was the situation that I faced with Leslie. He was, as his mother expressed it, "full of tricks." Some of them were very naughty tricks, while others, I found out, only seemed so, being really not unusual manifestations of children's ideas of the laws of this world. Leslie's mother seldom took the time to find out what, in the child's mind, had prompted the deed, but for everything that she saw him do or discovered his having done, she whipped him. Leslie had discovered that when he denied having done a thing he was not whipped; and the busy mother took no time to insist on the truth, but with a threat went on with her work. Leslie, very naturally, continued doing his "tricks," but learned to lie out of them. This worst trick of all passed almost unnoticed and unattacked. When I would ask Leslie if it was he who had broken Mary's basket or played football with her hat, his eyes would grow very large, his face blanch and then get crimson, and the answer would come, "No." I realized that the trouble was a fear of punishment—"beatin'" he called it; so my course lay clear.

I have found that the quiet, calm talk, in which reason plays the greatest part, is as much more effective with the moral stains than whipping is, as are warm water and soap more effective than cold water with the external soil of the little bodies. So one day in spite of the "no," I told Leslie that I had seen him throw sand in Mary's face. Then quietly I explained to him the dangers of this to one's eyes. He seemed interested. "Will it make 'em blind so she can't see?" he asked. In this instance I did not touch on rudeness, or on the discomfort of having sand thrown in one's face, regardless of eyes, for the great point had been made and I did not want to mar its clearness with any additions. And Leslie was not punished! The next day when he slapped a child his face blanched and flushed when I went up to him, but he did not deny having done it. Here was a victory. Again I talked quietly, this time bringing home to him the ever effectual idea of the Golden Rule. He was shamed and very uncomfortable, which was all the punishment he got.

Later, when he realized that admission of guilt did not always result in "a beatin'" he would frankly confess having done things. If they were new offenses I would explain to him why they were wrong. If they were repetitions of deeds talked about before, I would ask him if he did not think he should be punished, and then let him be his own jury and judge.

"What do you think I should make you do, Leslie?" I would ask.

"Sit over there," he would answer, or "Tell her I'm sorry," or "Make it for her again," if he had destroyed someone's work. Thus we conquered the falsehood that was born of fear.

I have always believed that accounts of craftiness and deceit, such as some of the fox fairy tales, and some stories of live grown-ups which the children hear, suggest, if not engender fibbing in their sensitive minds. The incident is read or told to them with a smile or a laugh; the deceit therein is always successful. "Then," unconsciously reasons the child, "why couldn't I do that too!"

There was a germ of this clever planning in Louie, who came with the voluntary fib: "I haven't got nothin'." I knew immediately that he had, so pulled out from his little blouse a paint-brush. To every question that I asked he had a quick and ready new fib. He had bought it "over to Mr. Kenny's." He had bought an old one because they had no new ones, that's why! He had wet it at his house that morning. After an hour or so of unsuccessful struggle to make Louie admit the truth, I won by a strange method. Another grown person accused him of being a bad boy. "No," I said, "he is not a bad boy, but sometimes he forgets and does naughty things." Suddenly the little arms were around my neck and a very small voice whispered, "I won't do it no more."

The voluntary lie is, to my mind, the most serious. When I meet it I never stop working until the child confesses having told an untruth, using, if necessary, such punishments as isolation or the denial of some pleasure—never a physical one.

I have sometimes thought that children were consciously telling untruths, when, after the never failing talk, it has developed that they simply misunderstood or misinterpreted things heard and seen. At other times their crude wording gives an impression which they do not mean to give. "What do you mean, dear?" usually produces a restatement, which, together with some adult explanation, makes a clear and right impression in the child's mind. Little Alice once told me that her mother gave the baby poison. I knew that the baby had died, so questioned Alice. The truth proved to be that once when Alice had taken up the baby's medicine bottle, mother had said, "Do not touch that; it is poison." With no further explanation Alice had gathered her impression, and seemed much relieved when I told her that many medicines were poison when taken in large doses, and that mother had known just how much to give baby to try to make him well.

A mother once came to me in great trouble because her little girl told stories all the time. Upon questioning I found that they were not the fibs born of fear; they were not the crafty voluntary lies; they were not the story of things misunderstood; they were thus: "I went down the street, and I met a elephant—a great big one, and he took me on his big tail that hangs down in front, and took me for a ride up in the sky—"

"Do you tell her many stories?" I asked.

Yes, she did. The telling had resulted in the beautiful flower of imagination, which she had been cultivating for years with story, but she mistook it for the weed of untruthfulness.

The main point seems to be to get the truth; which does not always mean to make the child contradict what he has said; but which often means for the adult to search out what has prompted the statement and to correct in the child's mind the false idea which resulted in the untruth. If a child learns that loose and incorrect accounts are not to be taken, and are serious because false, he will soon learn to seek truth and clearness in his impressions, and to speak from them. He should always get a true and satisfactory explanation of what arouses his curiosity. Then his statements on the subject will be exact and true.

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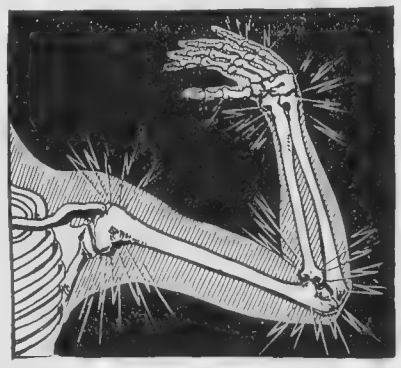

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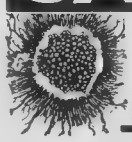

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Young People

Simpson's Stand

By James William Jackson

"STAND right up to him, son! Dont let him scare you!" The mate of the river steamer "Wave" spoke with laughing encouragement. A score of mechanics repairing the river bulkhead kept him company in watching the noontime fun.

One of the crew of the "Wave," young, robust and full of mischief, stood with a grin on his face and a firm grip on a folded horse-blanket. Facing him, with an equally determined hold on the blanket, was another young fellow with fiery red hair.

The red-haired Simpson had been engaged only two days before as teamster on Thorn's stone-wagon. He was mild-mannered, blue-eyed and inoffensive. As a stranger to the river front he had been quietly enjoying the noon hour while Peterson, the fun-loving young deck-hand, wandered restlessly about in search of an inspiration.

Simpson's big horses, with bridles off and heads bent, were munching their oats. On the seat of the wagon behind lay the new blanket. It caught the boatman's eye.

"I'll take that down and see if it will fit my bunk, Reddy," he nonchalantly announced.

As Peterson pulled down the blanket and started toward the "Wave," Simpson interposed his tall figure. The "wrastling" match which suddenly developed was hailed with cheers.

The young deck-hand was no match for the lithe Simpson, who for the sake of amusement allowed his antagonist some advantage, but turned the tide of battle as he pleased.

The loud laughter and the prospect of defeat seemed to have a bad effect on Peterson. Simpson saw that he was growing angry, and quickly broke the boatman's hold.

Peterson advanced belligerently, and Simpson retreated. The next moment the teamster was in full flight. Pursued by the sailor, he sprinted away from the river, the blanket streaming out behind.

Dodging in and out of the piled freight, Simpson turned up the steep street which led directly away from the "Wave." At the head of the block he circled a huge boiler waiting to be installed in an adjacent factory, and came back on the run.

The chase continued along the bulkhead, in view of the amused watchers. Simpson heard the boatman, who grew more irritable every minute, muttering threats as he ran close behind. Simpson took his choice between temporary defeat and making an enemy. Dropping the blanket suddenly, he sped on. Peterson tumbled headlong over the unexpected obstacle; and as he picked himself up, a peremptory whistle blew for the resumption of work.

"You're not much of a fighter, boy, are you?" the mate teasingly quizzed, as Simpson passed on the way to his horses. "The fellow that runs away," he added, sententiously and significantly, "lives to fight another day. You've got a dangerous gift in those long legs of yours; but one good, square, up-an-down stand will be necessary to give you a status along the front here."

He spoke in a friendly tone. Simpson looked at him without, however, venturing a defence. He was out of breath, anyway.

Tied up next to the "Wave," which lay across the foot of the street, was a barge-load of cobblestones. Simpson set to work loading as soon as he could back up his team. A couple of the crew of the "Wave" loitered at the stern of the steamer, within speaking distance.

"He hasn't much spunk, Tom," one of them audibly commented, with a jerk of his thumb toward Simpson. "I guess all the fire escapes out of the top of his head."

"Don't be hard on him, mate," the other gently chided, with mock sympathy. "He's ashamed of running away. Don't you see he is blushing to the roots of his hair?"

Simpson smiled, and continued to toss in the cobblestones with an ease that indicated ability to stand up for himself when necessary.

With a heaped load, Simpson mounted the wagon. When he was clear of the littering freight, he turned up the street leading from the "Wave." The weight of his load and the steepness taxed his splendid horses. Their flanks flattened out and their legs stiffened with the strain as the load inched its way upward.

Some of the hillside streets were so sharply graded that life-lines were necessary in winter for the use of pedestrians. Simpson was obliged to rest his horses frequently in the climb. At such times, after blocking the wheels, he stroked the soft noses of his helpers and encouraged them.

The worst place in the short pull was at the factory gates, where the new boiler, eight feet high and thirty in length, blocked half the street. In the narrow, furrowed lane, past that and a pile of building materials, Simpson was obliged to haul his load straight. But he observed now, with much satisfaction, that a crew of laborers was getting ready to shift the boiler through the mill yard into a new engine-house.

The load of cobbles was delivered a couple of blocks beyond the next corner.

"Now, boys," Simpson said to the horses, "we'll go back for another load." He always kept Prince and Sager informed in regard to his movements.

On the return journey he was delayed a few minutes, where the chattering laborers were making ready with planks to turn the boiler endwise through the gates.

Simpson could see straight down the few hundred intervening yards to the "Wave," nesting in the freight piles at the foot of the street. A clear passage showed between the heaped boxes and bales to the gangplank of the little craft; and as Simpson recognized Peterson in blue shirt and rakish cap boarding the vessel, a humorous notion popped into his head.

"I'd like to give that boiler a little push while Peterson is in line," the teamster mused. "He'd be so everlastingly scared when that big, rackety thing came loping after him that he'd un right out from under his hat."

The tugging laborers had cleared a way now. Chuckling in the enjoyment of his fancy, Simpson lifted the reins, spoke to his horses, and left the workmen to the difficult task of moving the big boiler.

Passengers for the afternoon trip of the "Wave" were going aboard as Simpson began throwing in another load of cobblestones. The steamer was due to leave in an hour, and rattling trucks of freight alternated with groups of passengers in passing up the plank.

"Watch out for Peterson there, Reddy!" a voice suddenly shouted.

The warning sounded so genuine that, somewhat startled, Simpson turned quickly about. A laugh of appreciation for the success of the ruse greeted him. One of the crew was passing by on an errand.

"'Fraid of our man, aren't you?" the deck-hand queried, with teasing good nature. "To-morrow noon you've got to stand up to him and take that blanket back, or else we are going to chip in and hire you to get a job somewhere else. We're pretty sensitive about the kind of people we have around."

A stentorian hail summoned the loquacious sailor to the "Wave." Simpson continued to heave in cobblestones thoughtfully. He fully intended to get his blanket back; but if possible he wanted to do it without shaming the redoubtable Peterson, who had a reputation to maintain in wrestling.

Another load was on before starting-time for the "Wave." In a straggling line passengers were still wending their way toward the steamer, and the freight trucks rattled more quickly and merrily on and off the plank.

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XXX Cardinal Globe Beet.....Pkt. 10c, oz. 20c, 4 oz. 50c, lb. $1.50
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As was his custom, Simpson mounted the seat to thread his way diagonally across the river street to the corner where he mounted the grade. There was just room enough to pass between a line of cotton bales on one side and a carpenter at work on the other, shaping a new bulkhead timber.

"Wouldn't you like a blanket to sit on?" the carpenter chuckled, as he squinted an eye to set his jack-plane. "I understand Peterson is going to take the seat, too, to-morrow."

Simpson's only answer was a wave of his hand and a smile. He was more concerned just at present lest he should guide Prince carelessly and scratch his sleek side on the metal straps of a cotton bale.

"I'll have to convince Peterson somehow that I have a little sand," he mused, smacking his lips to urge on the horses a bit.

A quick tug on the rein at that moment was all that saved Sager, the off horse, from being grazed by a stick of timber which some careless hand had left protruding from between two bales. Simpson's eyes had been turned momentarily from his duty toward a gay young party bound for the steamer. A charming couple of laughing girls were in the lead; and behind them, weighted down with baggage, a young man gallantly escorted a stout old lady. The party joined a waiting crowd at the gangway, where the breaking of an overloaded truck had caused a blockade.

Simpson was just starting his horses off again when a booming clang! struck his ear. He heard it again, a fierce, exultant cling-clung!

With a startled glance toward the hillside street he understood. In the process of being turned end on toward the factory gates the monster boiler had broken loose! Now it was hurtling noisily down the street, banging the cobbles furiously, while the voices of the workmen were raised in frantic warnings.

Instinctively Simpson turned his eyes toward the "Wave." The operation of repairing and repaving a section of the wharf had caused a congestion of freight in her vicinity. The steamer lay, as it were, at the end of a street built high on both sides with boxes and bales—a street down which, in a moment more, would come bounding that terrible mass of charging steel. And the two hundred feet were thronged with workmen and passengers.

In imagination Simpson saw the freight-lined alley swept clear, the deck-house of the "Wave" torn away, and the boiler plunging overboard. He gasped as he pictured the trapped people crushed beneath the rolling cylinder, or tossed against the side of the steamer.

One or two men scrambled in wild panic over the abandoned truck to the deck; but for the most part the throng seemed paralyzed by the imminence of the danger and the knowledge that they were hemmed in directly in its course.

Springing erect on top of the cobblestone load, Simpson snatched up his blacksnake whip. He had never yet struck Prince or Sager with that thing. But now, with the reins firmly grasped in one hand, he swung it savagely.

It whistled through the air and struck hard on the flanks of the horses. There was a snort of pain from the astonished creatures. The boiler clanged once more with the noise of a thousand fire-bells, and the terrified horses gave a mighty leap forward.

Instantly dropping the whip, Simpson caught the reins in both hands. With eyes flashing, muscles corded and his under lip bitten nearly through, he poised himself like a charioteer behind his galloping horses.

He was headed diagonally from the water to strike the car-tracks which the boiler must cross before it bounded between the piles of freight. A hundred pairs of eyes turned and watched him thundering on to what seemed like instant annihilation.

A second later Simpson saw the boiler loom above him. His heart swelled into his throat when he found how close the thing was.

Another leap of the horses; and then Simpson suddenly threw back his whole weight. The tossing heads of Prince and Sager jerked up cruelly. Their jaws opened wide, their lips, curling back, showed white teeth; and frantic, futile hoof-beats struck fire from the pavement as Simpson brought the wagon to a standstill exactly in the path of the bellowing cylinder.

With the crash of a falling house the plunging boiler struck, broadside on. To Simpson it seemed as if the universe were smashing beneath him.

The impact hurled him into the air. The wagon collapsed, the bulk of steel recoiled. Then the boiler sprang forward again, dealt the heap of wheels and cobbles a final, twanging blow, and settled into stillness. Simpson fell into a pile of paving sand.

While the trembling horses were being soothed, the mate of the "Wave" pushed through the crowd to shake Simpson's hand. Peterson, following for the same purpose, found a chance to whisper, "I'll bring your blanket up to the stable first chance I get."

The Return of the Redwings

By Florence Boyce Davis

All winter long the cat-tail swamp.
Ice-locked, and drear with whitened weeds,
Held naught of vanished pride and pomp
Save ranks or ragged reeds
That clashed around the mud-walled dome
Where an old muskrat made his home.

But yesterday the breath of spring
Quickened the sap in bush and tree,
Sent migrant, homing clams awing,
And woke the jubilee;
And lo! with epaulets aflame,
Back to the swamp the redwings came

They creaked their noisy blackbird screeds,
They poised and darted, mad with play,
Or clinging fast to swaying reeds
They chanted, "Pretty-day!"
And here and there in mellow key
Sounded a buoyant "O-ka-lee!"

Like travelers beside the hearth
They stretched themselves in lazy rest;
Or wandered through the cat-tail garth,
Where many a last year's nest,
Beaten by storms and all in rags,
Hangs hidden 'neath its roof of flags.

Though each an officer of rank,
And wearing brilliant shoulder knots,
They swarmed along the willowed bank
And clicked like Hottentots;
Their social gossip, mad and free,
Filling the air with revelry.

A few more days of spring to stir
The dormant swamp again to life,
And every gallant officer
Will have a Quaker wife;
And peace will fall, and sweet content,
Over the redwing settlement.

At Night

Daddy's all right in the daytime,
To toss me 'way up to the sky.
To answer my "da-das" and "go-goos."
Or perhaps get my milk when I cry;
But, after I have finished my bottle,
And the Dark's gobbled down all the Light,
I've no further use for my daddy;
I wants just a mudder at night.

Daddy's all right for a horsey,
Or to make funny noises and such;
But daddy's no use as a cradle,
And I don't go to sleep at his touch—
'Cause when I want some one to rock me,
Till my eyes are shut down good and tight,
My daddy's so awfully awkward;
I wants my mudder at night.

Daddies, of course, are quite useful—
They'll do to get babies a "dink,"
They're all right to fetch and to carry,
For that's what they're made for, I think;
But daddies have no place to snuggle—
Their arms are not fashioned quite right—
The sand Man won't come at their bidding;
We kiddies want mudders at night.

—Hubert McBean Johnston, In Canada Monthly.

Stop the Cough.—Coughing is caused by irritation in the respiratory passages, and is the effort to dislodge obstructions that come from inflammation of the mucous membrane. Treatment with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will allay the inflammation and in consequence the cough will cease. Try it, and you will use no other preparation for a cold.

About the Farm

Sowing Spring Oats

A recent circular from the United States Department of Agriculture makes some useful suggestions for sowing spring oats. Some of these hints for sowing apply to our conditions here in the Southwest. The following should be of special help to those who have land that meet these conditions:

Early seeding for oats is very desirable. As a good seed bed can be made much more quickly with the disc harrow than with the plow on land that was in a cultivated crop last year, the saving in time is an advantage. Two discings and one harrowing with the spike-toothed harrow will put clean land in good shape for sowing with the drill.

Oats grow best in a seed bed that has two or three inches of loose surface soil, but which is firm below that depth. This is another reason why discing is to be preferred to spring plowing, for there is not time for plowed land to settle before the seed is sown. Still another reason why the disc is better is that a field can be disced much more cheaply than it can be plowed, and the cheaper way of doing a job should always be chosen if it gives just as good results as the more expensive way.

The best way to sow oats is with the grain drill. Drilling gives a more even stand than broadcast seeding, for all the seed is covered to about the same depth. In sowing broadcast some of the seed may not be covered at all and some may be covered too deeply. Germination is better from drilled seed and the growth is more uniform throughout the season. In numerous tests at the experiment stations drilled oats have outyielded oats sown broadcast by several bushels to the acre. Better stands of grass and clover can also be obtained in drilled than in broadcast oats.

The best depth to sow oats varies with the soil and the season. In any case they should be covered with half an inch to an inch of moist soil. They should be sown deeper in sandy soils than in loams or clays. Deeper seeding is also necessary when the ground is dry than when it is moist. On the average the best depth is from one to 1½ inches.

Oats should be sown as early in the spring as it is possible to make a good seed bed. The exact date of course varies with the season and with the locality. This does not mean that the preparation of the land should be neglected in order to sow early. Better yields will be produced from seed sown in a good seed bed than from that sown a few days earlier in ground too cold and wet for the seed to germinate.

In a good seed bed the best rate of seeding in the corn belt is about 2½ bushels to the acre. If the seed is sown broadcast more is necessary. More seed is required in a poor seed bed than in a good one, as fewer seeds are likely to grow. A lower rate of seeding may be used for small-kerneled varieties than for large-kerneled ones, for there are many more of the former in a bushel. In the Great Plains, where the rainfall is usually scanty, less seed should be sown, the proper rate of seeding being four to five pecks to the acre.

Building Up the Dairy

There are two ways of improving the dairy herd, but in my mind, considering it from an economical standpoint, there is only one practical way, and that is by selecting from our best cows, the heifer calves that have the best points and growing them in a manner that will develop to the highest extent their milk-giving qualities. To accomplish this we must begin with the young calf and feed it the kinds of food best adapted to promote growth, and at the same time build up a strong constitution. This requires highly nitrogenous food in a form that will promote health and vigor, for a cow without these qualities is not a valuable animal in the dairy.

A matter of first importance is the sanitary condition of the calf pens or stables. The young calves are susceptible to sudden changes in the temperature and require protection from extreme heat and cold, and also from ravages of flies during the summer months. They require pure air and sunshine. The latter not only disinfects the stable, but it also is a great stimulator and invigorator to growing animals. They must have a dry bed to lie on, and all utensils used in feeding them should be kept scrupulously clean. For the first three weeks I think it better to give them whole milk, then it can be changed gradually to skim milk and some kind of grain food added to replace the fat removed from the milk. One part ground oats and one part linseed meal makes a good grain ration for the young calves.

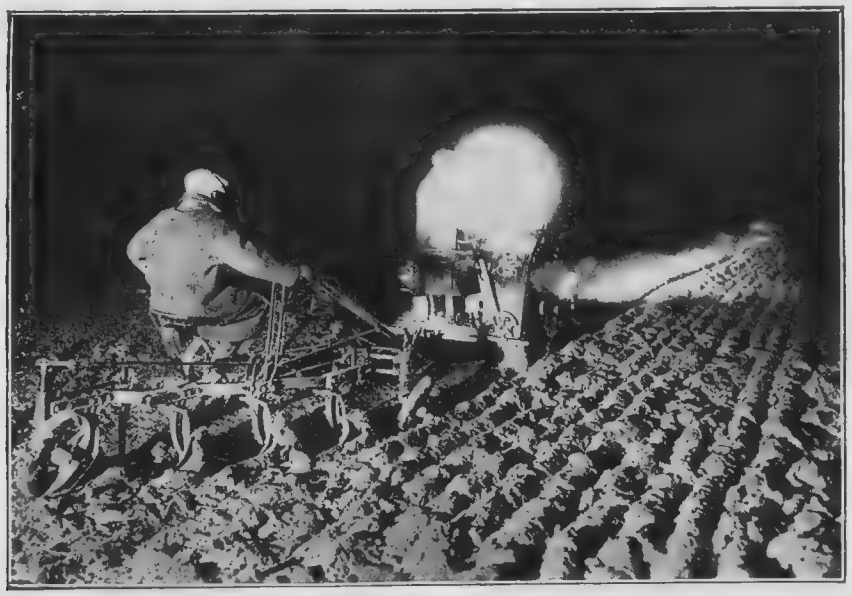
We have small racks in the pens and keep them well filled with choice, tender clover, alfalfa or mixed hay. Feed dry wheat bran and there will be little danger of their going off feed unless something is entirely wrong with their care.

The proper bringing up of the heifer calf has much to do towards making her a profit maker in the future.—V. M. C., Tompkins county, N. Y.

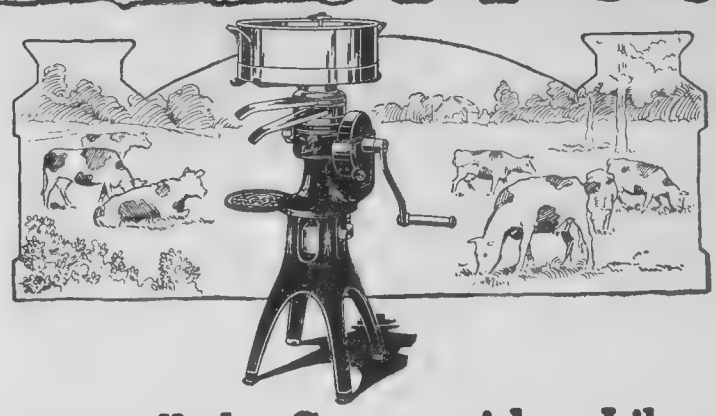
Feeding the Young Calf

If the young calf must be taken early from its mother, take it at birth, as teaching it to drink from the pail will then be made easier. The calf should by all means have the whole milk for at least the first week. The milk may be fed in two feeds—night and morning—but better results are obtained by feeding three times a day.

The time to change the calf from whole milk to skim milk depends upon the development of the calf. If it is healthy it may be changed to skim milk at the end of the second week, but the third week would be better. This change must be made gradually by putting a small quantity of skim milk into each



This photo was made near Wendover on a large farm, where men, and especially women, are working day and night to prepare the land for crops. The motor tractor and acetylene gas generator enables the farmer to run day and night shifts, so that the work goes along in the very darkest of nights. Every foot of land in England is being utilized no matter how historic, sacred or valuable, for the production of food which is to help toward victory.



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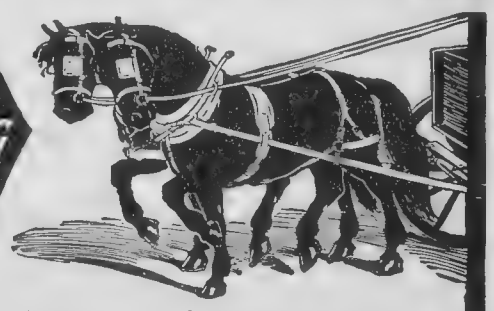

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Giant Yellow Prizetaker Onion (black seed), Pkg. 10c, oz. 25c, 4 ozs. 65c
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feeding. About a week or ten days is required. In this way the calf learns to like the skim milk without noticing the change.

The right temperature for the milk is 100 degrees. It should be fed at as nearly this temperature as possible. Feeding cold milk at one meal and warm milk at another upsets the digestive system of the young calf.

It is also important to feed the milk sweet. A single feed of sour milk might cause serious trouble for the young calf. Better let it miss a feed or even two than give it sour milk. The pails out of which it is fed must be kept clean and sterile.

If one has an abundance of skim milk it is well to feed the calf six or eight months. When the calf is changed from whole milk to skim milk, it will begin to eat grain. Place a little grain in its mouth after each feeding of milk. It will soon learn to eat the grain without assistance. The grain should not be fed with the milk. The calf should be allowed to masticate the grain.

Half a pound of grain a day is usually sufficient for the first two months. From this time until the calf is six months old a pound a day will be enough. Corn meal has given the best results to supplement skim milk.

Clean, bright hay within reach will encourage the calf to consume a small amount of it. Plenty of fresh water should also be provided for the calf at all times.—J. B. Fitch, Kansas State Agricultural College.

Montana Hay Measuring Rule

A correspondent calls our attention to the fact that the Montana hay measuring law, as given in a recent issue, was not quite correct. As properly stated, the rule is: Subtract the width of the stack in feet from the overthrow in feet, and divide by two. Multiply this result by the width, to secure the number of square feet in the end section of the stack. Then multiply by the length, to secure the number of feet. This rule is also known as the old government rule.

Our friend also gives another rule, which, he says, works just as well as the government rule, where the width of the stack is just about the same as the height of the stack. This rule is: Add the overthrow to the width and divide by four. Then square the result. This gives the number of square feet in the end section of the stack, and the number of cubic feet is secured by multiplying by the length. With stacks which are unusually narrow or unusually wide in proportion to the height, this rule does not give accurate results.

The Montana law provides that after the number of cubic feet have been determined by the old government method as first stated in the foregoing, division shall be made by 512 cubic feet to the ton, in the case of alfalfa or rough slough grass hay, which has been in the stack for from thirty days to a year; by 450 cubic feet in the case of clean clover and timothy hay which has been in the stack thirty days to a year; by 422 cubic feet in the case of clean, native blue-joint hay, which has been in the stack for from thirty days to three months, and by 340 cubic feet in the case of clean, native blue-joint hay which has been in the stack for more than three months.

My Horse-Killing Mule

In "Hearst's Magazine," The late Col. W. F. Cody, known all over as Buffalo Bill," related this incident:

It was while I was at Fort Hays that I had my first ride with the dashing General Custer. He had come up from Ellsworth with an escort of only ten men, and wanted a guide to pilot him to Fort Larned, sixty-five miles distant.

When Custer learned that I was at the post he asked that I be assigned to duty with him. I reported to him at daylight the next day. When I was introduced to Custer he glanced disapprovingly at the mule I was riding.

"I am glad to meet you, Cody," he said. "But I am in a hurry, and I am sorry to see you riding that mule."

"General," I returned, "that is the best horse at the fort."

"It isn't a horse at all," he said, "but if it's the best you've got we shall have to start."

We rode side by side as we left the fort. My mule had a fast walk, which kept the general's horse most of the time in a half-trot.

His animal was a fine Kentucky thoroughbred, but for the kind of work at hand I had full confidence in my mount. Whenever Custer was not looking I slyly spurred the mule ahead, and when he would start forward I would rein him in and pat him by way of restraint. Presently I noticed that the escort was stringing out far behind, as their horses became winded with the hard pace through the sand. Custer, looking back, noticed the same thing.

"I think we are setting too fast a pace for them, Cody," he said, but when I replied that I thought this was merely the usual pace for my mule, and that I supposed he was in a hurry, he made no further comment.

"I shall ride ahead with Cody," he told his aide a little later. "Now, Cody, I am ready for you and that mouse-colored mule."

The pace I set for General Custer from that time forward was "some going." When we rode up to the quarters of Captain Dangerfield Parker, commandant of the post, General Custer dismounted, and his horse was led off to the stables by an orderly, while I went to the scouts' quarters. I was personally sure that my mule was well cared for, and he was fresh as a daisy the next morning.

After an early breakfast I groomed and saddled my mule and, riding down to the general's quarters, waited for him to appear. I saluted as he came out, and said that if he had any further orders I was ready to carry them out.

"I am not feeling very pleasant this morning, Cody," he said. "My horse died during the night."

I said I was very sorry his animal got into too fast a class the day before.

"Well," he replied, "hereafter I will have nothing more to say against a mule. We will meet again on the plains. I shall try to have you detailed as my guide and then we will have time to talk over that race."

Giving Plants Early Start

An early start is essential to the usefulness of many plants and adds much to their market value. Many of us are not so situated that we can give these plants a start in a greenhouse, but all are able to have hotbeds. The hotbed may be built at little cost and the labor item is small. If it was not gotten ready in the fall, there is still time to do it now.

It is difficult to dig a pit when the ground is frozen solid, however, this feat can be accomplished. An easier way to make a serviceable bed is to simply pile the manure about two feet deep in some sheltered, sunny place. On top of this put five or six inches of good garden soil to receive the seeds. In making the manure pile, it should be put down in layers and tramped as solidly as possible. This keeps the heat continuous and even. The frame, a foot high at the back and two or three inches less in front, is placed in position and manure packed solidly about the sides Glass should be of double thickness and carefully puttied.

To prepare manure for the hotbed, take a quantity of horse manure that is about half straw—it is better for the purpose if from horses that are fed a rich grain ration—and place it in a pile three or four feet deep. When this has begun to heat, fork it over and mix the fermenting spots all through the heap. Do this two of three times, or until the whole mass is thoroughly heated. In very cold weather, fermentation may be slow. To hasten the process throw a few pails of boiling water on the mass. When fermentation is complete, it is ready to put beneath the frames.

A half inch layer of sand placed on top of the soil is convenient to receive the smaller seeds or they may be sown directly on the garden soil and covered lightly. For a few days after getting the bed ready the temperature will be too high for the seeds. An accurate thermometer should be plunged in the bed and when this indicates an even temperature of about 90 degrees, the seeds may be planted. The bed must be watched to be sure the temperature does not rise to a point that will kill the young plants. This may happen on warm days as the rays of the sun carry warmth through the glass, but do not allow the inside heat to escape.

Fifty Years on a Dairy Farm

The writer's earliest recollections of conditions pertaining to dairy farms and farming in Delaware county, N. Y., extend back to a period of more than half a century. With the consent of the editor, I will divide the period of time to which I refer in these will embrace more esffecially the fifty reminiscences into two sections. The first years beginning about 1855 and extending to the beginning of the last decade.

As a lad of from six to ten years of age at the beginning of this period, I have a vivid remembrance of the crude methods of butter making, which was almost the only branch of farming carried on in this hilly region. Delaware county is largely made up of hills covered with rocks and stones, but containing a large proportion of fertile soil, which, when cleared from the original forest, furnishes the best of grazing land, much of which is poorly adapted to other purposes.

The changes wrought here, however, by the improved methods of farming which have been introduced during the time of which I write, would have seemed incredible to us youngsters had they not taken place gradually in the natural course of events.

I distinctly remember that about this time—anywhere between the years 1855 and 1858—of hearing an uncle who had been visiting during the haying season in Otsego county; tell about seeing that wonderful thing, a mowing machine which actually cut grass by the use of horse power. The land on which it was used was, he said, smooth and level, Otsego county, especially in the Susquehanna Valley, having much more of that kind of land than Delaware county, and there this "new fangled" machine did do very good work, but "it could never be used on the rough and stony hills of old Delaware. Oh, no. That was simply an impossibility."

A few years, however, sufficed to show him the error of his prophecy and then again when the reaper and binder was first introduced here the same phophecy was made regarding that, only to be found incorrect, as when perfected in its workings it was found that even so complicated a piece of machinery as the self-binding reaper could be used on land where only a few years before the old fashioned grain cradle was believed to be absolutely required to cut the grain that subsequently must be raked and bound by hand.

Maple sugar was at that time made here to a considerable extent, and could the crude methods used in its manufacture be seen to-day in comparison with the latest improved sap evaporators, covered buckets, patent sap spiles and other sugar making apparatus found in a well appointed sap bush of the present time, it would be a revelation to our younger generation of farmers.

As late as the spring of 1856 I remember my first visit to a sugar camp and how the sap was conducted from the trees into troughs made from sections of basswood, red beech or black cherry trees, some two feet in length. These troughs were cut from the bodies of trees twelve to twenty inches in diameter, split in the middle and dug out like a canoe, all the work being done with an axe. And some sugar makers had store troughs of the same form, but of larger size for storing the sap at the boiling place when gathered, until it was boiled down into syrup, which was afterward made into sugar and caked for marketing at the country store or kept for family use through the year. The farmer's wife who could make an even exchange, pound for pound, with her merchant for sale sugar considered herself in those days especially fortunate.

A comparison of the farming implements such as sulky plows, riding cultivators, spring tooth harrows, etc., with those used by our fathers and grandfathers, would, if they could be brought back, cause those old farmers to open their eyes with amazement.

Systems of farming, too, have changed as greatly as have the implements used, but of these changes and of some of the more important changes in modes of life among our farmers, which in the last decade or two have been so radical as to cause much comment among those who have reached a period of middle life, I may have something to say in a future article.—E. J. Brownall, Delaware county, N. Y.

Gophers Must Be Destroyed

Millions of Dollars Annually Are Lost Through the Ravages Caused by These Small but Enormously Numerous Pests.

By Frank W. Skinner

Two billion (2,000,000,000) dead-beat boarding-house guests—some boarding-house! There are 200,000,000 acres of 479,162,438 acres in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskachewan and Alberta, which are arable. This territory is a vast gopher boarding-house with considerable more dead-beat guests than there are human beings in the world. When you stop to consider that each of these gopher dead-beats costs the farmeer as much to board as it would cost him to board a hen, and that gophers produce no value whatsoever, only a net loss, it seems that the farmers of the Western Provinces ought to be banded together with one unfailing purpose,—to stamp out this costly pest.

When they first come out of the ground after their long winter's sleep, they are hungry. This devouring hoard descends upon the growing grain and takes an enormous toll of it. Their natural enemies (hawks, owls, coyotes, foxes, weasels, and such creatures), have been destroyed and gophers have been left free to multiply, which they do with amazing rapidity. So rapid is their increase that one gopher killed in the early Spring is equivalent to fifteen killed in June.

The gopher does his greatest damage to the growing grain plants, of which a vast quantity is required to satisfy his voracious appetite. If these plants were allowed to come to maturity, they would add an immense total to the volume of grain produced. Agricultural authorities tell us that each pair of gophers eats or destroys a bushel of grain a year. See what an unbelievable total this reaches.

Remembering that there are two billion (2,000,000,000) gophers in Canada averaging a bushel of grain destroyed by each pair of gophers, this means a loss of a billion (1,000,000,000) bushels of grain. Figure this up at the market prices. Now, just to be within the bounds of reason, let us apportion this loss to the number of acres under cultivation at an average of,—let us say 10 gophers per acre, which Dominion Agricultural authorities state , is an exceedingly conservative estimate. This would mean a total loss of not less than $200,000,000. Think of it! $25 for every man, woman and child in the Dominion.

If gophers confined their damage to

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Jacques Cartier

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That's all you need to do—the gopher's voracious appetite will do the rest.

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Here's an extract from a letter written to us by Professor V. W. Jackson. of the Manitoba Agricultural College, under whose direction a test of Kill-Em-Quick was made late last spring.

"Of the four hundred letters which I received this summer, from farmers who had tried your poison on our advice, and with our assistance, all but one reported having satisfactory results."

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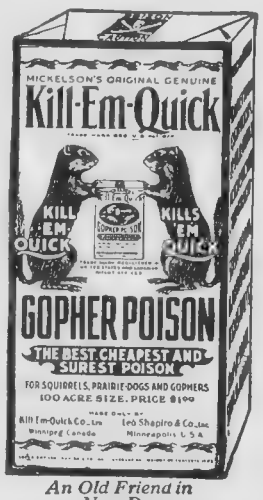

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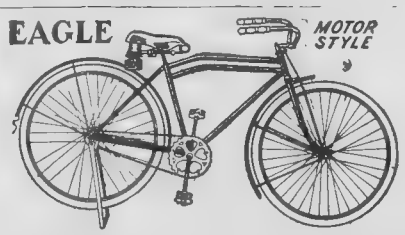

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the grain they eat and the grain plants they destroy, it would be bad enough, But, in addition, they often render the land totally unfit for tillage by the holes which they dig and the mounds they throw up, draining the top soil and making the fields untillable.

Efforts in the past have proven that gophers can be exterminated. Some farmers will state that this is not true. It has been proven true. But it requires the co-operation of every land owner. If every land owner would take adequate precautions against gophers at the time they first appear in Spring and poison every burrow and keep it poisoned throughout the few weeks between the time when the gophers appear and the time when the grain comes up, the gopher menace would be a thing of the past. While this is entirely practical, it is not possible to awaken every man to the danger, but the fact remains that any one farmer who cares to go to the trouble, can keep the gophers on his land in check. It means constant vigilance, but it's worth it.

Unless the most careful precautions are taken this year—this SPRING, to destroy all the gophers possible, Canadian grain crops will suffer seriously. If farmers neglect to take precaution against gophers, as many of them will be tempted to do, before the end of summer, all good work of the past will be nullified and gophers will be more plentiful than they have ever been before. It is vitally important that every farmer take every means at his command to destroy gophers this spring. Never has there been a time in the history of the Dominion when a full production of grain was of so much importance as this year, and it is a matter of service to the country for every grain grower to "do his bit" and destroy the gophers on his land.

In a recent statement, Professor V. W. Jackson, of the Manitoba Agricultural College, says that a careful survey of twenty-five townships in Manitoba, the least over-run of the Western Provinces, there were fully nine million gophers, causing an annual loss of not less than $2,250,000.00. Quoting his statement further, he says: "These reliable figures show that in many townships the loss due to gophers exceeds the cost of seed grain, or $2.50 per acre, and in many townships double this loss. In view of the fact that the cost of treating infected land with a reliable gopher poison is less than three cents per acre and which, if systematically applied at the right season, gets the gopher, it is apparent that this enormous loss could be saved." The poison to which he refers is presumably Kill-Em-Quick, the poison recommended by the College, as an effective gopher poison, which costs the user one cent an acre. However, his estimate probably includes the value of the grain or feed in addition to the poison. The remainder of Professor Jackson's statement is worth close consideration.

"The Biology Department of the Manitoba Agricultural College took up the gopher problem this Spring. Posters were gotten out and distributed all over the Province calling attention to the loss due to gophers, and the various ways to get the gopher. A field man, Mr. J. H. Kitely, was sent into the worst districts and was assisted in other parts of the province by the District Representatives. Owing to the scarcity of strychnine, and its prohibitive price (over $2.00 per ounce), well known prepared gopher poisons were recommended, and one firm volunteered to give free samples. "Over 400 free packages were thus distributed and over 1,500 larger packages, treating 80 to 160 acres each, were sold at prices usually given to municipalities; and if local druggists and others throughout the Province have sold three times as much, it means 6,000 packages, or an expenditure of about $3,000.00 to prevent a $3,000,000.00 loss. "It is therefore evident that we are not making an adequate effort to control the gopher. The lateness of the Spring prevented the farmer from treating his land early, and the wetness of the season made such a green growth that the gopher was more difficult to get than usual; but from every trial, we got satisfactory results, and reports from all over the Province on the effectiveness of gopher poison. An interest has been aroused this year which should be continued and followed up. Our experience and success this year warrant recommendations in dealing with the gopher problem, which we beg to submit. "First, that a Provincial Gopher Act, similar to the Noxious Weed Act, be passed making the treatment of gopher infested land compulsory, and permitting municipalities to treat vacant lands and charge to the absentee owners. The great barrier to individual effort seems to be the vacant lands . Scores of farmers give this as a reason for not treating their land. Gophers can move about more readily than weeds, and at all seasons, making the vacant land a great menace from gophers than from weeds. Others say it is useless to put out gopher poison when neighbors neglect to control their gophers and when vacant lands serve as breeding grounds. Uniformity and co-operation are necessary to get the gopher and there seems a general desire for a Provincial Act to ensure control and save this loss of several million dollars.

"Second, we believe that the Municipal Weed Inspectors are the proper agents to enforce and carry out such a gopher act. This would not interfere with their regular duties, but simply extend their working season which they complain is too short to be profitable. Their duties begin on May 15th, before which time the gopher land should be treated. Being a Municicipal Agent, he could act in unison with the Municipal Council in dealing with vacant lands."

Never was there a time when it was so important for you to kill gophers as it is this year. Don't let anything interfere. Poison every burrow with a poison that will kill and be sure that it is a poison that gophers will eat.

Conservation of Manure

Farmers' Greatest Asset in Soil Maintenance Wasted Through Lack of Care

While manure is only a by-product on the farm, it is the farmer's greatest asset in the maintenance of soil fertility. That it is not properly valued and given the care that it deserves is strikingly shown by the results of the agricultural survey of the Commission of Conservation in 1915. Seventy-seven per cent of the 400 farmers visited in Ontario were exercising no care to prevent waste of manure, 22 per cent claimed to be exercising some care, while less than one per cent claimed to be exercising really thorough care of the manure. Only one and one-half per cent were saving all the liquid manure, which contains more actual plant food than the solid excrement. The annual loss amounts to millions of dollars and it can be readily seen that our system of farming is not on a sound basis if this waste is allowed to continue. Any farmer who knows these facts, but takes no steps to prevent the waste, commits an injustice against himself and his country, and is preparing to leave to succeeding generations a heritage of poverty.

This loss can be prevented in several ways. Now, at the beginning of the stabling season, prepare a supply of litter to absorb the liquid manure. As the straw crop is short this year, it is advisable to store a quantity of leaves, dry sods or saw dust for this purpose. Where circumstances permit, it is a good plan to draw the manure to the field as made. If it has to be piled see that it is piled so as to prevent heating and leaching. Mix the cow manure and horse manure together and keep the pile compacted and level on top. A concrete floor in the barn yard is a paying investment, although it may seem expensive. Have tight floors in the stable to prevent loss of the liquid, and, if there is not enough litter to absorb it, drain it off into a cement pit or some kind of a receptacle from which it can be occasionally taken and spread upon the land. Don't waste it.

The Real Liver Pill.—A torpid liver means a disordered system, mental depression, lassitude and in the end, if care be not taken, a chronic state of debility. The very best medicine to arouse the liver to healthy action is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are compounded of purely vegetable substances of careful selection and no other pills have their fine qualities. They do not gripe or pain and they are agreeable to the most sensitive stomach.

Wedding Cake: Its History and How to Make it

By Addie Farrar

THE USE of a special wedding cake at the marriage feast is derived from "Conferreatio," an ancient form of wedlock among the Romans. The ancient Roman bride, married in accordance with the practice of conferreato, held in her left hand three wheat ears, and later, the English bride bore in her left hand or on her head, a chaplet made of bearded spikes of wheat. Later, corn in some form, in whole grains or made into small cakes, was dropped upon the heads of the bride and the bridegroom, as they returned from the marriage ceremony, and as these cakes fell to the ground they were gathered up and eaten by the wedding guests.

When the wedding guests began to lose their appetite for uncooked wheat and corn, or even half cooked cakes, picked from off the ground, large, thin, dry biscuits were substituted. These biscuits were also broken over the bride's head and their fragments distributed among the guests. To this day, in Scotland, an oatmeal cake is broken over the bride's head as she crosses the threshold of the house after her marriage.

The modern wedding cake was not adapted until the 18th century, and the next step toward this modern cake was the small rectangular buns made of sugar, eggs and milk, with spices and currants. It was only at wedding feasts that these buns were served and the number of them used at those times were usually very large. Some were broken over the bride's head, many were distributed among the poor, while a great mound of them was built in pyramid form just before the places reserved for the bride and bridegreem at the banquet table.

From these buns came the real wedding cake of to-day, created by the French restoration cooks, when they took small cakes, called almond cakes, an outcome of the buns, and piled them one on each other and iced the whole mass into a solid square with a crust of hardened sugar, adorning the top along with tiny figures of Cupids and other things symbolic of love and marriage. It was a very easy thing to break a cake like this over the bride's head and the crust of the icing, being once broken, the tiny interior cakes quickly separated and tumbled out—as nicely as if they had never been sugar coated. Then, instead of pieces, each guest had a small cake from the bride's cake.

Long after the modern cake had been adopted a special cake of this sort was made just to be broken on the bride's head and distributed among the guests. To-day, the bride cuts her cake and each guest takes a slice, not so much to eat, of course, if one be unmarried, as to take home and dream upon, which is also an old custom preserved.

In Yorkshire and other of the northern counties of England the pieces of wedding cake are always dropped on the bride's head before being taken home to be dreamed upon.

The cooks of the eighteenth century make on experimenting and at last began to make the wedding cake a wondrous thing, each striving to out the other in its composition and its ornamentation. In France and Germany cakes grew to be of great size and were beautifully decorated with figures and flowers made of sugar and, as a usual thing, there was a sort of almond icing used, especially for the wedding cake.

Following this real bride's cake came the bridegroom's cake which a clever cook got up for a big wedding, as an offset to the bride's gorgeous confection, making the cake devoted especially to the bridegroom of a dark color, while the bride's cake was always pure white and decorated with white frosting.

Even to-day, the bride's cake is almost as important as the wedding veil and gown and while caterers are prepared to supply the most delicious and ornamental kinds, yet many mothers prefer, either to make their daughter's wedding cake themselves or have it made under their supervision. In our family the making at home of the wedding cake has been an institution for generations and always the same recipe has been used and has time and time again been given to others, whose ancestors were not thoughtful enough to have left to their progeny a few perfectly good cake recipes.

Here is the bride's loaf that has served at many weddings in the family:

Bride's Loaf.—Stir to a cream two cups of powdered sugar and three-quarters of a cup of butter. Add one cup of milk and two cups of flour, well mixed with one cup of corn starch, and three tablespoonfuls of baking powder. Add the whites of six eggs, well beaten and flavoring to taste. Bake in a moderately heated oven. When cold ice with the whites of two eggs beaten stiff, with powdered sugar and one tablespoonful of corn starch. This is a simple, economical cake for a very small home wedding, a more elaborate one for the big feasts being as follows:

Brides Cake.—Sift with six tablespoonfuls of flour, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder. Beat very light the whites of two dozen eggs and cream four teacupfuls of sugar and two cupfuls of butter. Add to the butter and the sugar that you have just creamed a portion of the flour, using a teacupful of milk, and then a portion of the eggs alternating until all are mixed. Bake in a moderately hot oven for an hour and a half.

Another recipe sometimes used by the housekeepers of this family called the "Wedding Cake" is as follows:

Beat to a cream two pounds of butter and then beat into it two pounds of crushed loaf sugar, powdered and sifted. Add the yolks of sixteen eggs, beaten to a froth, and follow with the whites, beaten stiff. Mix with two pounds of flour, browned, two pounds of raisins, four pounds of currants, two-thirds of a pound of citron, two-thirds each of an ounce of cinnamon, nutmeg, and mace, and a quarter ounce of ground cloves, and last a gill of brandy, beating the whole very thoroughly. Bake about five hours.

As will be readily seen, this is the cake dedicated to the bridegroom.

Another recipe for dark cake, used by a famous caterer for wedding feasts, is:

One pound of flour, one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, twelve eggs, one pound of citron, and two pounds of currants. One pound of seeded raisins, one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, two large nutmegs, grated, of course; one wineglass of brandy and one glassfull of good wine. Beat the sugar and butter together, and then add eggs and flour, a portion at a time, until all is thoroughly incorporated. Add liquor and spices and lastly the fruit well floured. Beat the whole for fifteen minutes and then line the pan with thick paper, well buttered, and pour in batter. Bake for five hours. If there is any prejudice against the use of liquors, lemon or rose extract may be used instead.

Shall Women Plead in the House of Lords?

During the debate in the House of Lords on the second reading of the bill to legalize women to enter the legal profession as lawyers, a remarkable prediction was made by Lord Buckmaster, a former Lord Chancellor. Speaking in behalf of the measure, he said that however long it was delayed, the day would ultimately come when "a woman will stand at the bar of your lordship's house and plead her client's case before the highest tribunal in the land."

Lord Buckmaster startled the galaxy of legal lights in the great assembly by delivering the following moralizations upon the profession:

"There is no doubt that legal training does narrow and limit a man's outlook on life.

"There is no doubt that it leads a man to criticize great schemes rather by the consideration of their petty details than by looking at the general principles that they involve.

"It does induce a view of life which leads one to regard it rather as a series of fine and intricate traceries on an etched plate than as a broad design conceived in sweeping lines.

"All that is true, but it is not true that the law degrades, defiles, or contaminates, and its training is one which has produced some of the finest and most independent characters."

A former Lord Chancellor, Lord Loreburn, gave his vote in favor of women lawyers and the second reading of the measure was passed without a division.

The Prize Dish
Of All Food Creations

Recipe

At berry time use berries. At other times any sort of fruit.

Mix in these Puffed Grain bubbles. A crisp, flaky crust improves any fruit creation. And these taste like nutmeats, made airy and thin.

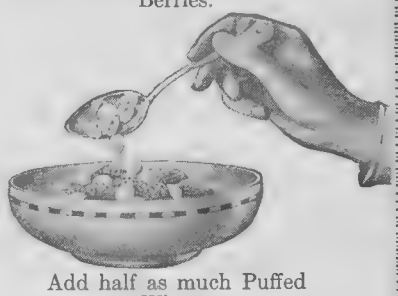
Add sugar and cream. This is all done in a minute.

The result is a food confection. Made of fruit, nuts, sugar and cream—the usual sweetmeat components.

Yet a perfect food, so rich in nutriment that a dish is half a meal.

No morning table ever held a more delightful dish. No mind can picture one. And every home can have it.

Partly fill a dish with Berries.



Add half as much Puffed Wheat.

Complete it with Sugar and Cream.

Puffed Wheat — Each 15c. Except in Far West — **Puffed Rice**

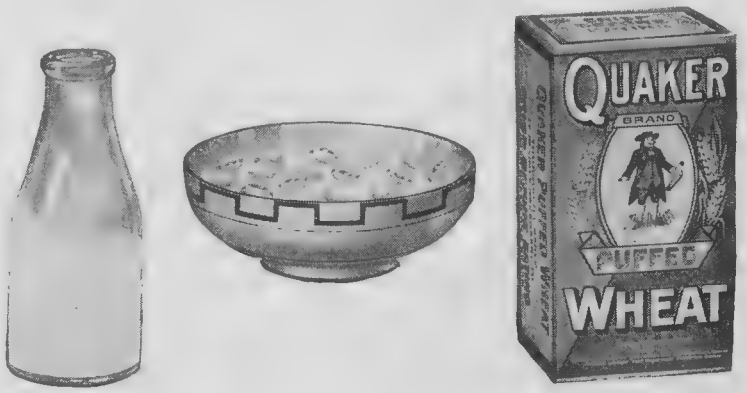
Noon and Night
Float Them in Bowls of Milk

Here are whole-grain dainties puffed to eight times normal size. A fearful heat gives them an almond taste. They are bubble-like and crisp.

Every food cell is exploded. Digestion is easy and complete. Every atom of the whole grain feeds.

As noon time foods they do not dull. As bedtime foods they do not tax the stomach.

So they are hygienic foods. They are whole-grain foods. And the most delightful tidbits that ever went in milk. Serve them often in place of foods which do not meet these standards. Keep both kinds on hand.



The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada 1597 Saskatoon, Canada

Children

"Smile and 'Splain"

"How in the world do you get your children to act so quickly?" inquired a friend who had just dropped in, as she watched the busy, bustling youngsters of her neighbor as they were setting the table for their mother. "My children just "dream" over everything I give them to do; it makes me fairly tear my hair with desperation sometimes."

"Yes, isn't it terrible the way a child can dawdle? Mine used to be fairly maddening." The mother smiled reminiscently. "I think I made them numb with my continual 'Hurry!' 'Now hurry up!' 'Oh, don't be so slow!' One morning that littlest one looked up plaintively from her shoe buttoning and said, 'Mother, when I get a little girl I am not going to tell her "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" all the time.'

"Of coure I laughed, and, still, laughing, asked: 'When you get two little girls and two little boys, and have to get them all up and dressed in the morning, and put up their school luncheons, and get their breakfasts ready so they will be in time for school, and then wash the dishes and get to the dressmaker's at ten o'clock, what would you do if those boys and girls just won't help a bit?'

"To my surprise she began to button as if her life depended on it. 'Why, Mother,' she answered, 'I would just smile and 'splain.'

"That gave me an idea. Instead of telling them to hurry until my words were absolutely meaningless 'I have smiled and 'splained' and given them the feeling of being busy and having lots to do. It works pretty well and we are all much happier. 'Smile and 'splain' would be a good motto in any home."

When Children Care for Their Mother

"The hardest part of my sickness," said the sick woman to her old lady visitor, "is that now I can do so little for the children. We had such lovely plans for this vacation, and I meant to do so many things to make it a happy time for them. But now, of course, they must take care of me."

"How strange," said the old lady. "I was just thinking how splendid this was for them. It is not what you do for your children, but what they do for you, that helps them most."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Simply that I think your children took you for granted; and should for a time, but not always. Haven't you seen how thoughtful and manly Robert has grown, and how tender and motherly Mildred is when she cares for you? Don't you think it has helped them prepare themselves for their own career of home building and parenthood? And are you not really nearer to your children than when you were well?"

"Why, yes," answered the invalid joyously. "But I was so disappointed at not giving them what I had planned that I never thought of it in that way."

"That is often the trouble with us," said the old lady. "We want to give our children just what we have planned, and are not content if we are forced to give them something better."

The Boy May Become a True Man if You Do Your Duty

Edison has told us how he was saved by his mother's faith and sympathy when his teacher had said, "The boy is addled," and his father was ready to give him up as hopelessly stupid; and his experience confirms the general idea we have in cultivating our child-garden; that the mother may be trusted to tend the roses if the father will only mind the cabbage patch. But for every father whose mind is set upon cabbages, and who will have no useless roses in his garden, there are a dozen mothers who are sure that every sprouting cabbage will prove a rose. And if it be tragic to blight a rose it is none the less a pity to spoil a perfectly good and useful cabbage. Parents are stupid if they do not realize that their boys will be different from themselves and they may become hateful if they fail to recognize the value of qualities that are alien to their own; but they will be surely foolish if in recognizing such qualities readily they make too much of them. It is natural and right, and may be beautiful, to welcome every new development in your boy as a sign of budding genius, but unless you keep these signs to yourself, as I said before, and realize that he must first be just a plain little boy, you are laying up trouble for him. It is true that genius, or even a marked talent of any kind, may show itself at a very early age, but the number of remarkable or precocious boys that have come to nothing in after-life is proverbial, and a genius who has not "made good" becomes a torment to himself and a burden to his friends.

We hear a great deal too much nowadays of the "artistic temperament," as if the people possessing it were beings quite apart from the rest of the world, free from the limitations of ordinary humanity and above its laws. A boy has a marked taste for music and some talent, but he seems a selfish and lazy little boy with an overweening conceit of himself. The father hears that his playmates consider him 'no good,' and reckon him a shirk and a sneak, and the father's pride is touched. But the mother says: "Oh, but Tommy has the artistic temperament and we must not cross him," and she will go on to explain that the boy must not indulge in rough games because Herr So-and-So thinks it "so important for him to keep his fingers flexible for his violin, you know."

There is a curious glamour about art which distorts the vision. According to our mood we may laugh at or pity the poor girl who is stagestruck, yet we never see that we class ourselves with her when we shape our boys' lives and perhaps sacrifice them to the development of some small talent. Give your boy the chance to develop his talent and train and prove it, but do not, if you love him, take it too seriously. Let your first endeavor be to make a man of him, regardless of what his vocation is to be. The boy may become a true man surely if you do your duty by him; whether he shall be an artist or not is a question that he must decide for himself.

Next month is my last but not least important subject. I want to touch on the boy's physical side, and try to point out what is the best way to do "If You Want Your Boy to be Strong."

For Baby's First Birthday

A very charming little party was given by a woman in moderate circumstances to celebrate her baby's first birthday. To those of her friends who had babies she wrote notes, asking the baby to spend the afternoon on a certain date, and adding. "You may bring your mother with you."

To these notes she signed her own baby's name. The house was decorated with flowers, most of them home grown, and the table had a little arch of flowers above the big birthday cake. At each place was a card with a penny photograph of the baby who gave the party

City Physicians Explain Why They Prescribe Nuxated Iron

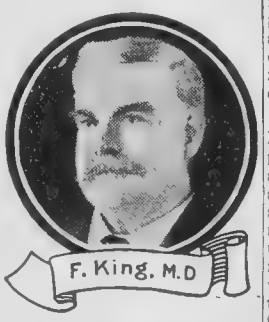
To Make Beautiful, Healthy Women and Strong Vigorous Men

NOW BEING USED BY OVER THREE MILLION PEOPLE ANNUALLY

Quickly transforms the flabby flesh, toneless tissues, and pallid cheeks of weak, anaemic men and women into a perfect glow of health and beauty—Often increases the strength of delicate, nervous, run-down folks 100 per cent. in two weeks' time.

It is conservatively estimated that over three million people annually in this country alone are taking Nuxated Iron. Such astonishing results have been reported from its use both by doctors and laymen, that a number of physicians in various parts of the country have been asked to explain why they prescribe it so extensively, and why it apparently produces so much better results than were obtained from the old forms of inorganic iron.

Extracts from some of the letters received are given below:



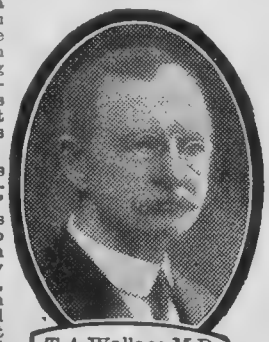
Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author, says: There can be no vigorous iron men without iron.

Pallor means anaemia.

Anaemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anaemic men and women is pale; the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain fags and the memory fails, and they often become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated corn-meal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home-cookery, by throwing down the waste-pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked is responsible for another grave iron loss.

Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt.



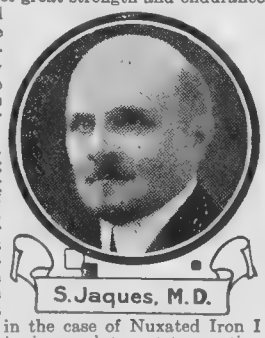
Dr. T. Alphonsus Wallace, a physician of many years' experience in this country, and who has been given many honorary titles in England, says: Nuxated Iron gives the weak and run down that great vim, energy and endurance so envied by the weakling. Its widespread use should bring about the most startling results everywhere. The pale, anaemic, nervous people now seen at every turn shuffling lifelessly along the streets should become sturdy, alert men and women of snappy stride brimming over with vim and vitality.

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician, who has studied both in this country and in great European Medical Institutions, says: As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or rundown, instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages, I am convinced that in this way they could ward off disease, preventing it becoming organic in thousands of cases, and thereby the lives of thousands might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, kidney, liver, heart trouble and other dangerous maladies. The real and true cause which started their diseases was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood.

Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of 20 and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact a young man he really was notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—nuxated iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health; at 46 he was careworn and nearly all in—now at 50 after taking Nuxated Iron a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth.

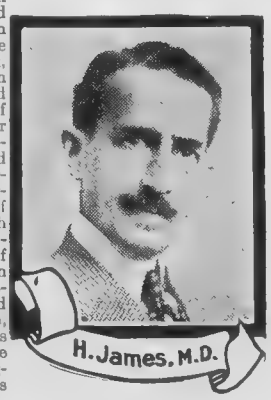
Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly-looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron.

If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time, simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate, or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete and prize-fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray, while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron.



Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, of New York City, said: I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy.

Dr. Howard James, formerly Resident Physician of a New York City Hospital, and Assistant Physician Manhattan State Hospital, New York, says: Patients in an enervated and devitalized state of health, those for instance, convalescing from protracted fevers, those suffering from a long-standing case of anaemia, all such people, in my opinion, need iron. Of late, there has been brought to my attention, Nuxated Iron. In practice, I have found this an ideal restorative and upbuilding agent in these cases above mentioned.



NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach, on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in nuxated iron, that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron, and increase their strength 100 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

pasted in one corner and banded with gold paint. The name of the baby and the date of his birth was lettered in gold beneath. The name of the guest whose place at the table the card indicated was lettered in the center of the card. Little bunches of flowers accompanied these cards. The refreshments were very simple. Nut and lettuce sandwiches, olives, ice cream, cake and coffee were all that was attempted, and all were dishes that could be prepared beforehand. Each guest was then given a pencil and paper, and a very amusing guessing contest then was played. In a convenient doorway a curtain was hung, and one at a time each baby's hand was put through a hole in this curtain and the mothers requested to identify it.

The Shepherd Boy

By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

When the red moon hangs over the fold
And the cypress shadow is rimmed with gold,
O little sheep, I have laid me low,
My face against the old earth's face,
Where one by one the white moths go
And the brown bee has his sleeping place,
And then I have whispered, "Mother, hear,
For the owls are awake and the hight is near,
And whether I lay me near or far,
No lips shall kiss me,
No eye shall miss me,
Saving the eye of a cold white star."

And the old brown woman answers mild,
"Rest you safe on my heart, O child.
Many a shepherd, many a king,
I fold them safe from their sorrowing.
Gwenever's heart is bound with dust,
Tristram dreams of the dappled doe,
But the bugle molders, the blade is rust.
Stilled are the trumpets of Jericho,
And the tired men sleep by the walls of Troy.
Little and lonely,
Knowing me only,
Shall I not comfort you, shepherd boy?"

When the wind moves in the apple-tree,
And the shy hare feeds on the wild fern stem,
I say my prayers to the Trinity,—
The prayers that are three, and the charms that are seven
To the angels guarding the towers of heaven,—
And I lay my head on her raiment's hem,
Where the young grass darkens the strawberry star,
Where the iris buds and the bellworts are.
All night I hear her breath go by
Under the arch of the empty sky,
All night her heart beats under my head
And I lie as still as the ancient dead,
Warm as the young lambs there with the sheep.
I and no other,
Close to my mother,
Fold my hands in her hands and sleep.

A Bead Necklace From Rose Leaves

One of the long-forgotten arts that were known to girls in the days of our great-grandmothers was making fragrant bead necklaces from rose leaves. The beads retained their delicate perfume for years. It was the fashion to wear the necklaces concealed within the bodices of gowns, or to place them in the linen chests, or in a bureau drawer.

It is a custom worth reviving, and fortunately it is so easy to make the beads that anyone who has a rose garden can do it. It is only necessary to gather a quantity of sweet-smelling roses, remove the stalks and calyxes, and place the petals in an iron mortar. The contents of the mortar should then be pounded and stamped with the iron pestle until it is a dough-like mass, from which balls or beads should be formed, about four times as large as they are intended to be when they are dry, for they shrink greatly in drying. The beads should be spread out upon a board that has been covered with a sheet of white paper, and should be turned over two or three times a day. They should not be placed in the sun, for that not only destroys the odor, but also dries the beads so quickly that they crack.

When the beads have reached a stage where they can be easily pierced with a needle, they should be strung on a strong silk thread, with a tiny gilt bead between every two rose beads to prevent the rose beads from rubbing together.

An ordinary catch and fastener should be attached to each end of the string of beads; or narrow silk ribbons will answer the same purpose, if they are preferred. The finished necklace should be allowed to dry for two or three days longer, when it will be ready to be worn, or to be placed in handkerchief box or linen drawer. In any case, its owner will find that this old-time custom preserves the delicate, elusive fragrance of the summer rose garden for many years.

Grosos Lucien, a French soldier, interned in Holland, would appreciate it if Western Home Monthly readers would send him any foreign postage stamps they might have. Time hangs heavily on his hands, he says. His address is Zeist, Holland, Barrack 9, 6th Division.

The Careful Messenger

A pound of tea at one-and-three,
A pot of raspberry jam,
Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

I'll say it over all the way,
And then I'm sure not to forget,
For if I chance to bring things wrong
My mother gets in such a pet.

A pound of tea at one-and-three,
And a pot of strawberry jam,
Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rasher ham.

There, in the hay, the children play,
They're having such jolly fun;
I'll go there, too, that's what I'll do,
As soon as my errands are done.

A pound of tea at one-and-three,
A pot of—er—new-laid jam,
Two raspberry eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

There's Teddy White flying his kite,
He thinks himself grand, I declare;
I'd like to make it fly up sky high,
And then—but there——

A pound of three, and one at tea,
A pot of new-laid jam,
Two dozen eggs, some raspberry pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

Now here's the shop, outside I'll stop
And run my orders through again;
I haven't forgot; no, ne'er a jot—
It shows I'm pretty cute, that's plain.

A pound of three, and one at tea,
A dozen of raspberry ham,
A pot of eggs, with a dozen pegs,
And a rasher of new-laid jam.

Children suffering from worms soon show the symptoms, and any mother can detect the presence of these parasites by the writhings and fretting of the child. Until expelled and the system cleared of them, the child cannot regain its health. Miller's Worm Powders are prompt and efficient, not only for the eradication of worms, but also as a toner up for children that are run down in consequence.

OSTERMOOR OSTERMOOR

Say OSTERMOOR
—and *STICK TO IT!*

IF you called Henry Smith on the telephone, and the operator said "line's busy," you surely wouldn't say, "Give me any other Smith who has a telephone!"

It's the same with Mattresses—there's only one OSTERMOOR. Ask for it and look for the name in the binding. You pay only *once* for

THE FAMOUS
OSTERMOOR
MATTRESS

$18 for 50 Years of Restful Sleep

The OSTERMOOR will not mat, become lumpy, or uneven. Layer upon layer of the finest cotton felt is built into a casing, and it stays that way for a lifetime.

¶ Ask your dealer for it, or write us for the name of nearest agent.

The ALASKA BEDDING CO. Limited
Makers of Bedsteads and Bedding 100W
WINNIPEG: Regina: Calgary: VANCOUVER
"ALASKA on an article means *High Grade Every Particle.*"

GUARANTEED ALASKA BEDDING Made in Canada

OSTERMOOR OSTERMOOR

Safe, Clean Cooking

SAFE, because the oil tank is away from the heat, and because the height of flame cannot vary. Clean, because there are no wicks to smoke or need trimming.

Burners can be regulated to give degree of heat desired, and when not in operation are left completely up out of oil contact. The asbestos lining and dead air space, and glass door of "Success" oven ensure heat retention and visible baking.

An economical cooker and baker, beautiful in appearance. 24

McClary's
FLORENCE
OIL COOK STOVES *Wickless, Valveless, Blue Flame, Automatic*

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, N.B., HAMILTON, CALGARY, SASKATOON, EDMONTON

Work for Busy Fingers

Irish Crochet Yoke with Honiton Braid No. 1

Materials—Two bolts of Honiton Braid No. 2, 2 balls of No. 30 hard twisted crochet cotton.

Roses, make 14 ch sts, join to form a circle.

First Row: 1 d c, 2 ch sts, repeat until you have 7 d c and 7 sps.

Second Row: 1 s c, 5 d c, into 1 sp, 1 s c over d c, repeat for 7 petals.

Third Row: 1 s c over s c, 4 ch sts, repeat for 7 loops.

Fourth Row: 1 s c over s c, 7 d c over loop, repeat for 7 petals.

Fifth Row: 1 sc over sc, 5ch sts repeat for 7 loops.

Sixth Row: 1 s c over s c, 9 d c over loop, repeat for 7 petals.

Seventh Row: 1 s c over s c, 6 ch sts, repeat for 7 loops.

Eighth Row: 1 s c over s c, 6 d c, 2 ch sts, catch to center p of braid, 2 ch sts forming a p, 6 d c to finish petal, repeat for 3 petals, take the end of second bolt of braid, fasten the ends crosswise with needle and thread, sewing over the small portions of the braid, bring 4 wide portions across the bottom of the rose and fasten as before. Make another rose and continue connecting the braid, until you have the round yoke. Fasten thread to the 1st p of braid make 1 d c, 3 ch sts, skip 1 p, repeat making 1 d c, 3 ch sts over narrow portion of the braid also.

Second Row: 1 d c over d c, 2 ch sts, 1 d c, over 2nd ch sts, 2 ch sts, 1 d c, over next d c, repeat for this row except at the crossing of the braid here omit the ch sts.

Third Row: 1 d c, over d c, 2 ch sts between repeat for this row.

Fourth Row: 1 d c into each st for this row.

Fifth Row: 6 ch sts, catch back into the 4th st forming a p, 2 ch sts, 1 p, 2 ch sts, 1 s c, into the 6th st, repeat for 6th and 7th rows, catching each s c, between the p of preceding row. Repeat for opposite edge.

For the sleeve, join 5 roses and the braid, then make 1st row, extending around the 4 sides. At the 4th corner make * 5 ch sts, turn, 17 sp, repeat * for 14 rows, make 10 sps, finishing the last sp with 1 s c, 3 ch sts, turn sp back, then 2 rows straight across, forming the fullness under the arm, repeat for the opposite side and sl st, together. Fasten thread and work around the sleeve, make 2nd, 3rd and 4th rows of the yoke and 3 rows of p loops. Join 6 roses, as before, make the first 4 rows around the 4 sides, join p loops to p loops of sleeve, continue these loops around 3 sides for 5 rows, double back, make 3 more rows on each end, do not connect. Connect sleeve with yoke, make 7 rows of p loops, filling the space between with short rows of p loops.

For the cord make 1 yard of ch sts with 1 s c into each st.

Roses of 5 petals finish each end.

Yoke for Corset Cover No. 2

Materials: Two balls of No. 50 mercerized crochet cotton. Start with 8 ch sts, join forming a circle.

First Row: 8 ch sts, * 1 t c, 2 ch sts, repeat * until you have 11 t c, 3 ch sts, join to 5th st of the 8 ch sts.

Second Row: 1 s c into each st.

Third Row: Repeat 2nd row.

Fourth Row: 7 ch st, 1 t c, into the next st, * 7 ch sts, skip 1 st, 1 t c leave 3 loops on hook, once over hook and into the next st, 2 loops off each time until 1 loop remains, repeat *.

Fifth Row: * 5 s c, 3 ch sts, forming 1 p, 5 s c, all over 1 loop, repeat * break thread. Make another medalion and on the last 2 p, connect with 2 p, of the 1st medalion. Repeat until you have 5 medalions for each shoulder strap (size 38).

Allow 2 p for connections, fasten thread to next p, 3 ch sts, 1 t c, * 10 ch sts, 2 t c, into next p repeat * until you have 5 loops, then catch into p of next medalion and continue, 5 s c, 1 p, 3 s c, 1 p, 5 s c, all over loop, repeat, break thread. Make 20 medalions for the yoke.

For the lower edge, fasten thread at p, * 1 s c, into 1st p of next loop, 8 ch sts, 1 d c into 1st p of next loop, 8 ch sts, 2 t c, into 1st p of next loop, 2 t c, into 2nd p of next loop, 8 ch sts, 1 d c into 1st p of next loop, 8 ch sts, repeat*.

Last Row: 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, repeat. Make s c along both edges of the front.

Bread Tray

Materials: One ball of No. 20 tight twisted crochet cotton. Make 42 ch sts.

First Row: 1 d c into the 8th st, 11 sp, 9 ch sts, turn.

Second Row: 1 d c, into the 7th ch st from hook, 13 sps, making 2 sps over last loop, this increases 2 sps, 9 ch sts turn, continue increasing until you complete the 7th row, when you have 24 sps, repeat for 5 rows.

Thirteenth Row: 7 sps, 1 gr, 7 sp, 1 gr, 8 sp, 5 ch sts, turn.

Fourteenth Row: 8 sps, 9 gr, 7 sp, 5 ch sts, turn.

Fifteenth Row: 7 sps, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 8 sps, 5 ch sts, turn.

Sixteenth Row: 8 sps, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 7 sp, 5 ch sts, turn.

Seventeenth Row: 7 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 8 sp, 5 ch sts, turn.

Eighteenth Row: 9 sp, 3 gr, 1 sp, 3 gr, 8 sp, 5 ch sts, turn.

Nineteenth Row: 24 sp, completes the letter B in the same manner make the remaining letters, then 12 rows of sps, decreasing on the last 7 rows by skipping 1 sp at each side.

3 ch sts, 1 d c into each st for one row.

5 ch sts, skip 3 sts, 1 s c, repeat for one row.

5 ch sts, 1 s c over loop, repeat for 7 rows.

Crochet Yokes.

Apple Snow.—Pare two good sized apples. Take the white of one beaten egg and three tablespoons of granulated sugar whipped together until quite firm. Grate the apples and stir into the egg and sugar. Beat well, without stopping, to a stiff snow, and serve heaped up in custard glasses with a star of red currant jelly on top. This is excellent served with a thin boiled custard made with the yolk of the egg, half pint of milk, two tablespoons sugar, a pinch of salt. Cook in a double boiler until it thickens slightly. When cold it should pour as thick as a 32 per cent cream. Add a few drops of vanilla.

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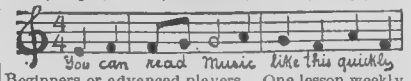

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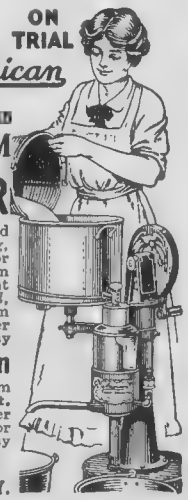

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Fashions and Patterns

A Smart but Simple Dress—1720—The "one piece" dress has lost none of its popularity, and is especially attractive in the lovely materials of this season. The style here portrayed has a chemisette cut with low neck outline. The waist is finished with a new collar. The sleeve may be in wrist length, with a band cuff, or in the cool and comfortable elbow length finished with a turnback cuff. The skirt has four gores and a smart pocket.

The pattern is good for serge, gabardine, gingham, linen, taffeta, faille and poplin. It is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches, bust measure. Size 36 will require 6 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 1-3 yards at the foot.

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A Comfortable Model—2041—Girls' Under Waist and Drawers.

If mothers will consult their little daughters, they may learn how comfortable and convenient, full and easy fitting undergarments may be. In the style here portrayed, we have endeavored to give ample fulness, without superfluous material. The waist could be fashioned in jean, flannelette, nainsook, muslin or cambric, and the drawers of drill, linen, lawn, nainsook, muslin or cambric, or canton flannel. In bloomer style, they are fine for winter wear, and with the ruffles are equally attractive. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 1 yard of 36-inch material for the waist, and 1¼ yards for the drawers, for an 8-year size. Ruffles on drawers will require about 2½ yards of edging, 3½ inches wide.

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A Smart, Attractive Dress for the Growing Girl—2055—This style is good for linene, percale, tub silk, gabardine, voile, repp, drill, chambrey and linen. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 3-8 yards of 44-inch material for an 8-year size.

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A New "Cover All" Apron—2042—Ladies' Apron.

This style is fine for gingham, drill, chambray, lawn, percale, alpaca, brilliantine and sateen. Back and front portions form panels, to which shaped side sections are joined. A smart collar finishes the neck edge. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small for 32 and 34 inches bust measure, medium for 36 and 38 inches bust measure, large for 40 and 42 inches bust measure, and extra large for 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 5½ yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

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A New and Jaunty Style—2067—Ladies' One-Piece Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

Satin, gabardine, serge, linen, voile, drill, gingham and other was fabrics are nice for this style. Back and front are shaped over side sections. The sleeve in wrist length is finished by a shaped cuff in two sections. In short length, the sleeve has a turnback cuff. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires for a 36-inch size, 6 yards of 44-inch material: The dress measures about 3 yards at the foot.

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A Pretty Dress for Mother's Girl—2038—Girl's Dress, with Sleeve in either of two lengths. Dotted challie, lawn or Swiss, with lawn or a contrasting material for trimming, would be nice for this style. The model is lovely for all wash goods and nice for soft silk repp, poplin and gabardine. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires 2 5-8 yards of 36-inch material for a 2-year size.

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A Pretty Summer Frock—2040—Dress for Misses and Small Women. This style is very attractive for the new organdies, lawns and crepes, and is also nice for linen, chambray, shantung, wash silks, poplin and chiffon cloth. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 5½ yards of 44-inch material for an 18-year size. The skirt measures about 2⅝ yards at the lower edge.

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A Charming Summer Frock—1751—This dress is developed in inexpensive lawn, dimity or crepe, with simple trimming of lace or embroidery, or in checked or striped taffeta, batiste or voile, will make a delightfully cool and becoming gown. The ruffles may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for the dress with ruffles, and 3 yards without ruffles, for a 14-year size. The skirt measures about 2⅝ yards at its lower edge.

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A Comfortable Model for Warm Days —2057—Girl's One - Piece Dress with Guimpe

In shantung, linen, chambray, seersucker, gingham, drill or percale, this model is very attractive. The guimpe may be of self or contrasting material. The dress is a simple slip on model with deep, sleeveless armscyes and collarless neck. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 1¾ yards of 27-inch material for the guimpe, and 4½ yards for the dress, for a 12-year size.

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A Picturesque Model—Waist—1770. Skirt—1769.

As here shown, Pompadour silk was used, with plain taffeta in a matched shade for trimming. The simple waist is low at the neck edge, and is finished with a broad collar, rolled free at the throat together with the chemisette. The sleeve is quaint with its gathered wrist ruffle. The skirt has wide bands of the taffeta, and is full and gathered under the belt. The sleeve may be finished with the ruffle at elbow length. Challie, organdie, nun's veiling, batiste and lawn are all suitable for this style. The waist pattern, 1770, is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. The skirt pattern, 1769, is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 7¾ yards of 36-inch material for a medium size, without folds. The skirt measures 3 1-3 yards at the foot.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style—2051—Boy's Russian Suit.

This model has straight trousers and the blouse is closed at the side. Galatea seersucker, gingham, linen, drill, linene corduroy and other wash fabrics are good for its development. It is also nice for serge and cheviot, velvet, corduroy and other suitings. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. It requires 2½ yards of 44-inch material for a 5-year size.

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A Smart New Style—2037—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

Striped madras in blue and white is here combined with white linene. The model is good for all wash fabrics, for silk, satin, flannel, crepe and crepe de chine. The sleeve may be finished in shirt style, with a deep cuff and a neat "turnover," which may be omitted. The waist fronts are crossed at the closing and cut low. A smart collar finishes the neck edge. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 3 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

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Correspondence

An Appeal to Scientists

Dear Editor:—We have taken your valuable paper for some time and I always enjoy reading it. When I have read it through I send it to my brother, "Somewhere in France."

I think your correspondents have almost exhausted the two subjects you have been discussing namely, "Women's Franchise," and "Prohibition," so I am going to ask you to discuss a subject that has caused a number of arguments in our school and as yet we have come to no definite decision. It has to do with "Sound and wave motion" in our physics. The question is: "When a tree falls in a lonely forest and no animal is near by to hear it, does it make a sound?"

Those agreeing in the affirmative say that when it falls the vibration strikes the surrounding trees and thus makes a sound. The negatives say that when you are close it is only the vibration against your ear drums and thus you hear the noise, but if you were not within vibrating distance there would be no sound. Now please, oh you of scientific knowledge, give me your opinion on this question and I will be truly grateful to you.

I would like to accept "Sky Scraper's" invitation to a teacher, as I am sure the teachers could have a good time there but I have some months to spend at normal before I will be qualified as a teacher, but perhaps after a year, if he is looking for a teacher, I will apply.

I hope the editor will forgive me for being so talkative and not let my letter make the acquaintance of the W.P.B.

Wishing you all every success.—School Kid.

Ladies! Under Twenty

Dear Editor:—I was born in England and have been out here five years. Most boys seem to enjoy calling themselves bachelors. I wonder what they would think if they reached fifty and still no wife. Then they could call themselves bachelors. I think they (including myself) should follow "Morganrodnaden's" lead and batch no more.

The school teacher "Sky Scraper" speaks about must surely have had a good time with twenty-four bachelors to take her out; it must have got rather bewildering to the poor girl. There are young boys round here in abundance, but very few girls, so I would like to hear from the "fair ladies" under twenty.

Wishing the editor and his host of readers success and prosperity, I will sign myself what I really am, "Perpetual Motion."

P.S.—My address is with the editor.

More Sociable in the West

Dear Editor:—Like a great many others I have never had the courage to write to your paper till now. I have lived on a farm all my life and like it very well, only having no sisters I find it lonesome at times.

I notice so many of the girls running down the Western bachelors. Be easy girls, it is not their fault if the girls are as scarce as they say they are.

I think I would like to live in the West, for the people there seem much more sociable than their Eastern friends.

Well, "Sky Scraper," I am sorry I am not a school ma'm, or I might apply for that school.

I live near a lovely little town in Manitoba, so there is always lots going on. Am very fond of music, play and sing a little, also paint, and do a great amount of fancy work. I dance, too. We have quite a few parties in the winter to keep things going.

Am not going to describe myself, as I think it foolishness, or say anything of women's franchise, as it is almost worn out.

I write quite a few letters to soldiers and send them parcels. I think they need all the help possible. I think it is altogether wrong to take the farmers' sons away.

My letter is getting lengthy, so if any of those lonesome bachelors and girls would care to write, I will try and answer all letters.

Wishing you all success.—"Orange Blossom."

No child should be allowed to suffer an hour from worms when prompt relief can be got in a simple but strong remedy—Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

Could Winter in Saskatchewan

Dear Editor:—Here I come again. This is my second letter to the W.H.M I subscribed for it last December and I must say that I am glad I did so, for I have never read a better paper.

We have had a hard winter out here in Saskatchewan. It has been so very cold, but we are still alive and looking for spring to come.

I saw a letter in the December number written by "Starlight," and I like the way she spoke about the girls calling all the boys that are not in khaki "slackers." I am here farming. I have one brother in khaki and I would be there, too, but I have a half section of land, ten head of horses, ten head of cattle and all the other work to do, so I can't be in khaki. But I suppose I am called a "slacker" by these girls who have nothing to do but talk, Why, a young lady like "Starlight" is worth two of the talking kind to the country.

"Twenty-four" said she likes the country better than the city. Why shouldn't she like it? God made the country; man made the city, so why shouldn't the country be better.

Well "High School Kid," you said you like outdoor life. I don't blame you for I like all I can get of it myself.

"Spitfire," your letter sounds as if you are a quick tempered girl, but I don't think you are as bad as your letter sounds.

I would like to meet "A Soldiers Friend," for she is the kind of girl the country needs.

"Jolly Sixteen" you said you never get lonesome on the farm. Well, that is more than I can say, for I get lonesome sometimes.

I will close now.—"Sky Scraper."

It is Men they Need

Dear Editor:—As this is my first letter to your valuable paper, I will not say much for a start, but I found it impossible to sit back and be a silent member after reading the letter that "Spitfire" wrote.

I feel sure that if all girls knew how to express their thoughts as well as she does, there would be a much better sample of girls to choose from. I agree with her about the young boys enlisting. It is men they need at the front, not merely school boys of seventeen or eighteen although they are quite capable for some of the positions.

I would like to have her opinion on what true love is. She hits the boys too hard.

A young boy of eighteen doesn't take a girl out to an entertainment just for the sake of having a girl. It may be she has no brother big enough to escort her there.

How many of the members like dancing? That is one of my favorite amusements.

I have lived on a farm all my life and would not think of changing places with any city girl.

I feel quite sure I have taken up enough of your valuable space for this time, so will close.

Continued from previous page

A Smart Dress for the Growing Girl —2066—This attractive model is modelled on Moyen age lines. It has a long waist which is lengthened over back and front in panel effect. At the sides it is finished with circular skirt portions. The sleeve is in short length, finished with a shaped cuff. The model is good for jersey cloth, gabardine, linen, gingham and other wash fabrics. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 3½ yards of 44-inch material for a 12-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Skirt—2060—Ladies' Skirt in Panel Effect (Cut in Raised Waistline).

This model will be fine for serge, gabardine, satin, shantung, gingham, chambrey, voile and silk. The front and back are arranged in plaited panels. The front panel is finished in shaped outline. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires 4½ yards of 54-inch material for a 24-inch size. The skirt measures about 3½ yards at the foot, with plaits drawn out.

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Had Pneumonia

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP CURED HIM.

A cough is an early symptom of pneumonia. It is at first frequent and hacking, and is accompanied with a little tough, colorless expectoration, which soon, however, becomes more copious and of a rusty red color, the lungs become congested and the bronchial tubes filled with phlegm making it hard for the sufferer to breathe. Males are more commonly attacked than females, and a previous attack seems to give a special liability to another.

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Mrs. E. Charles, North Toronto, Ont., writes: "Two years ago my husband had a very bad attack of pneumonia, and the doctors said he was getting consumption. A friend came in to see me and told me to get Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I got three bottles, and they seemed to quite clear his chest of the phlegm, and now he is fine and well.

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Another Operation Avoided.

Richmond, Ind.—"For two years I was so sick and weak from female troubles that when going up stairs I had to go very slowly with my hands on the steps, then sit down at the top to rest. The doctor said he thought I should have an operation, and my friends thought I would not live to move into our new house. My daughter asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she had taken it with good results. I did so, my weakness disappeared, I gained in strength, moved into our new home, do all kinds of garden work, and raised hundreds of chickens and ducks. I cannot say enough in praise of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. M. O. JOHNSTON, Route D, Box 190, Richmond, Ind.

Of course there are many serious cases that only a surgical operation will relieve. We freely acknowledge this, but the above letters, and many others like them, amply prove that many operations are recommended when medicine in many cases is all that is needed.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

KEEP YOUR SKIN CLEAN!

by the use of a good reliable cream, and this you will find in my "IDEAL" VELVET CREAM which is neither sticky, greasy nor irritating. It WILL NOT GROW HAIR on the face, prevents blackheads and chapping, rendering the skin, clear, white and smooth. I make it myself and positively guarantee that nothing but pure oils and waxes are used in its composition. Try it and you will use no other.

Price 50c. per Jar

Send for booklet "Health and Beauty" for further particulars

MRS. E. COATES COLEMAN

224 Smith Street WINNIPEG Phone Main 996

Hoping to hear from some of the members, especially "Never Again," if he will write first. I will sign myself—"Dew-drop."

P.S.—My address is with the editor.

Give Me England

Dear Editor:—May I beg a small space of your most valued paper. I am sure it is a great help to all who read it and what amusement it causes to read the correspondence columns concerning love and marriage.

Let us just think of the lonely soldiers and sailors who have no one to write to them. I wonder how many readers write to the lonely on land and sea. I spend all my spare time in writing the lonely, helping with teas, and knitting socks for the Red Cross.

You have my sympathy "Rainbow." If I could speak French I would write you, but if you care to write to me I will answer your letters.

I wonder what part of England an "English Girl" belongs to. I would be pleased to correspond if she would write first, as I am English, too. I have met a few people in Canada who think some of the English in Canada are too English and narrow. Ah, well, it is nice to be English; there is no place like it in my opinion. In the winter when it is 60 below zero give me England. But let us do the same as those at the front, keep smiling.

Where is Freda and Dido these days? Never hear from them.

Now I must conclude. My address is with the editor if anyone cares to write me. I am, dear editor and friends—A Canterbury Bell.

Secretary of the United States Navy, Josephus Daniels, in his office on the eve of the war with Germany.

Serving His Country at Home

Dear Editor:—This is not my first letter to the correspondence column of the W.H.M. It is over a year since my last letter was in print, so I am going to try and renew my acquaintance.

We have had a very severe winter in this part of Alberta this year. The snow is about two feet deep on the level and a good bit more where it is drifted. Our place is on the edge of a fairly big lake. If any of the members want to freeze to death, I should advise them to try the middle of it for an experiment.

What do the members think of the enlisting from the Western Provinces? I am not of age yet myself, but I think my duty is on the farm, although I know very well we don't have it nearly as hard as the boys in the trenches. I and my brother took off 85 acres of crop without assistance last year. We have 100 acres ready for crop this year. Anyone who has been on a farm will realize how much work that means, considering that we broke thirty-four acres of that the last two years. The fourteen acres we broke last summer had about four acres of brush on it. The year before we brushed a couple of acres. We have still between 40 and 60 acres to break.

If any of the members think I am a slacker I should be pleased to have them write and tell me so.

Did any of the members see the fighting in France in the movies?

I was very much impressed by "Spitfire's" letter in the February number. She is very hard on us young fellows, though. I don't know what I might have said if I hadn't seen that letter, but "forewarned is forearmed." I'll be mum as a clam on those subjects. I see you agree with me on farm boys enlisting, so I will forgive that other opinion. You make exceptions of the true bachelors, and I think some of them were right in remaining bachelors.

"Never Again" has my sympathy in his hardships. I do not know much about Peace River.

We are splendidly situated here. The lake protects us somewhat from frost and hail. We got No. 2 for our wheat, when people seven or eight miles from the lake only got feed, others did not cut their crops at all.

Well I am filling up about enough space, so I will close for the present. Wishing the members every success. I am taking a new pen name this time, as my old one mightn't suit "Spitfire."—"A Mere Boy."

Too Tired to Eat Sometimes

Dear Editor:—The letter that interested me most in your last issue was "Spitfire's." After being so fair-minded in most of the contents, what caused her to be so unfair in regard to the English girl? Let me tell you that "Valley Flower" is quite wrong in her idea, for if the English girl was as "Valley Flower" thinks, how could she carry on the work she has undertaken? There are very few men

HEALTHIEST ONE IN THE FAMILY

No Sign Of Dropsy And Kidney Trouble Since Taking "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

HATTIE WARREN

Port Robinson, Ont., July 8th, 1915.

"We have used "Fruit-a-tives" in our house for over three years and have always found them a good medicine. *Our little girl, Hattie, was troubled with Kidney Disease.* The Doctor said she was threatened with Dropsy. Her limbs and body were all swollen and we began to think she could not live. Finally, we decided to try "Fruit-a-tives". *She began to show improvement after we had given her a few tablets.* In a short time, the swelling had all gone down and her flesh began to look more natural. Now she is the *healthiest one in the family* and has no signs of the old ailment. We can not say too much for "Fruit-a-tives" and would never be without them".

WILLIAM WARREN.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning, and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful, clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Advertisement.

THE WORLD-RENOWNED

Trade Mark

GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT AND PILLS

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL

15 Richardson Street, Pt. St. Charles, Montreal, P.Q., Canada.

Dear Sir,

I have sent you two dollars for some Grasshopper Ointment. The way I got your address was through a friend telling my wife to get Grasshopper Ointment for her leg. She has suffered for over fifteen years and could get no cure; it was so painful she could hardly walk. We got some Grasshopper Ointment and after using three boxes she is almost well again; it is a wonderful Ointment.

Yours respectfully,
B. ROBERTS.

GRASSHOPPER

OINTMENT and PILLS, is a certain cure for Bad Legs, Poisoned Hands, Ulcerated Joints, Housemaid's Knee, Carbuncles, Snake and Insect Bites, &c., &c.

Prepared by ALBERT, Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England, and sold at all Drug Stores.

Sold in England at 1s. 3d. and 3s. per box.

Rose Bud Ring Free Gold Filled, Guaranteed for 3 years. Set with beautiful Rose Bud. To introduce our big bargains we will send this ring any size for 12c to help pay advertising. Rox Jewelry Co. Dept. 18 Battle Creek, Mich.

in England now, except soldiers, and it takes a very steady head to make munitions and do all the other work that they are doing. I think if you regard her in the true light, she is as necessary as our brave soldiers.

"Gipsy," I don't think you could fill a place on some of the farms around here as the work is as much as most men want to handle, and most of us are not weaklings. I am four feet six inches myself, and can carry one hundred and fifty pounds around the yard with a fair amount of ease, but many a morning has found me asleep with my head beside an untasted supper, having been too tired to eat.

My brother and I worked two hundred acres of grain, put up one hundred loads of hay last year and didn't have anybody to help us either. How would you like to take a hand in a job like that, "Gipsy?"

My compliments to "Spitfire."

I am a bachelor of eighteen and would like to correspond with "Kentish Hop," if she cares to write first. I have the pleasure of coming from the same country. Hoping this will escape the W.P.B. and wishing The Western Home Monthly and all its readers every success.

"St. George."

The West Needs Women

Dear Editor:—Will you allow one of those much-talked-of homesteaders—or perhaps I may call myself a farmer now—space enough for just a few lines.

I wish I could shake hands with "Starlight," whose letter appeared in your December issue. These are my views and I fully agree with him and also understand what he means when he says that it's tough after homesteading forty-five miles from a railway and getting stock and machinery gathered up (and, mind you, that is not easy for a beginner), then to have to sell that stuff at less than it cost, and simply pull out and leave the land. I am afraid if all the boys left around here, this part of the country would soon go back to prairie again.

Perhaps I am more fortunate than some. I have neighbors quite close, and the chores to do, therefore I seldom get lonesome, as by all accounts a good many do.

What we need in our fair Western country is more women to make happier and brighter homes. It would also make something more to work for, knowing one had more than himself to look after, and somebody interested in him seems to make life happier, for there is no home without a woman.

Now don't think I am love-sick—I am only giving my ideas of things as I have found them, and I have not always been on those big plains either.

Should anybody care to correspond with a bachelor of twenty-five, I will answer all letters. Thanking you in advance, Mr. Editor, I will sign myself,

"North Star."

Likes the City Better

Dear Editor:—I enjoy reading the correspondence letters very much, especially the one of Herreger in the Xmas number. We have taken The Western Home Monthly for two years and would not like to do without it because it is always something to look forward to in the evenings. I am a farmer's daughter and have lived in Manitoba for five years. I like it very well, especially the summer time, for I think the scenery is so beautiful when all the wild flowers are in bloom and everything feels so cool and refreshing in the evenings. Nevertheless, I think I would prefer city life as I have always been used to the city.

I do hope that this terrible war will soon be over. I have a brother in the 190th battalion in Winnipeg, and there are quite a few boys from around here who have enlisted and some are overseas. I am eighteen years of age and would like to correspond with anyone about that age. I will close now, wishing the club every success and hoping that this escapes the waste paper basket.

"Khaki."

Corns cannot exist when Holloway's Corn Cure is applied to them, because it goes to the root and kills the growth.

Severe Headaches and Pains in the Back

Resulted From Deranged Kidneys and Constipation of the Bowels.

It is vain to try to regulate and restore the healthful action of the kidneys until the liver and bowels are set right.

And just here is where so many kidney medicines fail. Kidney derangements almost invariably begin with constipation and torpidity of the liver. The whole work of filtering the blood is thrown on the kidneys, and in time they fail to stand the strain. The poison in the system gives rise to severe headaches, pains in the back and tired, depressed feelings.

Because they act directly on the liver and bowels, as well as on the kidneys, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are eminently successful in the treatment of kidney derangements.

Mr. William Loney, Marysville, N.B., writes:—"I am glad to recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to anybody who is suffering from kidney trouble or constipation. I suffered for a long time from kidney disease and pains in the back, but have found that by using one pill a week the kidneys and bowels are kept in good order, and I do not have any more pains in the back or head like I used to have. I was also a great sufferer from piles, and could get no relief until I used Dr. Chase's Ointment. This ailment is entirely cured now, but we always keep both the pills and the ointment in the house for use when they are needed."

This statement is endorsed by Mr. F. Saunders, Town Marshal, who writes that Mr. Loney's letter is true and correct.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Remember that imitations only disappoint. The genuine bear the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author.

Weak From Birth

Harriston (Ont.) Child Saved by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

MR. CORBY, HARRISTON P.O., ONT., writes:—"Just a few lines in praise of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Our little girl was weak from birth, and though we tried doctor's medicine and other things she got no better. She just lay in her cot and cried, and neighbours all said we could not save her. Then I read about Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I said to my wife, 'while there's life there's hope'; we will try these Tablets. We did, and from the first box we could see a change in the child. She seemed to rest more comfortably, and slept well at night. We kept on giving Dr. Cassell's Tablets till she was 18 months old, and now at three years I don't think there can be a healthier child in the whole Dominion.

Little Miss Corby.

The doctors said she had stomach trouble, and that her chances were small, yet Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured her. They have been worth their weight in gold to us, for we were just giving up hope of saving our little daughter. I don't think there is any other medicine for children like Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I may say my wife has taken them for nerves, and they have built her up splendidly. Publish this letter if you like; it may help others as the Tablets helped us."

Bright, healthy, happy children, full of life and activity—every mother wants her babies to be like that. Are yours? If they are not, if they are weakly or fretful—we say it in all sincerity—the surest way you will ever find to build up strength and vitality in their little frames is a course of Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

FREE SAMPLE.

On receipt of 5 cents to cover mailing and packing, a generous free sample will be sent at once. Address: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10, McCaul-street, Toronto.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, and Anti-Spasmodic, and the recognised remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Sleeplessness	Mal-nutrition
Nerve Paralysis	Anæmia	Wasting Diseases
Infantile Weakness	Kidney Trouble	Palpitation
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Specially valuable for nursing mothers and during the Critical Periods of life.

Sold by Druggists and Storekeepers throughout Canada. Prices: One tube, 50 cents; six tubes for the price of five. War tax, 2 cents per tube extra.

Sole Proprietors: Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, Eng.

What the World is Saying

A Tribute from Russia

Canada's part in the war is one of the most brilliant chapters in the world's history.—Petrograd Novoe Vremya.

A Difference

The French peasants, wearing wooden shoes, do not, like the Germans, wear wooden heads as well.—San Francisco Bulletin.

A Russian Fashion Item

Millinery note from Petrograd: Crowns are being worn less this year than last.—Ottawa Citizen.

Kultur and Truth

The old proverb says that Truth dwells at the bottom of a well. And the Germans tried to poison the well. —Paris Matin.

The Union Jack in Palestine

How the spirit of Richard the Lion-hearted must rejoice over the British triumphs in the Holy Land! —Chicago Evening Post.

Great Progress in Russia

Getting rid of a Czar and vodka in the course of one war is going some, anyhow you look at it.—Regina Leader.

The Kaiser's Vanished Dream

And now is dispelled forever the German Emperor's One-Thousand-and-One Nights' dream of a Berlin-to-Bagdad Empire.—Buffalo Express.

One Worry Germany Won't Have

There is one thing that Prussia need not worry about—how it will spend the indemnities it will collect when the war ends.—Moose Jaw News.

Well, Rather!

It is said to be regarded as a social error to mention the island of St. Helena while taking tea with the Hohenzollern family.—Vancouver Sun.

The Lying "All-Highest"

When the Kaiser promises a new "people's kingdom of the Hohenzollerns" his tongue must be so far in his cheek that it's a wonder he doesn't bite it off.—London, Ont., Advertiser.

Slow in the Uptake

A headline in the Herald says: "Doubt in Germany Over War Outcome." The Germans always seem to grasp things a little more slowly than the rest of the world.—New York Evening Sun.

And He Has Other Anxieties, Too

Considering the food shortage in Germany the Kaiser must be a trifle curious as to the place where he'll eat his next Christmas dinner.—Regina Post.

Looking Forward

Two years or so ago the Kaiser was to eat his Christmas dinner in Paris. Next Christmas he may be extraordinarily lucky if he is allowed to eat it in Berlin.—Dundee Courier.

A Hard and True Saying

The hardest thing yet said of the deceased Russian autocracy has been said by President Wilson. He reminds the world that it was German in its origin, character, and purpose.—London Times.

A Baltimore Demand

There is one thing we might demand without being accused of being extortionate or even ignoring high ideals. It is the head of the pirate who sank the Lusitania.—Baltimore News.

Maybe Men's Feet are Bigger

The shoe manufacturers who explain that ladies' shoes have increased in price because of the shorter skirts they are wearing seem to overlook the fact that men's trousers are still the same length.—Calgary Herald.

Quite So

"Our Prussian fatherland would be ruined by a liberal, democratic electoral franchise," says Count von Roon. The question evidently is whether it shall be ruined or be Rooned.—Saskatoon Star

Their Kindly Nature!

The German people who are interned in England seize every opportunity afforded for spitting on the sentries. This, we presume, is but another instance of their simple and kind-hearted nature.—Minneapolis Journal.

His Title in History

The Reichstag seeks needlessly for some such title as "William the Faithful" whereby to bequeath the Kaiser to posterity. History will write him "William the Conquered."—Paris Temps.

The Right Idea

An Amsterdam cable to a New York paper says there is talk in Germany of democratizing the Hohenzollerns or "clipping their wings." The place to clip the Hohenzollerns' wings is just back of their ears.—Hamilton Herald.

Slandering the Shark

The Providence Journal prints a cartoon entitled "The Freedom of the Seas," in which neutral vessels are being sunk by a submarine shaped like a shark and adorned with the features of the Kaiser. It is well done, but rather rough on the shark.—New York Tribune.

No Hohenzollern Casualties Yet

"The death of eight German princes in active service has been reported, one of Hesse, two of Saxe-Meiningen three of Lippe, one of Reuss, and one of Waldeck." Yes, and none of Prussia, which started the trouble.—Edmonton Journal.

A Baron Running an Elevator

Baron Ladislaus Majphenje, of Szeplak, Hungary, applied for naturalization papers in New York a few days ago. The baron is 32 years of age and has a job running an elevator. He may be better off than his titled kinsmen at home.—Edmonton Bulletin.

An Omission

The Prussian Minister of War, in announcing oppression of prisoners in reprisal against mistreatment of German prisoners by the French, fails to state what act by the Entente Allies necessitated the deportation of Belgian women and girls.—Calgary Albertan.

Berlin Bravado

What the Chancellor and Herr Zimmermann says to their cheering colleagues in the Reichstag is not at all what they think when they note, between their extravagant flights of rhetoric, the blazing words of the handwriting on the wall.—London Truth

The Russian Transformation

The word "Siberia" once suggested only the miseries of Russian political prisoners. The time is at hand when former exiles will be among the chief counsellors and representatives of the young republic.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

The Greatest Fight for Freedom

German statesmen have scornfully affected to regard the entrance of the United States as negligible. We can safely leave them to find out their mistake. In the meantime we are content to stand shoulder to shoulder with the land of the free in the greatest battle for freedom the world has ever seen.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

A Suggestion

Among the German prisoners in England is a cousin of the Kaiser—Prince Hohenlohe, who was captured on the Emden. It would be a good idea to give him permanent residence on a British cross-channel hospital ship to note the effect of his Imperial relative's torpedoes.—Vancouver Province.

The German Cancer

The world must cut from its flesh this German cancer, and its own suffering will be great, is great, yet upon the success of the excision depends the life of civilization; all we love will perish if the German is able to establish in the world the doctrine he accepts and practises at home and abroad to-day.—Paris Figaro.

Spain as a Toy-maker

The whole toy industry of the world is undergoing readjustment because of the war, and countries that formerly imported their stocks from the countries of the present belligerents are now either looking to new sources of supply or are making their own toys. Spain has been among the first to take advantage of the altered demand and is making a strong bid for the markets of Latin-America.—Portland Oregonian.

The Madness of Savagery

By the trail of senseless destruction and wanton filthiness they are leaving in the territory from which they are being driven, the Germans seem determined to give an object lesson to humanity as to the wisdom of the Allies in preventing the world from being overrun by this tide of barbarism.—Montreal Gazette.

An Australian Idea

From Australia comes the suggestion that a special medal to take precedence of all other decorations should be awarded to the relatives of those who die in action. The Australian medal is to be a six-pointed star with wattle wreath, with the man's name in black, pendant from a purple ribbon. The form of the medal would perhaps be changed, but isn't the idea worth Canadian consideration?—Halifax Herald.

When Women Need Tact

A Kansas editor states deliberately that a man is always afraid of a woman who knows more grammar than he does, and another Kansas editor, falling into agreement, adds that a man is equally afraid of a woman who knows more mathematics than he does. Of course this might be strung out to an interminable length, but it would all resolve itself into the point that women who know more than men must be tactful in revealing what they know if they would not drive men who know less than they do away.—Lethbridge Herald.

Hunnish Devilry and Cruelty

There is one reason to believe that more than one of our lost liners have met their doom by hastening to answer the bogus S.O.S. of the submarine which lay in wait for them. Now the survivors of a French destroyer torpedoed in the Mediterranean reports that, while struggling in the water in the blackness of the night, they were brought within effective range of the submarine's guns by the enemy shouting in good French, "This way, comrades!" Could devilry go further?—Glasgow Herald

A Characteristic Hun Utterance

It is to be hoped that from now on all the Germans will remain united until Germany has fulfilled her sacred mission, viz., the elimination of the unfit races by assimilation, with the result that the earth shall finally be peopled by a strong, virile race of men, who will not shrink from using the sword, like a skillful surgeon, when it becomes necessary to perform a heroic operation to save the race from degeneracy.—Berlin Tageblatt.

The True Heroic Spirit

The glory of the British navy cannot die while there are men like those of the British transport Tyndareus to sustain it. The bravery of those who had already given up their lives as lost was just as sublime as if that ultimate forfeit had been required. Wherever the deed is known it will stir the pulses of men with the assurance that the pages of to-day's newspaper may hold the story of a heroism quite as exalted as any that Homer or Plutarch immortalized. —Philadelphia Ledger

What Good Roads Mean

The farm problem is in no inconsiderable part a matter of good roads and good country schools. Good country schools are nearly impossible without good roads, for a really good country school is a consolidated one, drawing children from an extensive district and giving them transportation from home to school and back. A farm on a poor road is a prison for women and children part of every year. Nobody likes a prison.—Toronto Globe.

The Worst Horrors of the War

None of us can live unto ourselves in these days of crisis except at a sacrifice of the highest ideals; their surrender means the death of all for which our forefathers struggled—principles for which the women of this country, to the limit of their capacity, have more reason to struggle than even the men. What would not the women of Belgium, Northern France, Poland, and Serbia give to be able to exchange places with their sisters encompassed by the sea, itself dominated by a supreme protecting fleet? What do they think of the good fortune of women whose battles are being fought, not round their homes, but in other countries? Never was there a community which had greater cause for thankfulness than this nation, spared the worst horrors of a war which has outclassed all other wars in outrage and atrocity owing to the devilish resourcefulness of our enemies.—London Daily Telegraph.

The First Congresswoman

Soon the monotonous roll-calls were over, and Champ Clark was elected, but the word monotonous applies to the answer of all voices save one—Miss Jeanette Rankin, of Montana, the first woman to sit in the House of Representatives. As she answered to her name the members of both sides of the chamber clapped their hands enthusiastically and cheered. She rose in acknowledgment and blushed, in thorough keeping with the occasion. Miss Rankin made a hit. Members stopped alongside her seat to introduce themselves. Representative John Evans, of Montana, the only other representative from that State besides Miss Rankin, proudly presented her to his colleagues. She was attractively dressed in a black satin dress and black mull, made over white silk, with a white V-shaped vest and white lace collar and cuffs, her collar being trimmed with blue mull, and her hair marcelled, for which description the correspondent is deeply indebted to one of the women scribes in the press gallery.—Washington correspondence in the New York Evening Post.

The Road to Happiness

Light Fours

Touring	*$ 975*
Roadster	*950*
Country Club	*1110*

Big Fours

Touring	*$1190*
Roadster	*1170*
Coupe	*1750*
Sedan	*2030*

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The automobile has come into your life permanently — or it soon will — to serve your convenience and pleasure, day in, day out, on down through the years.

Its appeal is irresistible.

It is a fundamental factor in modern everyday life.

It rides the road to happiness.

If you purchase a car this season, there are *new* facts for your consideration which should simplify the task of selection.

This year Willys-Overland Motor Cars comprise the most comprehensive and varied line ever built by any one producer.

The economies of our greater production are shared alike by every car in the line.

In thus broadly applying the established Willys-Overland policy of greater production — greater economy, higher quality, lower price — we extend the benefits of our economical advantages to include virtually every class of purchaser.

The Willys-Overland dealer is in a peculiarly pleasant position to frankly and honestly discuss with you your needs and requirements in a motor car.

For whatever you need he has the car to fill it, and he is prepared to demonstrate to you that he is offering you the dominant value among cars of its kind.

See him to-day — talk it over — let him show and demonstrate the car you ought to own to ride the road to happiness.

Light Sixes

Touring	*$1380*
Roadster	*1360*
Coupe	*1940*
Sedan	*2220*

Willys-Knights

Four Touring	*$1950*
Four Coupe	*2310*
Four Sedan	*2730*
Four Limousine	*2730*
Eight Touring	*2730*

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WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, LIMITED

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Millers to the People